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THE IMMIGRANT'S PROGRESS.



GILES AND HIS FRIENDS AT THE VILLAGE INN.

THERE is scarcely a hamlet in all England which has not been invaded by the emissaries of one of the great steamship lines. Either in the tavern, the reading-room, or the apothecary's shop, a bold red-and-black placard is displayed, bearing the names of half a dozen vessels and the dates of their sailings. Honest Giles, sitting of an evening in his accustomed place by the fireside of the village inn, has it constantly

before him, and makes it the text of many long chats with his neighbors about the wonderful land in the west. It is loosely tacked to the edge of a shelf, and rustles and ripples in the breeze every time the door is opened to admit a new-comer. The farrier's son is in America, and the glowing accounts he sends to his father of his new home are invariably read aloud to the assembled company. The general

opinion of the villagers is favorable to "the States," but the sexton—a bluff, hectoring fellow with pronounced views in favor of church and state—bears no love for this land of liberty and law. Sometimes a queer paragraph appears in the newspaper relating an instance of lynch-law in Arkansas, or of party politics in Louisiana, and then the sexton cries out against Americans as a boastful and corrupt people. He succeeds in turning the current against them for a few days, but when next week's paper comes, Giles reads the eloquent words of praise spoken by Mr. Froude, Mr. Forster, Professor Huxley or Professor Tyndall, and is re-established to the old faith.

Some of the old villagers who formerly sat around the fire and drowsed away all the evenings of the year are settled in Australia, Canada or the United States. Letters often come to the village from them, with small amounts of money or photographs which represent the writers as brighter-looking and in better dress than they ever appeared at home. The most encouraging accounts of all come from "the States," and when honest Giles is sorely pressed with difficulties, and Mrs. Giles is fading for want of proper nutriment, and her boys are running to waste, after long deliberation and many regrets Giles resolves to sell his little all and embark for New York. When he announces his resolution to his cronies at "The King's Arms," the hostelry is stirred by a ripple of excitement such as it seldom experiences, but as the evening advances Giles is left to himself, and, contemplating the steamship placard through the clouds of his tobacco smoke, the gaudy printing reveals a series of dissolving views of happiness and prosperity awaiting him across the sea.

He selects one of the Liverpool steamers, as they have the best reputation and are the most convenient. His choice is the common one. More than half the whole number of emigrants coming to the United States, arrive at New York in vessels from the former port. One morning, then, Giles finds himself surrounded by his numerous family and baggage on the Great Landing-stage at Liverpool. The vast floating pier is crowded with departing emigrants, who are as confused and frightened as a flock of sheep. The majority are English, Irish and Scotch; but there are also bearded Russians and Poles, enveloped in frowzy furs; uncleanly Italians, some of them carrying dingy musical instruments, with a con-

siderable number of Germans. It is a curious fact, by the way, that as many German emigrants come to America *via* Liverpool as come in the German steamers direct from Hamburg or Bremen. They are conveyed to Hull by water, and thence across England to Liverpool by rail.

Mr. Giles is a little dismayed by the appearance of his prospective traveling companions. A good many sinister men and loose women are noticeable, and Giles thinks sadly of the distant corners of the earth which must have been swept out in the gathering of them. But among the unclean outcasts the sturdy plowman rejoices to find a few who are like himself and his wife—neat in dress and cleanly in person. The busy, gold-laced interpreters and emigration agents treat all alike, however, answering questions gruffly or not at all, and often causing the hot blood to rush madly into Giles's indignant face.

After much worry and noise, the emigrants are taken from the landing-stage by a small steamboat and conveyed to the large vessel anchored in the stream. As they pass up the narrow gangway the tickets are scanned by one officer, while another orders "single men forrad," and "single women aft." So the crowd is divided into two streams, and in the course of an hour the decks of the big steamship are reduced to a condition of order.

Each emigrant has a contract ticket which stipulates for his transportation to New York in consideration of four, five or six guineas, according to the current rate of fare. The company engages to provide a full supply of wholesome provisions, cooked and served by its stewards, and the passenger is required to provide himself with bedding and cooking utensils. The weekly allowance of food for each adult is prescribed by the government and printed on the contract ticket as follows: "Twenty-one quarts of water, three and a half pounds of bread, one pound of wheaten flour, one pound and a half of oat-meal, rice and peas, two pounds of potatoes, one and a quarter pounds of beef, one pound of pork, two ounces of tea, one pound of sugar, two ounces of salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar."

The emigrants are berthed by the steerage stewards, and are then marshaled on deck again under the scrutiny of a government inspector who is in search of infectious diseases. Their tickets are also examined again, and some would-be stowaways are sent back to the shore in the little tender.

Piteous complaints are made by some unfortunates among the passengers that they have been robbed of their money in the town, or that they have lost their tickets; but their cries are unavailing and are drowned in the roar of escaping steam and the clangor of the bells. By and by the cabin passengers are brought on board, and with a full cargo and a thousand souls the great steamer leaves her moorings.

Let us preface all that we have to say against the manner in which Giles and his fellow-voyagers are treated with this frank admission: Constant improvements are being made in emigrant passenger vessels. Less than a hundred years ago the great majority of emigrants were very poor,—so poor, indeed, that they could not prepay their passage. Accepting advances, they were bonded to the ship-owners, who derived enormous profits from the sale of their bodies into temporary slavery. Charles Reade has given a vivid description of the emigrant traffic at this period in his delightful story of "The Wandering Heir." Whenever a vessel arrived at Philadelphia or New York, the steerage passengers were sold at public auction to the highest bidder. The country people either came themselves to purchase, or sent agents. Parents sold their children, that they might remain free themselves, and families were scattered never to be re-united. Old people and widows did not sell well; while healthy parents with healthy children, and youths of both sexes, always found a ready market. When one or both parents died on the voyage, the expenses of the whole family were summed up, and charged to the survivor or survivors. Adults had to serve from three to six years, and children until they became of age. Runaways had to serve one week for each day, one month for each week, and six months for each month of their absence. Technically, the emigrants were called "indentured servants" but in effect they were slaves.

The last sales of emigrants took place in Philadelphia during the years 1818 and 1819. The American government then interfered with the traffic, and encouraged the emigration of a superior class of people. But the accommodations for emigrants remained shamefully defective, and nearly twenty out of every hundred passengers died at sea of fever or starvation. The steerage deck was usually about five feet high, without ventilation or light, and in this space the bunks were ranged in two or three tiers.

The health of the passengers was further impaired by another evil which, up to a very recent date, prevailed on board emigrant vessels. The emigrants were expected to provide and cook their own food. Many embarked without any provisions at all, or an insufficient quantity, and others found no opportunity to cook what they had. On the upper deck of the vessel there were two small "galleys," about five feet wide and four feet deep, each supplied with a grate, and these were the only arrangements made for cooking the food of several hundred persons.

Thousands never lived to see their destination. Out of about ninety-eight thousand laborers sent from Ireland to Canada after the famine of 1846, nearly twenty-five thousand perished in consequence of the poor rations and defective ventilation of the ships. Later still, in 1868, on one vessel alone,—the "Leibnitz," from Hamburg,—over one hundred passengers died, out of five hundred.

Giles lives in better days. The mortality on vessels bringing emigrants to New York seldom exceeds one and two-thirds per cent., and in some instances is no greater than one-eighth per cent. But Giles is dissatisfied, and we mean to see whether or not he is justified in his ill-humor. The great steamer soon bids good-bye to the Mersey, and rolls on her way through the cross waters of the Irish Sea toward Queenstown. The sky is overcast and sullen; rain and spray patter on the deck; the wind shrieks in chilly blasts. Between the gray clouds overhead and the gray waters beneath, the black hull of the steamer tosses and groans uneasily. The great passengers of the first cabin and the small passengers of the steerage are afflicted with a common complaint, and are prostrate in their berths, or in a humiliating attitude on deck. The weather is always the same in the Irish Sea—always cold, wet, and windy. So while the most acute of Giles's present miseries may be alleviated, it cannot be altogether averted.

The emigrants are roughly driven hither and thither, and urged into their places by much hard swearing and abuse. Neither officers nor men consider them worthy of the least respect, and treat them as a drove of cattle. Some of the vagabonds and outcasts submit without complaint; but decent laborers, like Giles, feel indignant and are inclined to resent the savage words.

Giles can scarcely believe that the steerage is intended to be a house for human beings. It is cold, dark, and—at the very outset of

the voyage—foul-smelling. It extends nearly the whole length of the vessel beneath the saloon deck, and is divided into gloomy compartments. In each compartment there are four tiers of berths or bunks, two on each side. The lower tier is about two feet from the deck, and the upper tier is about three feet from the roof. The height of the steerage is about ten feet, which is advertised as unusually lofty by the steamship owners. In each tier there are six berths, eighteen inches wide and six feet long, formed of

A dreary sight meets Giles as he comes into the steerage from the open deck. A feeble light streams through the ports, which are occasionally obscured by a wave dashing against them on the outside. He can dimly see the women and children sitting or lying in their berths, and hear the children's cries. The stewards are fussing about, or making coarse jokes. By and by preparations are made for supper, of which only a few eat, and when the meal is over, the tables are raised to the roof, leaving a clear space in the cen-



DINNER IN THE STEERAGE.

wooden boards, smelling faintly of chlorate of lime and carbolic acid. One-half of the passengers have never had softer or more spacious couches, and accept their lot in good part; but the other half have been used to a comfortable home, and are wretched.

There is no thorough classification of the passengers. The single men and women are separated; but Poles, Germans, English and French are thrown together without discrimination. A cleanly, thrifty English or German woman is berthed next to a filthy Italian woman. Mrs. Giles thinks her bed would be hard enough, even though it were isolated, but her misery is intensified by the presence of a dreadful hag in the next berth.

ter of the steerage. Anon a few oil lamps are lighted, to be extinguished again at nine o'clock. The massive vessel quivers as she lurches between the waves, and her engines throb unceasingly as the long night passes away. Some time during the next morning she enters the beautiful harbor at Queens-town, and a few hundred weeping, laughing, forlorn Irishmen are introduced into the already overcrowded steerage. At sunset she has passed the Fastnet Light, and the ocean voyage has begun.

Giles is probably too much occupied with other grievances for thought about the life-saving equipments of the vessel, and would have no means of satisfying himself were he inclined to inquire. The vessel herself is as

stanch as iron and steel can make her, and the line to which she belongs has never lost the life of a passenger through the carelessness of its employés. Man has been faithful and fate kind to those old ship-owners at Liverpool. No serious accident has ever happened to their steamers, which have weathered the cyclones of summer and the continuous gales of winter for many years. But what if disaster should befall? Has every provision that human forethought and ingenuity could devise been made to meet it? The largest steamers in the trade carry ten open boats, each of which, under favorable circumstances, might accommodate about seventy persons. But when are circumstances so favorable that all a ship's boats can be launched successfully in a time of panic? Two or three are almost invariably capsized or dashed to pieces against the iron sides of the vessel; and even supposing that all are launched, what then? During a busy season, some of the larger steamers from Liverpool often bring as many as fifteen hundred emigrants to New York at a time. In some instances seventeen hundred persons, exclusive of the crew, have been packed in the steerage of one vessel. The ten boats will carry seven hundred at the most, and there are not rafts or buoys on board for a hundred more. The consequent loss, in case of fire or wreck in mid-ocean, would include the greater part of both passengers and crew.

The truth is, the owners trust to good luck in contemplating the subject, or treat the matter with indifference. The captains and officers are compelled to assume the responsibility. The master of a steamer told the writer that in leaving Liverpool with over a thousand emigrants on board, he remarked to the agent on one occasion how improbable it was that a single life would be saved, were it ever necessary to abandon the ship at sea. The agent dismissed the matter with the cool observation that the captain took a morbid view of things, and distressed himself about disasters which would never happen!

Giles and his friends, who have never been afloat before in their lives, are slow in settling down to the routine of the voyage. They complain to the captain of the narrowness of their quarters, the insolence of the stewards, and the quality of their food; and the captain listens to them, or growls at them, according to the mood he is in. While the weather is fine, their sufferings are not very great. Three meals are served every

day, and both in quantity, which is unlimited, and in quality, which is variable, the rations are better than the law demands. Breakfast, at eight o'clock, consists of oatmeal porridge and molasses, salt fish, hot bread, and coffee; dinner, at twelve, of soup or broth, boiled meats, potatoes, and bread; and supper, at six, of tea, bread, butter, and molasses. But the manner in which the meals are served is careless and uncleanly. The beef, soup, and porridge are placed on the table in great, rusty-looking tins, which need scrubbing; and the passengers scramble for the first choice, often using their dirty fingers instead of their forks, in making a selection. Mrs. Giles finds her appetite gone after watching a filthy rag-picker plunge his hand into a dish of meat for a tender piece. The stewards themselves are greasy, and want washing. The potatoes are bad, and the bread is not baked enough. Still, while the sea is calm, Giles can take his family on deck and brace them with the glorious fresh air, which brings roses to pallid cheeks. Indeed, the emigrants are quite merry on deck during a warm summer's day. Some of the squalid Italians are dragged from their suffocating retreat over the gratings of the engine-room, and induced to give a concert with their harps and violins, to which the cabin passengers liberally subscribe. Card-parties are formed and checker-boards roughly made for the occasion. Giles lies basking at full length on a hatchway, and dreaming over an old newspaper.

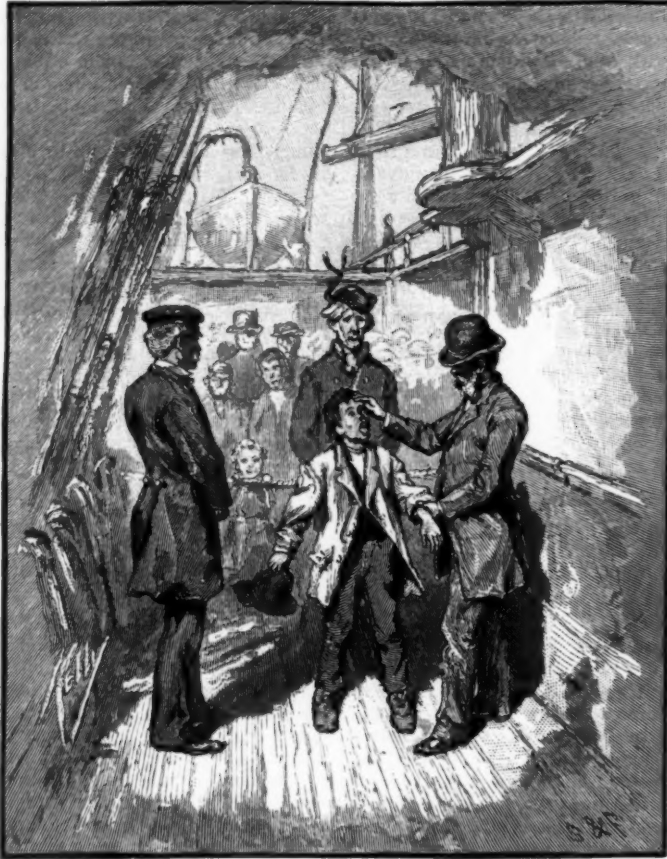
It is when a storm comes that the emigrants suffer most. The hatches are battened down, the ports screwed in their places as tightly as possible, and the companion-ways closed. So long as the sea sweeps the decks, Giles and thirteen hundred others are confined to the steerage. It may be for a day, or two or three days. Each hour the atmosphere becomes more close, and in twenty-four hours it is loaded with impurities. The meals are served irregularly, or not at all, and the food is not cooked enough. In the darkness the ignorant and timid lose control of themselves, and pour out imprecations and prayers in shrill chorus. The terror spreads to others, and the bravest quail as the shrieks grow louder. The greater the number of emigrants, the greater the confusion and the worse the atmosphere. We have known of instances in which the sailors have refused to enter the steerage for the purpose of cleaning it after a storm until the captain fortified them with an extra supply

of grog. And sailors are not ridiculously sensitive, nor are captains in the habit of indulging them without reason.

Giles is pale and feverish when he reaches the open air again, and his wife and children are too weak to stand. The deck is still wet and the wind boisterous; but he cannot endure that "black hole" of a steerage. The thought of the filth he has seen and the

made to insure their personal cleanliness, and they excite little sympathy when they are brought on deck and thoroughly drenched with water from the fire-hose.

In nine or ten days the voyage draws to a close, and hope is revived in Giles's breast. He has very hazy ideas of the country he is approaching, and believes that its characteristic features are Indians, buffaloes, and log-



INSPECTION AT QUARANTINE.

dread of contamination sicken him. The company is to blame, he thinks, for crowding so many people together; but the habits of some of the emigrants are even more to blame than the overcrowding. The Italians will not wash themselves, and cling to their berths until they are peremptorily ordered out by the captain. They neglect every provision

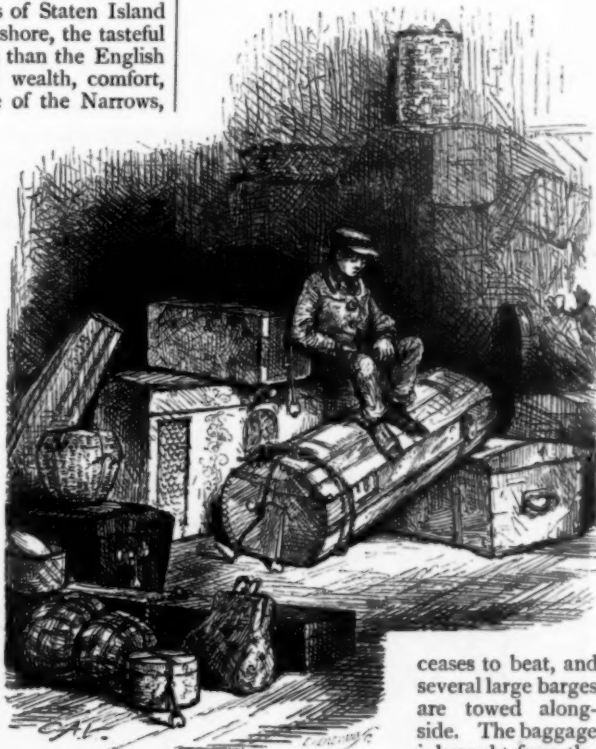
cabins. Very likely he expects to obtain a view of the Rocky Mountains from Chicago, see war-chiefs in their paint on the streets, and hunt for his supper before he eats it. He has heard much about the great cities, the wealth and liberality of the people, the profligacy of municipal government; but it never enters his head that

New York has any of the magnificence of London.

His surprise is unbounded when the steamer arrives at Quarantine. The cultivated lands on the heights of Staten Island and on the Long Island shore, the tasteful houses, prettier to his eyes than the English villas, the appearance of wealth, comfort, and beauty on each side of the Narrows, astonish him and excite his warmest admiration. If he is fortunate, the day is warm and sunshiny, and tempered by a delicious breeze coming from the sea. That cloud which looms at the head of the bay,—that, he is told, is New York, the gate-way to the land of promise, and he points it out to Mrs. Giles and the children to their intense satisfaction.

A little tow-boat brings the doctor on board,—not the ship's doctor, but the health-officer of the port, who inspects the steerage and the emigrants. As there are no cases of an infectious disease, the steamer is allowed to proceed to the city, and then another little steamboat appears, bringing the boarding-officer employed by the Commissioners of Emigration. The boarding-officer is an officious Irish-American gentleman, who ascertains the number of passengers on board and their health. He is also instructed to examine the steerage and to listen to all complaints made; but he retreats below as soon as he comes on board, and we are much mistaken if he may not be found at the bar taking a quiet "nip" with the chief steward. Meanwhile the emigrants on deck are looking wistfully toward the city, with its high roofs, spires and towers. Many of them are anxious and sick at heart, almost afraid to enter the new and unfamiliar world now that they are at its portals. Some happy ones expect friends to meet them and know all about the beneficent offices of Castle Garden, which they explain to others who are not so well informed. By and by the trees and lawns of the Bat-

tery Park come into view, with the curious-looking building, in the form of a rotunda, at the water's edge. The steamer's pulse



ALL THERE.

ceases to beat, and several large barges are towed alongside. The baggage is brought from the hold and transferred

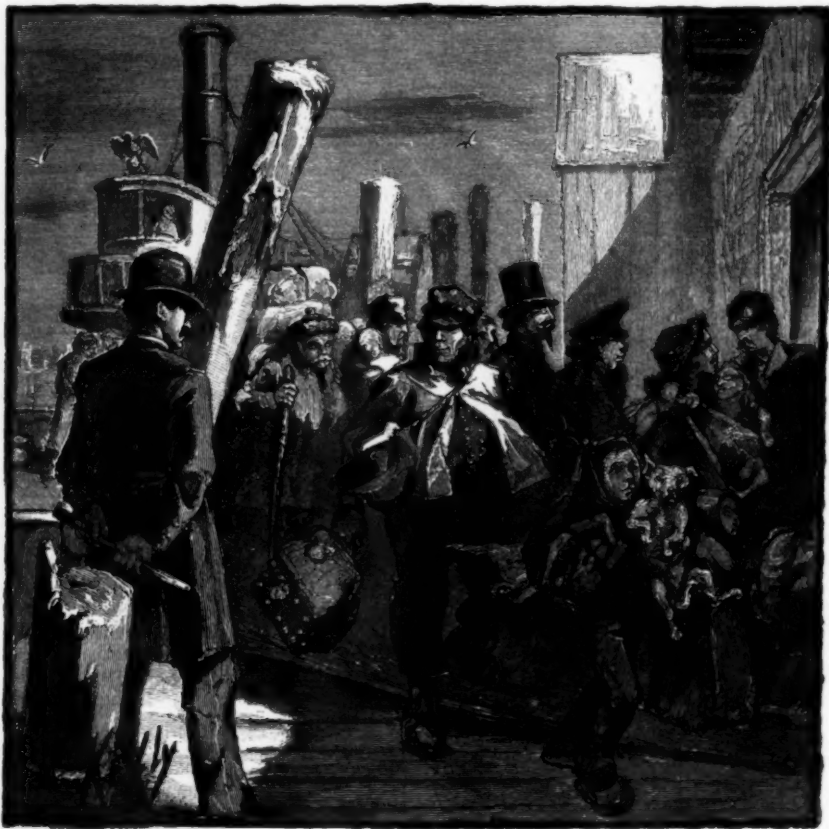
with the emigrant passengers to these tenders. There is the same confusion and uproar as at the outset of the voyage. The bewildered people are browbeaten and driven about in the most inconsiderate manner. A loud laugh is heard for an instant. An old lady from Ireland has put her tin cooking utensils underneath the cord that binds her heavy trunk. As the trunk is tossed down the gangway, the sailors fail to keep "this side up with care," and saucepans and basins suddenly collapse. As soon as the barges are loaded, a steamboat takes them in tow, while the great steamer proceeds to her pier in the North River.

Castle Garden has been famous for generations. First it was a fort, and then it was converted into a summer-garden for the sale of chocolate, soda and ices. In 1832 it was the scene of a grand ball given

to the Marquis Lafayette, and in 1843 a reception was given to President Tyler within its walls. Afterward it became a concert-hall, in which Jenny Lind and many other celebrated singers made their first appearance in America.

The Board of Commissioners of Emigration was created, in May 1847, and Castle

the laws of the state required the owners or agents of vessels arriving at the port with immigrants to give a bond of \$300 for each passenger, conditioned to indemnify every city, town, or county in the state against any charge on account of the relief or care of the passenger during the first five years of his residence in the country. The



DEBARKING AT CASTLE GARDEN.

Garden was afterward selected as a convenient and suitable *entrepôt* for immigrants, and such it remains. It was partly destroyed by fire on July 9, 1876, but it has been rebuilt with a few changes which do not materially alter its appearance. The lower walls are the same that formed the old fort, and the embrasures, through which the cannon peeped, are sometimes selected by the immigrants for smoke and rest, or meditation.

From May, 1847, to March 20, 1876,

same laws enabled the owners or agents to commute the bond by paying a certain sum known as "head-money" (which varied at different times, the highest being \$2.50, and the lowest \$1.50) to the Commissioners of Emigration, whose duty it became to pay the expenses incurred by the immigrant in any poor-house or hospital, owing to his infirmity or poverty. The large steamship companies were opposed to the exaction, and on March 20th, 1876, they obtained a

decision through the Supreme Court of the United States that the law was unconstitutional and void. The expenses of the Commissioners for the current year (1877) are defrayed by an appropriation of \$200,000 made by the state; but an effort will be made at the next session of Congress to obtain further authority for the collection of head-money.

The barges are soon moored to the wharf at Castle Garden, where the custom-house officers are in waiting to examine the baggage. Battered old chests, barrels, and great bundles of clothes and bedding are packed together, much against the wishes of their owners, who are in terror of losing all their worldly treasure. The officers then set to work, with turned-up sleeves, and faces expressive of repugnance. Some of the bundles are uninviting, but they are explored and turned upside down and inside out with a degree of energy and speed highly creditable to the inspectors. Some of the unmarried men have no baggage at all, except a small bundle tied in a handkerchief and slung over a stick. Some forlorn women, who embarked at Queenstown, are without bonnets and have no shawls or mantles. The whole wealth of the Italians consists in their organs, harps, fiddles and the clothes they wear. They have traveled from country to country, and from town to town, earning their bread on the way, and in the same manner they will travel to their destination in America. Other immigrants with families are overloaded with baggage

and have large sums of money in their pockets.

At one time all passengers were ques-



A PEEP AT NEW YORK FROM A CASTLE GARDEN EMBRASURE.

tioned at Castle Garden as to the amount of money in their possession; but they scarcely ever gave truthful answers. It is assumed on credible evidence, however, that one hundred dollars at least, is the average amount in the possession of each person, and that the average quantity of property brought by each is worth fifty dollars more. During 1869, two hundred and fifty-nine thousand immigrants arrived at Castle Garden, and thus the amount added by them to the national wealth was almost equal to thirty-nine million dollars. Large as this

sum is it becomes trifling in comparison with the capital value of the immigrant's labor. A well-known social economist estimates the capital value of the male laborer at one thousand five hundred dollars,



WHAT IS IT?

and the capital value of the female at seven hundred and fifty dollars, making the average value of persons of both sexes eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars. Between May, 1847 and January, 1870, four million, two hundred and ninety-seven thousand immigrants were deposited in New York. Adding to the capital value of each immigrant the estimated value of his personal property, we find that immigration increased the national wealth by more than five billions of dollars in less than thirty-three years. The total immigration into the United States for several years previous to 1874 was at the rate of three hundred thousand persons a year, and the country gained nearly four hundred millions of dollars annually from the traffic, or more than one million a day. Less than five per cent. of the whole number of immigrants are unproductive, but the worthlessness of these is more than counterbalanced by the large number whose education is superior to that of the ordinary laborers.

When the baggage has been "passed" by the inspectors, it is checked and sent to a room prepared for its reception. The immigrants are examined by a medical officer,

who ascertains that no paupers or criminals are among them, and that no persons afflicted with contagious or infectious diseases have escaped the doctor at Quarantine. There is too much ordering about for Giles's liking, but he quickly takes his place. The immigrants are then ushered into the rotunda, a high-roofed circular building, into which ventilation and light are admitted by a dome seventy-five feet high. The floor is divided into small inclosures containing a post-office, telegraph-office, money exchange, and restaurant. As the crowd files in, each passenger is detained for a moment at the registration desk, where his name, age, nationality, destination, the vessel's name and the date of arrival are carefully recorded and preserved.

The whole number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden during 1873 was 267,000. The destination of 96,000 was the state of New York, of 44,000 the middle states, of 99,000 the western and north-western states, of 24,000 the eastern states, and of 2,000 the southern states. The whole number arriving in 1874 was 149,584, the destination of 52,444 being the state of New York, 22,630 the middle states, 56,615 the western and north-western states, 12,237 the eastern, 3,506 the southern states, and 2,152 Canada. In 1875 the total number of immigrants was 99,093, and in 1876 the total was 113,979.

When the registration is complete a clerk announces the names of the passengers who have friends waiting for them, or for whom letters, telegrams or remittances have been received, and delivery is made to the persons answering. Other passengers who wish to communicate with acquaintances or relatives are referred to clerks who speak and write their language, and their messages are transmitted from the telegraph desk or by mail. The railroad companies have agents in the building, and the passengers who wish to leave the city are shown to the ticket offices, while their baggage is rechecked and conveyed to the train or dépôt without charge. Those who want rest are permitted to remain in the rotunda, where a bowl of coffee, tea or milk and a small loaf of bread are supplied to them for ten cents. If they choose they can go to one of the boarding-houses licensed by the commissioners, which offer food and lodging at the modest price of a dollar or a dollar and a half. But we hope that Giles will not be induced to enter one of these dens. With a few exceptions they are located in an unhealthy neighborhood, frequented by

dangerous characters and conducted by reprobate men and women. We pity the immigrant who trusts himself to them. They are defective sanitarily and defective morally, and ought not to be sanctioned by the commissioners.

During his visit to America, eighteen months ago, Joseph Arch expressed his gratification at the care with which immigrants are treated at Castle Garden, but regretted that no provision was made for the accommodation of passengers who are detained in the city for a few days. "They are compelled to trust themselves to the licensed boarding-houses, which are not, I am assured, and can readily believe, very good places for their morals or comfort."

"* * * I have an interest, therefore, in suggesting to you the establishment of an Immigrant Home, where cleanliness and comfort would be combined with the protection so freely extended by the commissioners in other matters; this, I should imagine, might be rendered self-supporting."

Attached to Castle Garden there is also a

labor bureau, and if Giles had not an opening in view for himself he might present himself as a candidate. Neither the laborer nor the employer is charged a fee, and the latter is required to prove his responsibility. During 1873 employment was found for 25,400 emigrants, including 14,400 agricultural or common laborers, 3,500 mechanics, and 7,000 house servants. In 1874 employment was found for 10,148 men, and 6,762 women; in 1875, for 7,008 men, and 5,432 women, and in 1876, for 5,394 men, and 4,821 women.

The immigrants are guarded against swindlers by a broker's office in the rotunda, where coin is exchanged for bills at the lowest current rates, and where valuables

may be deposited without charge. So Giles ought to be grateful, and the vessel-owners ought not to begrudge the small amount of "head-money" which secures so many benefits to their best patrons.

The last stage of the immigrant's progress is accomplished by rail, and, as far as the vehicle is concerned, it is the least pleasant. An immigrant train is usually made up of dingy old passenger cars, with few



IMMIGRANT'S BOARDING-HOUSE NEAR THE BATTERY.

windows or means of ventilation. It runs on special time and is managed by conductors of more than ordinary brutality. Each seat has its occupant, and the atmosphere of the car soon becomes almost suffocating. Smoking is allowed in all the cars, which are filled with fumes of sickening density. At Albany, Rochester and Buffalo agents of the commissioners examine the passengers and assist them with information; but it is not their business to find fault with the railroad company, and they never do.

The long, hot, dusty days lapse into long, hot and dreary nights. The passengers turn as well as they can in the narrow space of their seats and groan in the vain endeavor to get a wink of refreshing sleep. But after about fifty-six hours of misery Giles arrives at his new home, and with his wife and little ones, stands gazing at a broad expanse of untilled land. His work is before him, and it will not be complete until the waste has been cleared and the earth has yielded a tribute to his industry.



PLATE REPRESENTING THE LANDING OF GEN. LAFAYETTE AT CASTLE GARDEN.

THE CRICKET.

OH! little cricket that the evening long
 Dost tell thy story to the silent hours
 While the dew falls upon the thirsty flowers!
 What is the burden of thy ceaseless song?
 A tale of love? or secrets that belong
 To the dim solitudes of ruined towers,
 Whose crumbling walls the ivy leaf embowers?
 Or drolleries of Titania's shadowy throng?
 Thou art a friend, so ancient legends tell,
 That with the power of mystic sorcery
 Guardest the hearth where thou dost love to dwell,
 And with thy quaint and pleasant company
 The night's deep loneliness thou dost dispel,
 Thou merry chief of insect minstrelsy!



THAT "instrument of love" we use to "mitigate the fever of the sky," is as old as civilization itself. It had its origin in the East, where, as they say, the terrestrial Paradise was situated. And it must be so, no doubt, the fan being one of the weapons of coquetry, and coquetry having been born with the first motion of the first woman.

The law that bids man pass from the simple to the complex holds good in the history of the fan as well as in that of all other works of human ingenuity. Nothing, therefore, is more natural than that the leaves of the palm-tree, lotus, and banana-tree should have been employed as fans first in their original state, then should have been worked upon, ornamented and reduced to more suitable and elegant shapes. Cut No. 1 presents the form of the primitive fan as it is shown in the oldest Hindostanic bass-reliefs, and described by the poets of that literature. There is scarcely a single old Indian tombstone on which these three inseparable companions of tropical man—fan, fly-broom and parasol, are not sculptured. In the great Sanskrit epic poem, the "Mahābhārata," it is related that King Kila had a daughter endowed with the rarest beauty. She had charge of the sacred fire: in order to further her father's prosperity, she endeavored to make the fire blaze by using her fan, instead of her delicate lungs and charming lips. "But it was of no use," concludes the poet; "the celestial



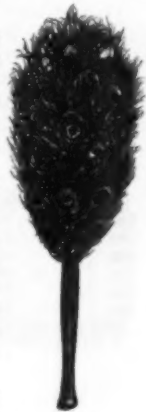
NO. 1.
ANCIENT TALAPAT
OR PALM-TREE
FAN FROM
HINDOSTAN.

fire not only would not blaze, but it almost expired; being taken with love for Nakarita, it could not live without her breathing." This primeval fan is still at present a part of the attire of certain Buddhist priests in the kingdom of Siam, and from it they take their name of Talapoints, the fan's name being talapat, or "palm-tree leaf," in the Siamese language.

An elegant improvement on the talapat is shown by cut No. 2; the peacock's feathers, "all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes," were called into requisition. The principle of caste, being the all-in-all of the Indian oligarchy, could bear no sign of equality between the highest classes and the lowest; and consequently we shortly afterward see people of rank using this new kind of fan, the handle of which was ornamented.

In the rich collection of the Baroness A. Rothschild, we have seen a peculiar kind of fan (cut No. 3), about which very little is known, but which probably belongs to the same period as No. 2, as monuments of the same period attest; it proves how man's ingenuity was already exercising itself in the manufacture of the fan. It is made of woven bulrushes, painted in various colors and ornamented with pearls; the handle is of jade, set off with large rubies. Very likely it was the property of some Brahmin or king.

Captain Basil Hall believed that the use of large fans hanging from the ceiling and



NO. 2.
INDIAN FAN FOR
PEOPLE OF RANK.

moved like bells by pulling a string, originated with the English in modern times. That they were widely used in Italy and



NO. 3.
ANCIENT BULRUSH FAN.

Spain as early as the fourteenth century, appears from the following passage which we quote from memory, from a letter of the time by Guez de Balzac: "There is in my room an immense fan, hanging from the ceiling, which, during these hot summer days, does admirable service." Indeed, they are even of still greater antiquity, having been known to the Assyrians about three thousand years ago, as attested by the bass-reliefs found in the ruins near Nineveh. Their rather curious shape is shown by cut No. 4.

The fan is of equal antiquity in China and Japan, where it has always been extensively in use. In fact, it is an essential part of the national costume. It is on the fan that Japanese students take their notes; it is by waving the fan that people salute each other in the street; Chinese and Japanese soldiers

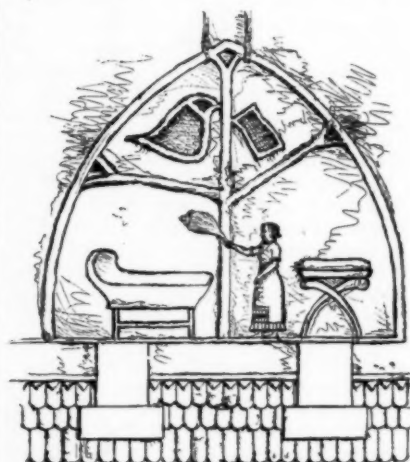


NO. 5.
OLDEST CHINESE FAN,
IN THE LOUVRE.

handle the fan under the fire of the enemy; it is with his fan that the Japanese goes to the scaffold; with a motion of the fan the order for execution is communicated to the hangman, who does not part from his fan even in performing his duty. The form of Desima, an artificial little island of the Nippon archipelago constructed in 1635, and allotted as a residence to the Portuguese who had taken up their abode in Japan, is that of a fan, the question of its form having been determined upon by the emperor showing the engineers his fan.

bulrushes, as in cut No. 5. Later they were made of plain silk framed, then of embroidered silk. Cut No. 6 represents a fan of wonderful workmanship, being a tissue of silk, feathers, and pearls so fine as not to weigh two ounces. In an old Chinese poem by Ouang-Sing-You, a bride compares herself to one of these light and handsome fans, the charms of which the owner appreciates only while the hot weather lasts. "But alas!" she cries, "I dread the coming season. How soon will the day come for me, in which my lord will consider me as a useless toy?"

In Japan the fan underwent the greatest change and improvement that was ever experienced in its manufacture. From its leaf or tail-like form it passed to assume the



NO. 4. SWINGING FAN FROM ASSYRIAN BASS-RELIEF.

shape of the quadrant, and became handy, portable and folding, as shown in cut No. 7. Gay's poem "The Fan" refers to this change:

"That glorious bird have ye not seen
Who draws the car of the celestial queen?
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not seen him, in the sunny day,
Unfurl his plumes and all his pride display?
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art;
Thin taper sticks must from one center part;
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
There shall the pencil bid its colors flow,
And make a miniature creation grow;
Let the machine in equal folding close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose.
So shall the fair her idle hand employ

And grace each motion with the restless toy;
With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
While love in every grateful zephyr flies."

Since this improvement took place, bronze, ivory, sandal-wood, naker, tortoise-shell, silver and gold have been applied to the manufacture of the ribs which have thus been either enameled, inlaid, carved, or engraved; paper, linen, silk, feathers and transparent lac have been used for their cover, while painting in all its branches has contributed to ornament them. Since their appearance, white paper-covered fans have become fashionable in China, and upon them the Chinese have their



NO. 6. EARLY CHINESE.

friends' autographs inscribed. In 1866 some specimens of this kind were purchased in London at £900 apiece. They are now coming into favor among ladies of the European aristocracy, while in China they are only employed as presents to be offered to persons of distinction.

With Asiatic nations the fan is also a symbol of authority. Generals in Japan carry a fan with carved iron ribs and silk cover, decorated with the rising sun—the coat-of-arms of Japan. When the commander of a corps orders the attack, he throws his fan into the air as far as he can, as the Prince of Condé threw his baton into the enemy's intrenchment during the bloody battle of Friburg in, 1646.



NO. 7. MODERN JAPANESE.

In the Egyptian cosmogony the fan was an emblem of happiness and rest as well as of authority. That is why triumphal chariots were surrounded by fans and flowery

boughs. The most ancient Egyptian fans known to us are thirty-five centuries old, and are of the form indicated by cuts Nos. 9 and 10. In a bass-relief at Nimroud is represented a slave in the act of cooling the liquid contained in a pitcher, by waving a fan shaped like a palm-leaf—a frequent subject of Egyptian decoration.

From India, through the Assyrians, the fan was handed down to the Medes and Persians, with whom, according to Xenophon, it became, together with the fly-broom, a symbol of royalty.

It was later that the fan was imported into Arabia. Toward the beginning of our



NO. 8. JAPANESE GENERAL WAVING HIS FAN. (MODERN.)

era, the Arabians were accustomed to write inscriptions and religious sentences upon it; later on, they had ostrich-feather fans, as shown in cut No. 12. The stories of the "Arabian Nights" contain the first record of these fans. It is related in "The Sleeper Awakened" that, when Abou Hassan fancied himself to be the commander of the faithful, he was introduced into a splendid banqueting-room where a table was spread. As he sat at the table, seven beautiful women began to fan him assiduously with their feather fans.

On this side of the Atlantic also, the fan has been in use for centuries past. In Mexico, the Toltecs, a nation that preceded the Aztecs, held it as a symbol of command. *Omētēncētl*, their god, and *Tōtec*, the military disciple of the founder of their monarchy, are pictured as having a feather

fan in their hand, similar to cut No. 13. Its name was *Tleotatrehuauquetsalli*; another kind of Mexican fan was called *Tsinescantlauqueholi*, and a third *Tecuytlayxcuamall*.

The Greeks received the fan from the Assyrians through intermediate trade with the Phœnicians. Though Homer and Anacreon do not speak of it, it is nevertheless a fact that it was used in Greece. Euripides mentions it in his "Orestes," and sculptors often put it in the hands of their goddesses and women. Cuts Nos. 14, 15 and 16 give fans as represented by the classical sculpture of the country.

To what excellence fan-making was carried by the Etruscans is shown by specimen No. 17, undoubtedly one of the handsomest fans of any age. From this nation the fan was handed down to the Romans, who, being by no means a people of artistic tastes, accomplished very little toward its improvement. Etruscan fans were held in great favor; though all varieties were known to the Romans. "Dost thou wish," Ovid asks of his beloved, "that a gentle breeze cool the heat of thy cheeks? This leaf, waved

by my hand, will afford thee this pleasure, unless it be the fire of my love rather than the warmth of the weather that inflameth thee, and thy heart be burning with a more charming blaze." In Rome, as well as in Greece, the fan of the wealthy had a very long handle to prevent any one fanning himself, fashion decreeing that a young slave be employed for this purpose. These slaves were called *flabelliferi* or "fan-bearers."

Christians, as Pagans before them, applied the fan to liturgic ceremonies, and the first Christian fan-makers were some Syrian monks, St. Fulgence and St. Jerome. The oldest Christian fan transmitted to us dates from the sixth century, and belonged to Queen Theodelinda, the saintly princess who possessed a nail of the holy cross which was hammered and set in the interior of the Iron Crown of the kings of Italy. This fan is preserved in the Castle of Monza, near



NO. 9. EGYPTIAN.



NO. 10.



NO. 11. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LADY WITH FAN.

Milan, and is shown to the tourist as a relic. It is of leather and is divided into two leaves, which, when the fan is not in use, are folded one upon the other (see cut No. 18); by means of a spring these leaves are opened out as shown in cut No. 19. The leaf is gilded and ornamented with pearls and rubies, and presents the traces of a Latin inscription (very likely a prayer) now illegible. The handle is of engraved gold inlaid with gems. Superstition has lent the fan a magical power: on a certain day in the year, girls from the country around go to Monza in pilgrimage for the purpose of touching it, as it is thought this will facilitate their marriages.

In the Apostolic Constitutions that are the fundamental laws of the Catholic church, it was ordered that during mass, from the oblation to the communion, two deacons standing on either side of the altar should wave each a peacock-feather fan, in order to add to the celebrant's comfort as well as to prevent flies and other insects from alighting on the consecrated offering. By Christians, too, the fan seems to have been regarded as a symbol of authority, because, while owing perhaps to its increasing ap-

plication to worldly purposes, during the fourteenth century it fell into disuse in the performance of religious ceremonies, the pope retained the privilege of using it, and, even at present, on state occasions, he appears preceded by two fan-bearers carrying each a fan made of ostrich feathers like that suggested by cut No. 20.

As stated above, the fan came again into fashion among ladies about the twelfth century. In the miniatures which adorn the most ancient books on chivalry, ladies are represented as carrying rice-straw fans like those still seen in Tunis and Algiers, and figured in cut No. 21. Later, fans made of plumes, arranged in tufts or disks, were more fashionable; the handle was either of naker or ivory, and often of gold enriched by costly jems. Ostriches, peacocks, parrots, pheasants, and Indian crows furnished plumage for them. All these fans, however, were soon replaced by the folding one.

Although fans were commonly used in France in the early part of the tenth century, as Étienne Boileau's manuscript book on "Trades" (1260) implies, the Italian fan, which had gained already a great reputation for excellence of workmanship, was introduced into that country by the Italian perfumers who followed Catherine de Medici to the court of St. Louis. As is the case with every novelty in France, the folding fan at once became very popular. "Ladies," Henry



NO. 12.
ARABIAN FAN.



NO. 13. ANCIENT FEATHER FAN OF MEXICO.
VOL. XIV.—38.

Estienne says, "would set it aside under no consideration; when of no use in summer to temper the violence of the sun, they would use it in winter as a screen against the fire."

Three new kinds of fans appeared in Italy about this time, two of which are represented by our cuts Nos. 22 and 23. The first was somewhat tufted, and was designated by its form; it was made of feathers and artificial flower leaves, and was very pretty.

The second took its name from the lovely Princess Eleonora d'Este, so celebrated in



NO. 14.



NO. 15.



NO. 16.
GREEK FANS.

connection with Torquato Tasso's love and poems. The golden handle of this fan is split in ribs, between which gold embroidered silk of various colors is spread. Each rib is surmounted by a large ruby of rare beauty; the fan opens and closes by pulling up or down a ring which is fastened with a pretty chain to its handle. This fan was connected with perhaps the happiest moment in the eventful life of the great poet. The beautiful Eleonora loved him; though (no matter what slander may have insinuated

to the contrary), bound by family duties toward her brother Alphonso, she had never allowed her feelings to become known. Poor Tasso could only infer, from occasional gra-

fan, and is better known as "Titian's wife's fan," from the one held by her in the portrait in the Dresden Gallery. Fans of similar form are still in use in Spain, Turkey,



NO. 17. ETRUSCAN FAN.

cious glances, that his love was not entirely in vain. One day he was reading to her the portion of his "Jerusalem," in which the attachment between Olindo and Sophronia is described. The lovely woman was enraptured and for a moment seemed to have lost control over herself. Won by the poet, she was on the point of embracing the lover, when her noble self re-awakened to duty. But how could she escape entirely the fascination of such poetry? She hesitated a moment, grasped her fan, kissed it, threw it at the poet's feet, and fled. Poor Tasso! even the privilege of keeping the fan was denied him.

Another fan is called the flag, or turning

Egypt and Morocco. This screen, as immortalized by Titian, was the one reserved for married women; another like it, but of perfect whiteness, was used by young ladies only, as its Spanish name *abanico de novia*, or "bride's fan," suggests. Only one authentic specimen of this variety remains—one in open-worked parchment and ornamented with the rarest Venetian lace, now in the collection of Mme. A. Jubinal of Paris.

The fan made its appearance in England during the reign of Richard II., and at the end of the fourteenth century it was widely used among ladies of rank. Elizabeth received it with so much favor that she

became known as the "Patron of fans." She established a rule that no present, save a fan, should be accepted by English queens from their subjects. Cut No. 24 is the standard of the English fan at that period; it is a reproduction of one that accompanied Mary Stuart through all the events of her miserable life. After that of the Italian princess above mentioned, no fan is so suggestive.

The handles of these fans were often of silver or gold, garnished with precious stones. No wonder, therefore, that they tempted too strongly the covetousness of thieves, as appears from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Falstaff says to Pistol: "I'm damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Miss Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon my honor thou hadst it not."

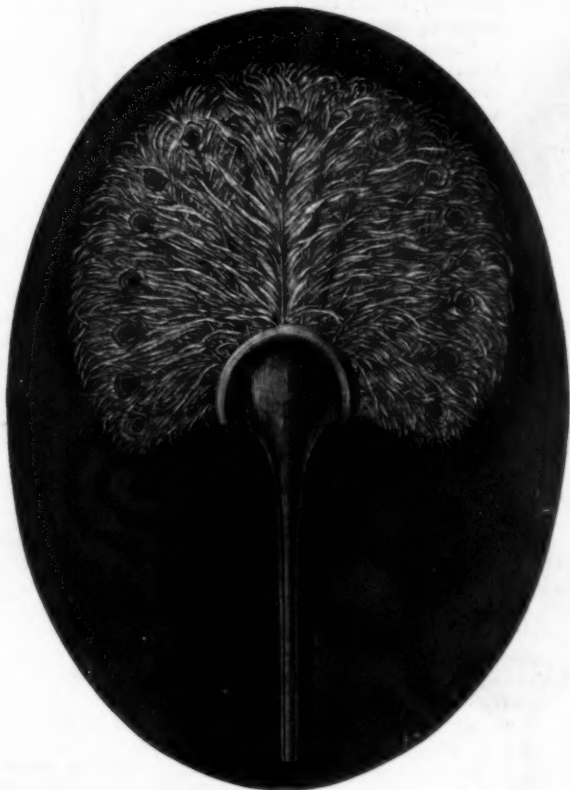


NO. 18. Closed.

NO. 19. Open.

QUEEN THEODELINDA'S FAN.

At the end of the sixteenth century water-color painting began to be applied to the decoration of paper and parchment fans in Europe too, and soon reached a high degree of perfection. Common Italian paper fans, though very elegantly finished, sold for an English shilling; the decoration was chiefly



NO. 20. FAPAL FAN.

love scenes accompanied by a line or two of verse, or views of some remarkable landscape, with a short description. (Cut No. 25.)

In France, during the reign of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., the fan nearly gave rise to a civil war; the various corporations of artisans and dealers being opposed to the acknowledgment of fan-making as an art distinct from the others, as this would have deprived them of the privilege of manufacturing and dealing in the article. It was only during the reign of Louis XIV. that fan-makers succeeded in having their rights recognized and chartered.

D'Alembert, in his "Reflections and Anecdotes of Christine, Queen of Sweden," relates the following story:

"Many ladies of the court who were not fully acquainted with the haughty and bantering character of their sovereign, and her repugnance for everything connected with female attire, asked her whether they should carry their fans even in winter. Christine replied to them contemptuously: 'I do not think so; you are light enough to do with-

out artificial wind.' These ladies, vexed at the gratuitous insult, determined not only to disregard the queen's

opinion and adopt the most expensive fans to be had in every season, but to tease her also by generally increasing the extravagance of their toilets in all their details; and so well were their plans carried out, that her court, so far as luxury went, could soon compete



NO. 21.
FAN OF MIDDLE
AGES.



NO. 24. MARY STUART'S FAN.

with that of France, many a family being consequently reduced to poverty."

It is curious to see how the historical development of our civilization has been epitomized in fan-painting. The relation between history and this branch of art is closer than has been the case with some objects of far greater importance. Mythology furnished the first subjects to the painters of fans; the Bible then took the place of mythology; the achievements of the cavaliers of the middle ages, both true and imaginary, the courts of love and all the chief features of that long and wonderful period next embellished the face of the costly trinket. Every episode in the "Jerusalem Delivered" was treated in a masterly manner.

In the seventeenth century fans showed a striking tendency to increase in size. "The Mercury," a French paper of fashions, in a number of January, 1678, states that their size should be in keeping with the



NO. 22. XIV CENTURY, TUFTED.



NO. 23. FAN OF ELEONORA D'ESTE, DUCHESS OF FERRARA

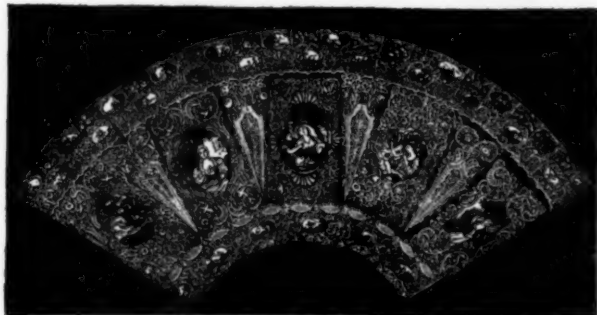


NO. 25.
EARLY ITALIAN FAN.

volume of the dresses worn; at that time, as it is known, the *guardinfante* gave ladies the shape of immense demijohns,—no wonder, then, that fans were two feet square. But the reaction came; this style of fans was replaced by the "Lillipu-

by the designation of "The Flea of Miss Desroches." In 1579, Etienne Pasquier was one evening at the salon of the Misses Desroches, who gathered around them the greatest *littérateurs* and wits of their time. Perceiving a flea on Miss Desroches' shoulder,

Pasquier cried that he would give anything to be that flea, and that he would willingly celebrate it in a poem. The suggestion was enthusiastically received by the company; every one offered to join in singing the praises of the "happy insect," and the result was that a volume of poems, in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish was soon published under the title,



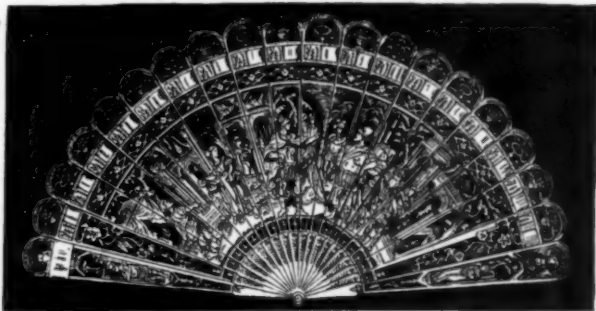
NO. 26. FAN OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

tian," or "imperceptible" ones. These suggested to Mme. De Genlis, her saying—"When women were timid and blushed, they used to carry large fans and they hid their faces behind them. Now that they blush no longer and are intimidated by nothing, they do not care to hide their faces, and consequently they carry but microscopic fans."

The two most beautiful fans that the writer has ever seen are one of lace that belonged to Madame de Pompadour (cut No. 26), now in the possession of Mme. A. Jubinal, and one of ivory, presented by the city of Dieppe to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, on the birth of her son, the dauphin, in May, 1785; the latter, shown in cut No. 27, is now the property of M. Eugene de Thiac, of Paris. The former, probably of Italian origin, is made of the finest embroidered lace; it took nine years to finish it, and the cost was about \$30,000. A row of miniatures almost indistinguishable to the naked eye, but of infinite precision and finish, forms its border; it is divided into five sections, each one decorated with a painted medallion, and all fine masterpieces of miniature painting. The central medallion was suggested by an historical anecdote known

"The Flea of Miss Desroches." According to La Monnoye, the best of all these poems was written by the young lady herself.

Balzac speaks of Marie Antoinette's fan above mentioned, as "the handsomest of all celebrated historical fans." It belongs to the variety of the so-called "broken fans," by which name are distinguished those now widely in use that have no cover. This fan is of ivory, open-worked and carved; it was executed by Le Flamand (an ivory-carver who has, perhaps, never been excelled), after the drawing by Vien, first painter of Louis XVI.'s household. The subject is an episode in the life of Alexander the Great. Porus, an Indian



NO. 27. FAN OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

prince, who reigned in 327, B. C., on the eastern banks of the Hydaspes, refused to submit to Alexander, but defeated in battle, was taken prisoner and brought before the conqueror. Alexander asked him how

he expected to be treated. "As a brave soldier and king!" daringly answered the prince. The great Macedonian, subdued by the firmness of his foe's countenance, gave him back his conquered states. The incident is engraved in a wonderful manner on the ribs of the fan.

Cut No. 28 represents the skeleton of a fan which belonged to Madame Dubois, a lady of the court of Louis XV. The ribs are of ivory, carved in bass-relief.

The French Revolution, which changed

exposed to, and in order to communicate their political sentiments without discovery, they devised the "weeping-willow fan," the leaves of which, when examined closely, holding the fan turned upside down, represented images of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and other members of the royal family. They contrived also transparent fans which only revealed their political meaning by being placed against the light. To such a fan Madame De Cevennes owed her death, and on the scaffold she bravely

waved a similar one which she had procured nobody knew how.

The fashion of painting fans continued during the Empire. Since that time a number of new fans have been invented, which have been, and still are, more or less in use. To describe them would be an imposition on the reader's patience, as, owing to the recentness of their origin, they are well known, and we



NO. 28. FAN OF MADAME DUBOIS.

everything, influenced even fan-painting. The favorite subjects for decoration were the convocation of the general states, the inauguration of the assembly, Mirabeau, and the three sisters, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Marat then had his turn, and when it was the fashion to boast of rags, the aristocratic fan of former times was replaced by a very coarse one, on which still coarser sketches were drawn, bearing the motto, "Freedom or Death." It will be remembered that Charlotte Corday carried a knife in one hand and the popular fan in the other, at the killing of Marat.

The Reign of Terror could but produce a reaction, and this, too, was felt in the manufacture of this toy, and gave rise to the satirical fans. Fans were then made of assignats—the greenbacks of the French Republic, famous for their worthlessness. Later on appeared the so-called "Fundholder's fan"—a clever epitome of the financial situation of the country. A fat, well-attired gentleman was shown on the right side of the fan, having the inscription underneath: "I was, thou wast, he was," etc. On the left, under a thin, ragged, starving citizen, was the inscription: "I am, thou art, he is," etc.

The Royalists' ingenuity and patriotism were stimulated by the danger they were

need only remark that they show how the spirit of the age tends to join in one as many things as possible. We have the "full fan" and the "fan-bouquet," both in great favor. Among the most fanciful fans may be reckoned the "doubled fan" (cut No. 29), which is very handy, the "pocket-book fan," the "dressing-case fan," the "parasol fan," and even the "pistol fan." We saw at the Vienna Exhibition in 1873, a peculiar kind of fan, each rib of which represented either a fork, a spoon, a knife, a comb or a pair of scissors, etc., each piece being easily taken out



NO. 29. MODERN DOUBLED FAN.

sors, etc., each piece being easily taken out when needed, without disarranging the symmetry of the *ensemble*.



NO. 30. MODERN FRENCH FAN. [AFTER DESIGN BY HAMON.]

Among the painters, sculptors, and carvers of high repute, who have not been above contributing to the decoration of fans, are Watteau, Rosalba Carriera, Boucher, Lebrun, Rosa Bonheur and Gérôme, Lami and Gavarni. The fan has also had its poets and dramatists. Goldoni, who, among the dramatic authors, ranks undoubtedly next to Molière, being one evening the guest of a Venetian lady, was complimented by her upon the productiveness of his genius.

"Why, my lady," he replied, "anything is a good subject for comedy."

"Anything?" rejoined the lady.

"Anything," emphatically replied the dramatist.

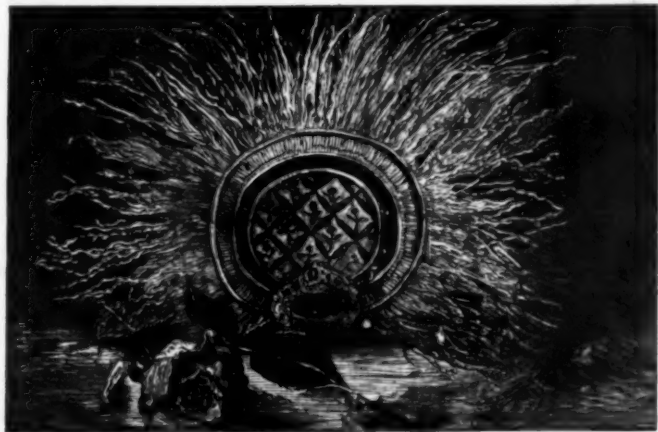
"Even this fan?" insisted the beauty.

At the question, Goldoni seemed struck by a happy thought, and exclaimed:

"I shall be indebted to you for life—you have suggested to me my best comedy; in a week you will read it." And he kept his promise; the toy in his hand became the nucleus of numberless intrigues and comical situations.

Rossi, the great Italian tragedian, in the players' scene in "Hamlet," produces a striking effect by playfully handling Ophelia's fan, and darting glances at the king "from the fan's ambush." "In the hand of a Spanish lady," says Benjamin Disraeli, "the fan is a weapon that puts to shame the strategy of a regiment of generals."

[Of the foregoing cuts, Nos. 2, 3, 6, 9, 12, 13 and 21 are from the collection of Madame A. Rothschild; Nos. 24 and 26, from that of Madame A. Jubinal.]



NO. 31. JAPANESE FAN.



agreeable and treacherous piece of water on the globe, emerges through the narrow pass, called by the Arabs the "Gateway of Tears," into the Indian Ocean. He stops for coal at Aden, the half-way station between the Mediterranean and India, thence sails up the Arabian Sea and the Persian Gulf, past the deserted sites of many historic cities, once rich and populous, through which the wealth of Ormus and of Ind flowed from the East toward Europe. Sixty miles above the mouth of the Euphrates is the city of Bassorah, the port from which that famous voyager Sinbad sailed, to be cast away on enchanted islands, and find the roc's eggs and diamond valleys of "fairy-land." Here we leave our ocean steamer, and on a smaller boat adapted to the navigation of these swift and shallow streams, we push on toward Bagdad, 500 miles up the river. At the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates is the traditional "Garden of Eden," where we find nothing to remind us of the paradise of our first parents except a very old fig-tree. Diverging here to the right, we trace the sinuous course of the Tigris

through a level country almost destitute of cultivation or inhabitants. This is a paradise for sportsmen, and there is a constant fusillade of guns and rifles from our deck. Besides waterfowl, such as pelicans, herons, cranes and ducks, which are in sight all day, we have frequent shots at wild boars, jackals and antelopes. During the last trip of this steamer four lions were shot from the deck. They were on a small island, and cut off from retreat to the main-land by a sudden rise of the water. The largest weighed about 350 pounds, and had the dark, shaggy mane of the African species, which is rarely found in Mesopotamia. The Arabs call this variety *kaffirs*, or "infidels." They say that by repeating a prayer from the Koran a Mussulman lion can be induced to spare one's life, but an "unbelieving" lion is inexorable.

To receive a favorable impression of Bagdad, one should approach it, as it was

my good fortune to do, in an early morning in spring. For miles below we had been passing through groves of dates, palms and orange-trees, and the fragrance of orange blossoms was almost oppressive. The Tigris is here nearly a thousand feet in width, and flows in a broad, full stream, washing the buildings and gardens on either side. The city seems half buried in palm-trees, which rise above the buildings in every direction; but far above the palms tower the domes and minarets of the mosques, ornamented with colored glazed tiles arranged in arabesque designs. The houses facing the river are not imposing in height or style of architecture. They are evidently dwellings and not places of business. The numerous lattices, projecting windows and verandas looking out upon the stream, give them a picturesque and agreeable appearance. Many houses have small gardens facing the river, where we can see the bright spring flowers, and under awnings of parti-colored canvas are seats and divans, suggestive of the comfort of an out-door lounge.

We steam slowly along, past the English



SHOOTING LIONS ON THE TIGRIS.

Residency with its beautiful gardens, in which we see the uniform of Sepoy soldiers from India. In the stream opposite is moored a British gun-boat, the "Comet." We drop anchor a short distance further up the river near the custom-house, where a floating bridge resting on boats spans the stream. We are at once surrounded by the most curious of boats called *goophas*, which have been used on these waters from

the earliest times. The goopha is made of a wicker-work of date sticks, light but strong, and covered on the outside with a thick coating of black bitumen, in which cowry shells are sometimes imbedded as orna-

climb the broken stair-way to the gallery, about ninety feet from the ground, where, six hundred years ago, the *muezzin* called the faithful to prayer. From this point we command a view of the whole city and sur-



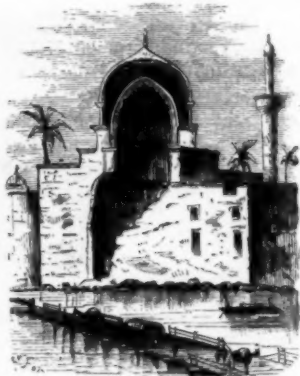
VIEW ON THE TIGRIS AT BAGDAD.

ments. It is perfectly round; the top edge is lightly drawn in, and from eight to ten feet in diameter. To an inexperienced eye it seems the most unmanageable of boats, but two men with short paddles propel it quite rapidly across the swift stream, and being light, its carrying capacity is very great.

Above the floating bridge on the eastern bank extend for a long distance the gardens and low buildings attached to the pasha's palace. On the opposite shore are several large buildings with tall smokestacks, the only un-oriental objects within sight. These are the arsenal and machine shops. Still further up is the hospital, a large and handsome building of light-colored brick. On the same side, at a bend of the river, a curious object attracts our attention. It is a mosque cut in two by the undermining of the rapid current. One-half of its lofty dome still remains, leaving the innermost recesses of its places of prayer exposed to view. This is the only interior of a temple sacred to Moslem worship which an unbeliever can see in Baghdad. And yet the people here are not especially fanatics. The largest liberty in the exercise of their religion has been granted to Jew and Christian at Baghdad.

The highest attainable point whence the city can be viewed is the top of a half-ruined minaret, which overlooks the "cotton-thread market" and entrance to the bazaars. The mosque to which this minar was once attached has all crumbled away and disappeared. The sacredness of the place having departed, we are permitted to

rounding country for miles in every direction. We can trace the line of crumbling walls, with towers at short intervals, inclosing an area of about seven hundred acres, not over one-half of which is covered with buildings. Groves of palm and other trees fill large spaces in the south-eastern part of the city, once densely populated, among which we can see frequent ruins, as if Nature were trying to hide from sight these sad relics of former grandeur. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, the river glistening in the morning sun, winds through dense groves of palm and orange trees, but in



HALF A MOSQUE.

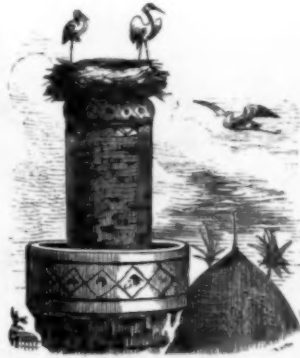
every other direction the desert sands come up to the very walls of the city. Six miles up the river the double gilded domes and four elegant minarets of Kathmane rise high above the somber foliage. This is the

burial-place of the two Imaums, direct descendants of Mohammed, and it is visited every year by many thousand pilgrims from Persia and Arabia. A short distance from this shrine we see a pine-shaped cone of snowy whiteness which covers the tomb of the lovely Zobeide. Ten miles away, standing alone in the desert, is a tower one hundred and fifty feet in height, called Akker-goof. A spiral way ascends on the outside, and its appearance is familiar from its being the common ideal picture of the tower of Babel. It is of great antiquity, and was regarded by early travelers as the work of the immediate descendants of Noah.

But while we have been scanning these interesting objects in the far distance, a scene is passing at our feet, too characteristic to escape notice. The houses here are usually built two stories in height, with ranges of apartments opening into a square, inner court. During the summer, subterranean rooms, called *serdaubs*, are occupied during the day for the shelter they afford from the intense heat, but as soon as the sun goes down the flat roofs are used for the evening meal and for sleep at night. At Bagdad, there is not a particle of dew, and for half the year the people all sleep in the open air without protection. From this lofty station hundreds of bed-rooms are exposed to view, and domestic scenes, illustrative of the habits and customs of the people, are open before us. Here in the East no such privacy of sleeping apartments is sought or desired, as is universal in western lands. These people are early risers, and as it is now a few moments after sunrise, in many cases the servants have rolled up the beds and carried them to the rooms below, to which the occupants have retired for the bath, and to commence the labors of the day. But a few late sleepers still linger on the terraces, and little suspect that the stranger is taking note of their movements.

On our way back to the *khan* of Messrs. Lynch & Co., the only English merchants in Bagdad, we pass a tall minaret, attached to a ruined mosque, called the "Minar of the Storks." On its summit these birds have built an enormous nest, and hold undisputed possession of the place. They are regarded as sacred by all Moslems, and never molested. During the winter months they migrate to some warmer clime, but it is firmly believed that at this time every year they make the pilgrimage to Mecca. These birds are so

pious, say the Moslems, that if a number of persons cry out "Allah! Allah!" as they fly overhead, they will drop to the ground and bury their heads in the earth. If once



A MINARET IN BAGDAD.

touched by human hands they never rise again, but droop and die.

Soon after my arrival at Bagdad, on the evening of the first day in May, as we were dining on the terrace, we were startled by a most terrific din. We then noticed that there was a nearly total eclipse of the moon, and upon consulting an English almanac we found that it would be "invisible at Greenwich, but a total eclipse in Australia and some parts of Asia." The tumult increased, and soon the whole population seemed to have assembled on the house-tops, armed with pots, pans and kitchen utensils, which they beat with a tremendous clatter, at the same time screaming and howling at the top of their voices. Frequent reports of guns and pistols added to the turmoil, which was kept up for nearly an hour, until they had succeeded in frightening away the *Jin*, or evil spirit, who had caught hold of the moon. It was a most amusing scene, although it interfered seriously with the success of our dinner. Our own servants caught the excitement, and deserted the table without ceremony. Our host told us the next day that they well-nigh knocked the bottoms out from all his kitchen utensils. It was, however, a complete success, and when our servants returned to their duty, the moon was shining brightly as ever, and upon their faces was an air of complacent satisfaction.

The ignorant Mohammedan population of Bagdad are exceedingly superstitious, and the *fakirs*, *dervishes*, and other mendicant

orders, contrive to make a very comfortable living out of the charity of the faithful. The members of these societies do not openly or clamorously beg, but they elicit money from the ignorant by the perform-

hideous wrapper of blue or white cotton, which completely envelops the wearer from head to foot. The females here wear in the street a peculiar black mask made of thinly woven horse-hair. It effectually

hides the face, but allows a free circulation of air, and through it they can see all that passes before them. The lower class of Arab women go abroad unveiled. They are very ugly, their arms being tattooed with blue marks, and the married ones wearing on one side of the nostril a gold or silver ornament like a large filigree-work button, and anklets and bracelets of silver or brass, according to their means.

The principal bazaars are in a triple range, protected from the sun



SCARING AWAY THE ECLIPSE.

ance of pretended miracles, giving charms against illness, wounds and evils of all kinds. Some of these professors of the "black art" pretend to know what is passing in their absence, to expel evil spirits, to cure diseases by laying on of hands, to calm tempests at sea, and to be able to say their noonday prayers at Mecca without stirring from their houses at Bagdad. To the astonished spectators they seem to pierce their bodies with spears, to strike sharp-pointed lances into their eyes, or to leap from the roofs of houses upon poles shod with iron, which appear to run through their bodies, after which they are carried like spitted victims through the streets. The dancing and howling dervishes of Cairo have often been described, but their brethren in Bagdad far surpass them in wildness and frenzy. Educated and intelligent Mohammedans everywhere repudiate these sects, but their hold on the superstitious masses is so strong, that not even the government dares interfere, except in extreme cases, to preserve the public peace.

The bazaars of Bagdad are especially interesting, and seem crowded at all hours of the day with a most varied and heterogeneous mass of humanity. The attractions of bright colors and gaudy costumes all belong to the male sex. The street dress of the women is the extreme of ugliness, being a

by a lofty arched roof of brick and mortar. Each kind of merchandise and branch of trade has its own section. Here can be seen the beautiful fabrics of Persia and Cashmere, the jewels of India, the spices and perfumes of Arabia, and the more familiar manufactures of Europe. The languages spoken are as various as the costumes of the people.

The bazaars are none of them more than twelve feet in width, and while we gaze about half bewildered at the curious scene, we are in danger of being trampled on by trains of loaded camels, mules or donkeys, or by the heels of a mettled Arab horse, whose rider, a Bedouin from the desert, looks neither to the right nor the left, but goes his way with an air of fierce independence as if lord of the soil.

The coffee shops are very numerous, and on the large benches outside covered with straw matting, there is always a crowd of loungers. I am told that wine, imported from Europe, but forbidden by the Koran, and a fiery spirit distilled from dates, called *arrack*, are sold in many of these places, but I have never seen a person here who seemed intoxicated.

Often when alone I have stopped at these coffee-shops, where room would courteously be made for me on one of the divans, and an attendant, without any special order,

would bring me a little egg-cup, holding not over a table-spoonful of strong, black coffee of most delicious flavor, and then a *narghileh*, a supply of which is always kept ready for use. This pipe, which in India is called a *hookah*, and in Persia a *killiou*, is made here in the form of the letter V, without the long flexible tube common in Damascus and Constantinople. The mouth-piece is a reed, and the perfumed water through which the smoke passes is held in a large cocoa-nut shell. The tobacco used in the *narghileh* is of a peculiar kind, and is wet before being lighted, in doing which a piece of live charcoal is always used. The smoke is deliciously cooled and purified in passing through the scented rose-water. For this entertainment I paid at the coffee-shops only one *piaster*, about five cents.



HOWLING DERVISHES.

The Pasha of Bagdad is the despotic ruler of the largest and most important province in Turkey. He has the command of a large army which is stationed at Bagdad and other towns within his pashalic, which is bounded on the east and south by the Persian frontier and the Gulf. More than once ambitious men holding this position, so remote from the home government, have been suspected of designs to render themselves independent sovereigns,—a design which was successfully accomplished in 1830, by Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt. At the time of my visit to Bagdad, the governor was the present Turkish Minister of War, Redif Pasha, a successful general and a man of unquestioned energy and ability. Once, while I was in Bagdad, he had an opportunity to show his power as a despotic ruler, and he acted with a nerve and energy worthy of all praise. The Tigris, which had been on the rampage for two months, at last broke through the dikes some ten miles above

the city, and the torrent sweeping down with irresistible force, did great damage to the crops, and in a single day turned the broad plain back of the city into an immense lake. The water was only kept from flowing into the city by an embankment outside the walls, which in many places was out of repair. Great fear was felt of such an inundation as occurred in 1831—the year of the plague—when seven thousand houses fell in a single day. Here was an emergency calling for prompt action. The pasha issued an order closing all the bazaars and shops, and for four days impressed the whole male population (foreigners excepted) to work on the dikes. Half the force was sent up the river, and the balance set to work to repair the embankments around the city. I rode out in that direction one morning, and witnessed a lively scene. Several thousand men were at work, and the pasha himself was on the spot, surrounded by a brilliantly uniformed staff, superintending the operations. These energetic measures saved the city. The break in the dike up the river was stopped, and the water gradually subsided.

As there are no American ministers or consular agents in this part of the world, before leaving Cairo I had inclosed a letter of introduction to our minister at Constantinople, with the request that he would forward to me at Bagdad such credentials to the pasha as might be of service in any excursion I desired to make to Babylon or other places of interest in Mesopotamia. Upon reaching Bagdad I found awaiting me a *firmán* from the Turkish government addressed to the pasha, and commending the American traveler in the strongest terms to his hospitality and protection. Upon my entrance to the audience-room of the pasha I found him seated at the further end of the apartment, near a large table covered with papers, and as I entered he rose and advanced toward me, shook hands, and courteously motioned me to a seat beside him. He is a large man, tall and quite portly, perhaps forty-five years old, with a full face, brown beard, and eyes sharp and piercing. His dress was entirely European, except the *fes*, without even a button to indicate his rank. His countenance indicates energy and firmness, and his manners are courteous and pleasing. Several officers of rank standing near were presented to me, but no one was seated except the pasha and myself. As he spoke only Turkish and Arabic, Mr. Stanno, a Levantine in the service of the government, was summoned to act as interpreter. Our

conversation was necessarily slow, but the questions and replies were very readily translated, and I felt quite at my ease. I found the pasha very intelligent as to the geography and government of foreign countries, and he seemed fully to comprehend that England and America were two distinct and separate countries. He offered me every facility for seeing Bagdad, and said that, as I was the only American who had ever visited him, he hoped I would receive a favorable impression of the country.

At a subsequent interview with the pasha he expressed the wish that President Grant would send a diplomatic or consular representative to Bagdad; and when I reminded him of how few Americans ever find their way to Turkish Arabia, and that at present we have no commercial intercourse with this country, he unrolled a map and pointed out the line of the Euphrates Valley Railway, already commenced, from the port of Alexandretta on the Mediterranean, *via* Aleppo, to a point on the Euphrates six hundred miles above Bagdad. "This road," said he, "when completed, will open a new route to India by way of the Persian Gulf, over which the tide of travel and commerce will soon find its way." Then, pointing through the open windows to the government shops on the opposite side of the Tigris, the pasha asked if I would like to inspect his new iron steamers and some of the public buildings. I gladly accepted his invitation, and an aid-de-camp, and Mr. Stanno as interpreter, were ordered to accompany me.

We were first taken across the river to arsenal, machine shops and foundry. Here about sixty men were employed under the charge of an English engineer. The machinery is all imported from Europe, but the workmen are natives, and seem skillful and intelligent. Some pieces of work were shown to me by the superintendent which to my inexperienced eye would be creditable to any workshop in Europe. I examined with much interest the two steamers which were built on the Clyde, sent out in pieces to

be put together here and are nearly ready to launch. They are a hundred and ten feet long, flat bottomed, covered with thin steel plates, furnished with powerful engines,



THE DROMEDARY MAIL.

and were expected to draw but *one foot of water*. They are intended for service on the upper Euphrates when the river during the dry season is very shallow and rapid.

We were then rowed a short distance up the river to the military hospital, a large and handsome building with nearly two hundred patients. The rooms are lofty and well ventilated, the cots neat and clean, and the whole management as perfect as in any similar institution in Europe. I was shown through the dispensary, bath-houses and well-shaded grounds, and then to the private office of the superintendent, where the usual refreshments of coffee, sherbet and cigarettes were tendered.

My conductors next took me to the pasha's palace, about two miles up the river on the eastern bank and beyond the city walls. It is an elegant modern villa, surrounded by a garden handsomely laid out in European style. It was built for the special use of the Shah of Persia, on the occasion of his visit to Bagdad four years ago, but is now only partially occupied, the pasha's family being absent. Elegant crystal chandeliers, French furniture and *bijouterie*, soft Persian carpets and silken hangings make it a palace worthy of the caliph in the palmy days of Bagdad. In the stables were a score of the finest Arab horses I ever saw, several of which were brought out for our inspection.

I was next taken to an institution by far

more interesting than any I had visited, an "industrial school" for orphan boys. Here are eighty boys, from ten to fifteen years old, dressed in a neat gray uniform, and, withal, as bright, intelligent-looking lads as any country can boast. Some were weaving different fabrics of silk and cotton on hand-loom, others making shoes and sewing garments, while, in an adjoining building, about a dozen were setting type. The manufactured articles were shown me, and they certainly were creditable to the industry and mechanical skill of the boys.

Adjoining the industrial school is the government printing-office, the next object of our visit. I had never suspected that such an institution existed in Bagdad. Here I found a steam-power press with the capacity of thirty-five hundred impressions an hour, besides several hand-presses and a machine for cutting and folding envelopes. All the type-setting and light work is done by the boys in the industrial school. They were working off an edition of a weekly paper, printed on one side in Turkish, and on the other in Arabic.

We afterward visited the barracks, a large and handsome building adjoining the *sérai*, which can accommodate several thousand troops. Having finished our tour of in-

spection, I said good-bye to my attentive and polite escort, with a much better impression of the civilization of Bagdad than I had ever before conceived of.

With the present facilities for travel, to reach the Mediterranean was almost as difficult for me, as to Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks. The shortest, but most dangerous route, is to Damascus and Beyrout, *via* Palmyra, the "city of the desert." The English residents of Bagdad maintain a fortnightly mail with Europe by this route, which is carried on a fast dromedary in eighteen days to Damascus, six or eight of which are without water. Occasionally both mail and rider disappear, never being heard from after they leave port, like a ship foundered at sea. They are supposed to be intercepted by the wild Bedouins, who care nothing for the letters or the Arab rider, but rarely miss a good opportunity to appropriate a fast camel or dromedary.

But the season was so far advanced that it was impracticable to cross the desert under the scorching heat of a July sun. So my best line of return was the same route by which I had come—down the Persian and Arabian gulfs, and up the Red Sea to Egypt, and thence across the Mediterranean.



ALADDIN AND THE AKKAM DEPARTING WITH THEIR MERCHANDISE.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"THE DOG WAS GROWING MORE EXCITED, AND DIFFICULT TO HOLD."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE failure of Nicholas to interest the professional and other philanthropists of the city in his grand scheme of reformation and cure, did not leave him in good humor. He saw, or thought he saw, motives at the basis of their operations which were worthy only of his contempt. He failed, at least, to see, in any of their schemes, a recognition of the necessity of radical measures. It was true that many a faithful missionary of the Christian religion was endeavoring to change character and life. It was true that great efforts were making to implant good principles in the young, and to direct them into good habits. It was true that great good was done to the poor who were not paupers—men and women who, with manhood and womanhood intact, were bravely struggling to keep their heads above water, and rear

their children to virtue and industry. To these the brotherly hand of religion was indeed a helping hand. To every angel of ministry in this field, he could heartily bid "Godspeed!" and wish that their number might be multiplied until their wings should whiten the air in every dark street and dismal dwelling.

The city presented itself to him in the figure of a huge sieve over whose meshes the swollen rich and the well-fed men and women walked with impunity and confidence, but into which the poor, thin men and women were momentarily slipping, some with brave and successful efforts to save themselves from falling through, and others giving up for lost, and weakly losing hold and dropping down among the helpless, inert mass beneath. It was this mass, diseased in body and mind, without ambition,

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beyond the reach of morality, with nothing but palsied hands and open mouths, that engaged his mind with an awful interest.

Could this mass be lifted into the light again? This was the great question. Were the existence and perpetuity of this mass necessary in the nature of things? In the harmony of the social instrument, was there a "wolf" forever to be hidden in this key?

There was no lack of benevolence—that was manifest on every hand; but there was not only a lack of concert, but an utter failure to comprehend the nature of the case, and to see anything to be done but alleviation. He saw a great weight to be lifted, and no harmony of action with regard to it. Every remedial agent was "patchy." There were hospitals for old men and hospitals for old women. There were "helping hands" for this, that, and the other. There were asylums for orphans and half orphans. There were out-door relief and in-door relief. There were general societies that were not only competing with one another for the privilege of distributing the funds of the benevolent, but invading one another's fields.

How to get the most out of these benevolent organizations was the great question among the pauperized and perjured masses. They were besieged on every hand by deceit, by ingenious and persistent lying, by all base means to secure what they had to give. They were looked upon as the repositories of prey, to be dragged for with nets, to be fished for with hooks, to be caught with snares and weirs.

A most significant fact which had fallen under the notice of Nicholas was that pauperism increased, not in the ratio of the public distress, but in the proportion of the public provision for it. During this winter of unusual severity, a benevolent gentleman had instituted soup-kitchens to feed the starving; and a week had not passed after the announcement of this measure when the city was full of new faces. Tramps from all the region near the city were attracted like vultures to a carcass. Worse than this, this benevolent provision had developed the pauper spirit among those who had the means of living, and they pressed in on all sides with lying pretenses by which they might save their money. It operated not only as a premium on lying, but a reward for improvidence and avarice alike.

Almost the only radical work that he saw in progress was the seizure of vagrant and ungovernable children by authority, their training in institutions, and their apprentice-

ship to farmers in different parts of the country. This was something, but how little it was among so many!

He was full of these thoughts and reflections, and a bitter sense of disappointment, when he called upon Miss Larkin, at the close of the meeting in "The Athenæum." He was indignantly impatient with the apathy he had met and found impossible to master. He had gone along so successfully with his experiment, he had demonstrated the truth of his theory so satisfactorily to himself, that, to find his progress barred and his scheme whistled down, chafed him sorely. He walked up and down the room, swinging his hands in his distress, and exclaiming:

"The idiots! the idiots!"

"Don't fret, Nicholas," said Miss Larkin, calmly. "The world was not made in a day."

"Man was made in a day," Nicholas responded, "and he can be made again. Why, Grace," he went on, "give me the authority and the money, and I will take the contract to cure three-quarters of the pauperism of the city in three years. The poor we have always with us, and whenever we will we may do them good, by helping them to help themselves. The physically helpless we have always with us. The sick we have always with us. You may call these a quarter of the pauper population, if you will; but the remaining three-quarters only exist by a crime—a crime of their own, and a crime of society that tolerates them for a day. If a man will not work, neither should he eat. I cannot bear to see an evil grow in this new country until it becomes a hopeless institution—a great ulcer upon the social and political body, eating toward its vitals year by year, with never an attempt at radical treatment—with nothing applied but emollients and sedatives. Well, it just makes me wild. Idiots!"

Miss Larkin gave a merry laugh.

"Now, Nicholas," she said, "I protest. Do you see what is coming to you? Do you see how impatient you are getting to be, and how uncharitable you are growing? That is the way with reformers the world over, and it is a very bad way. They butt their heads against the public apathy and misapprehension, and it hurts them; and then they stand back and say, 'idiots!' Don't do it any more. It will spoil you. Try to be charitable toward the mistaken and the selfish as well as toward the unfortunate and the vicious."

The calm voice, the rational and Christian

reproof, went straight to his heart, and taking a seat at her side, he said:

"Forgive me, my dear! May God forgive me! I am getting proud and willful, I suppose. What a child I am!"

"One word more, Nicholas," she said. "Be charitable toward yourself. Give your own motives a fair chance. If you don't, they may die."

The quick tears sprang to his eyes, and he seized her hand and kissed it as he said:

"And you are the woman who proposed to deprive me of words like these, and an influence which only you can exert upon me, because you would not give either your own or my motives a fair chance!"

Nicholas left Miss Larkin calmed and comforted, grateful for the change in his feelings, and grateful for the words that had wrought it.

The next morning as he issued from his lodgings, he realized for the first time that the winter which had been so full of interest to him, and so crowded with action, had spent itself, and that there was a prophecy of spring in the atmosphere. The sparrows were chattering and bustling at his feet; the few clouds in the sky had a look of restfulness and peace, as if the hard work of the year were done; men walked with unbuttoned coats; the girls he met looked more bright-eyed and beautiful; the buds in the parks seemed to have swelled in the night; and his heart responded to the new influence with a joy to which he was unaccustomed. The fancy came to him that the sleeping year had waked, but still kept its eyes closed, while it recalled some great and delightful dream.

He saw but little of the ordinary sights of Broadway that morning, for the mere suggestion of spring had brought back the thoughts of his home, or carried him forward to it. The prospective spring had become impersonated in his mind, and wore the breezy robe and bore the inspiring features of the woman of his love. She walked the broad piazzas leaning on his arm. She was a form of grace, trailing her train across his velvet lawns. He was sitting under the trees with her. She not only interpreted but created and informed the beauty of the landscape. To his susceptible heart, Spring and Grace Larkin were one.

With the advent of spring, however, there would come a cessation, or a great modification, of the labors of the winter, in

the enterprise which had so engaged his enthusiasm. The lectures at "The Athenaeum" had gone steadily on, with the best results. Jonas Cavendish had kept his personal hold upon the people of "The Beggars' Paradise"; for he was fertile in expedients, and he had been able to engage specialists who supplemented his labor by interesting lectures and experiments. There was really a new spirit in the district. Men and women had got a new hold upon life. There were stumbling and backsliding, there was still in many minds a weak holding-on to the idea of being helped, or of getting pay for being good, but, after all the drawbacks and discounts, there was indubitably a sum of improvement achieved.

What should be done next? How should this sum of improvement be permanently secured? How should it be made seminal and productive?

These were vexing questions to Nicholas, as his plans would take him away from the city during all the summer months. He was revolving these questions in his mind, noticing nothing around him, and seeing nobody, when his ears were saluted with the familiar greeting:

"Say!"

"Hullo, Tim! How are you, this pleasant morning?"

The pop-corn man, without his usual burden, paused and shook hands with Nicholas.

"Say! I wanted to see you," said Tim.

"We are near Glezen's office," responded Nicholas, "and we'll go in there and have a talk."

Bob Spencer, the new office-boy, heard his father's voice upon the stairs, ran quickly to the door, seized and shouldered his broom, and, as the new-comers entered, presented arms in military fashion, and with a countenance as grave as that of a grenadier.

"What does this little monkey mean by this?" inquired Tim, who was suspicious that his boy was overstepping the bounds of propriety.

"Oh, it is a bit of nonsense, contrived by our friend Jonas, for amusement," said Glezen. "I don't mind it."

Jonas was scratching away at his desk, with a quiet smile upon his face.

"Jonas," said Glezen, "put him through his manual."

Bob sprang to his broom again, and responded to the words of command with great promptness and exactness, while the

spectators looked on with much amusement, and rewarded the performance with cheers.

"Put me through my catechism," said Bob, who was excited by his new audience.

Jonas blushed. He had amused himself with Bob when Glezen was absent, but he had not expected to be called upon to give a public exhibition of his pupil's proficiency.

"Go on, Jonas," said Glezen, who was always ready for anything that promised a laugh.

"Make your obeisance," said Jonas.

Bob responded with a profound bow.

"Who is the greatest man living?" inquired Cavendish.

"Mr. Montgomery Glezen," said Bob.

"Who is the next greatest?"

"Mr. Jonas Cavendish."

"Who is the worst boy in the world?"

"Bob Spencer."

"What is Bob Spencer's chief duty?"

"To keep his hands and face clean, and show proper respect to his superiors."

"Who is the greatest woman in the world?"

"Miss Jenny Coates."

"What is the greatest reformatory agency known to man?"

"A woman's hand on a boy's ear."

"Make your bow, sir."

Bob made his bow with profound sobriety, amid vociferous laughter, while Cavendish resumed his pen.

Nicholas noticed with great amusement and with more interest than he would have been willing to betray, that at the mention of the name of Miss Coates a bright blush overspread Glezen's face. He evidently did not like to hear her name used so lightly and familiarly by his employ  s, and he grew sober quicker than his wont, after so absurd a scene.

"Say!" said Tim, "Mr. Minturn and I came in to talk, and I should like to say what I have to say before you all. Are you too busy, Mr. Glezen?"

"No," responded the lawyer. "Go on."

"I've been thinking," said Tim, "about 'The Athenium.' The fact is, those people, according to my notion, have been fed with sugar-plums about long enough. I can see, too, that they are getting restive. They have been helped, but they must have something to do. They have been taught a great deal, but they have not yet been taught to take hold and carry on this enterprise for themselves."

"That is the very matter that has been passing through my mind this morning,"

said Nicholas. "Now, Tim, what have you to propose?"

"In the first place," Tim responded, "they have no rendezvous, where they can meet, keep each other in countenance, and talk over matters. They need organization, and they need especially to feel that this work is theirs, and that they are personally and collectively responsible for it. They need to feel that they are of some consequence in the world—in their world, at least. In other words, they need to be committed to reform in a way which involves their personal honor and their personal influence."

"Tim, you are a wise man," said Glezen.

"So my wife thinks," Tim replied, with a laugh.

"Well, what is your scheme?" inquired Nicholas.

"It involves money," said Tim, "and it involves me; and if you'll furnish the money I'll furnish the machinery."

"Let's hear what it is," said Nicholas.

"You know," Tim resumed, "that there are unoccupied rooms under 'The Athenium,' and that in these times they can be had at a very modest rent. If I had the rooms, I could get a better living in them than I can get now. I could take care of them, give the most of them to public use, and have enough left to carry on a little trade in papers and periodicals, and knick-knacks of all sorts. We could have social parlors, reading-rooms, a coffee-room which my wife and daughter could take care of, and we could make it a pleasant place of resort under the control of an association, the president of which I see at the desk yonder" (pointing to Jonas Cavendish).

All looked at Jonas, whose eyes kindled at the thought of his new dignity.

"Tim, it seems very practicable, and very desirable," said Nicholas. "What do you think, Glezen?"

"The only thing to be done."

"Let's do it, Tim," exclaimed Nicholas promptly, rising. "Let's fix the matter to-day. It will cost me more money than I feel able to spare just now, but it is throwing good money after good, in this case. It will secure the original investment."

Before night, Nicholas and Tim Spencer had canvassed the whole matter. They had not only surveyed and apportioned the rooms to their purposes, but had hired them for a year.

The regular weekly meeting at "The Athenium" occurred on the following evening. The house was full to overflowing, a

special notice having been posted during the day, which stated that important communications were to be made.

The lecture was briefer than usual, and then the lecturer made way for "one whom," as Mr. Cavendish expressed it, "the people were always glad to see."

There was something about this occasion which touched Nicholas very powerfully. His ingenuities, his purse, his labor, his sensibilities, had been under constant tribute for months. As he looked out upon his interested and grateful audience, eager-hearted to learn what he had to say to them, and realized that he had their friendship and their confidence, and remembered the last audience that he met in the hall, with its questions and doubts and protests, he was almost overcome. It was a minute before he could speak, and when he opened his lips, it was not with the usual form of address.

"My brothers and sisters," he said, "I am touched by a strange sense of weariness to-night. I have been at work all this winter for you, and others who are like you, in poverty and misfortune. I began with great hope and energy, and I have realized all my hopes with regard to you; but to-night, after a winter of observation, I feel so overwhelmed with the work to be done in this city, and the incompetency of the means for its accomplishment, that I acknowledge to you that I need your help. If I could take you all by the hand, and hear you say to me that I have done you good, and that you are glad I came to you, it would rest me, I am sure. I have had help of various sorts from more than one, but I feel now, and I have felt for a good many days, that I must have your help. The spring is almost here, and the time is not far distant when the meetings, that have been so full of pleasure and instruction for us all, must be suspended. What will you do then?"

"God knows!" said a deep voice in the audience.

"Yes," said Nicholas, "and so do I."

Then he went over in detail the plan that had been devised and initiated by Tim Spencer and himself. The broaching of the new project and the intense interest with which it was received, relieved him of his weariness, and he became eloquent upon the possibilities of the new enterprise.

"This affair is yours," he said. "The rooms are yours for a year. Perhaps, when the lease expires, you will be able to renew it for yourselves. I hope you will be very

happy in them—that they will be the means of bringing you closer together and strengthening you. I shall have nothing to do with your organization. Choose your best men, and choose them from among yourselves. There are those among you who are quite capable and quite worthy of authority; and, above all things, stand together. As soon as I finish what I have to say to you, I shall leave you to make your organization and discuss your plans. I put the responsibility upon you, feeling sure, from the friendliness of the faces I see before me, that you wish to please and satisfy me.

"Before I leave you to-night,"—and Nicholas hesitated and his eyes grew moist,—"I have a word to say upon a topic concerning which I have not been accustomed to speak. The subject is a very sacred one to me. It is surrounded by a great many precious associations. It is so identified with my secret satisfactions, my source of inspiration and the history of my childhood, it is so profoundly important to the progress of the world, it is so sweetly wonderful in its nature and results, it is so marvelous in its promises and prophecies of the future, it has so much in it for you, that I can hardly trust my tongue to mention it.

"If you love me, or believe in me, don't turn away from me until you have heard me through. I know that this subject has sometimes been presented to you as a threat, sometimes in the form of cant, sometimes in the form of blatant or flippant declamation, sometimes as an appeal to your selfish desire for safety, but don't turn away from it."

The people saw that Nicholas was in a new mood, and that what he was saying came from the very depths of his heart. They were as silent as if they were anticipating the appearance of some wonderful spectacle behind the speaker.

"Nearly two thousand years ago," Nicholas went on, "a babe was born in a manger in the town of Bethlehem, in the province of Judæa. Some shepherds, watching their flocks, were startled by a great glory in the midnight sky, and the appearance of an angel, who told them what had happened and where to find the child; and there were wings all about them, and there was strange music in the air. No child of yours was ever humbler born; no woman among you, in your hour of sickness and trial, was ever more meanly entertained than was this mother upon her bed among the cattle.

"Well, the people in those days had very

strange ideas of God. They thought he was hard and fierce, and they killed cattle and sheep and burnt them upon altars as sacrifices to their deity; but a song was sung in heaven that night, which was heard upon the earth, and the words were 'Good-will toward men.' God had been misunderstood. He had a fatherly affection for his suffering children, and the angels put it into words, which swept over the hills like the sunrise; and they have been echoed all around the world. 'Good-will toward men!' God, who made this wonderful world, and all the stars, and made us, too, means well toward us. He loves us, and desires that we may not only be good but happy.

"Now this babe, the birth of whom gave occasion to the expression of these words, was born, as I have told you, very poor, and he grew up to manhood a poor, working man. He might have been born among you. One of you women, here, might have been his mother, if you had lived at that time. You might have had him in your arms, and tended and reared one who proved to be the greatest and best man who ever lived. Some of you men might have worked at the bench with him, for he was a carpenter, and you might have heard him talk, and gone home to your wives and reported his conversations, and told them how good and how remarkable he was. He belonged to your class. He was the unspeakable gift of poverty to wealth. He made poverty forever dignified, and if there are any people in this world who ought to be his lovers and followers, they are the working poor.

"Well, the babe grew up, and became a great teacher. He worked miracles. He healed the sick; he fed the hungry; he forgave the erring; and wherever he went, he preached the good news that God bore nothing but good-will toward the world. His life and character were spotless. He had the same temptations that we have, but he resisted them. He was oftentimes without where to lay his head, but he did not complain. He never forgot his class and his companions in poverty, and to them, especially, he preached the good tidings.

"The mistaken men of that day persecuted and killed him. They did not know what they were doing. They were blinded by their old ideas, and envious of his influence. But a little while afterward, he rose from the dead. He talked with his friends; he showed himself to them openly; and then, in the presence of a multitude of them, he rose up out of their sight.

"That is the story, and I believe it. You have learned something of the littleness of the world. It is only one among more than you can count; and does it seem so very strange to you that God should make him—the only sinless man who ever lived, the king of his race—the man who lived and died for it? Does it seem strange to you that he should have been raised from the dead, and placed in the charge of humanity,—to be its teacher, its inspirer, its leader, its ruler? Doesn't it look as if he were king? See how, for almost two thousand years, he has entered into the world's civilization! Think of the uncounted millions of dollars that have gone to the building of Christian churches, all over the world! Think of the numberless lives that have expended themselves in Christian service! Think of the poems, the hymns, the pictures, the architecture, that he has inspired! Think of the millions of good lives that have been shaped upon the model of his, and the millions of dying men who have gone out of life with triumph in their hearts, and a vision of their King in their eyes!

"Good friends, dear friends," and Nicholas leaned forward upon his desk, "what brought me to you? Had you any money to give me? Had you any honor to give me? I came simply in obedience to the command of my King. He told me that he was one with the poor, and that if I would do the smallest of them the smallest service, I should do that service to him. You do not know it,—you have not thought of it,—but Jesus Christ is looking at me out of your eyes to-night, and there is no service that I can render, you that I do not render him.

"But I did not come here to preach. I did not intend to say as much as I have said already, although it has seemed necessary to say it in order to get at a proposition I have to make, and to prepare you for it. To me, religion is a very simple thing. To be a Christian is to be like Christ. I have no taste for talking about the machinery of the theologians, or about belief in this, that and the other. There are two or three things that I know. You need help. Many of you have determined upon industrious habits and reformed lives, and you need more help than I can give you, to enable you to persevere. Now, mark you, I don't believe—I know—that if you will take Christ for your pattern, if you will adopt his unselfish motives, if you will give him

your trustful affection and allegiance, and consent to be led by him, you cannot go wrong. He will take care of you in this world and the next. He was poor, and he can sympathize with you. He was tempted, and he can help you, and he can whisper to you in your darkest hours, 'God means well by you.' No matter how troubled you may be, those two words: 'good-will,' 'good-will,' will always be breathed upon your hearts as a balm and a benediction.

"Now I ask you the question: will you have this religion of Jesus Christ taught to yourselves and your children? I can lay my hands upon a hundred men and women, devoted to their Master and yours, who are willing to come here and teach you and your little ones. You can have preaching in this hall every Sunday, if you will; but I force nothing upon you. If you do not want this, it shall not come. I stand between you and all intrusion of offensive instructions and influences; but I am sure that you do not wish to have your children bred as you have been."

"God forbid!" exclaimed a voice in the audience.

Nicholas saw that his audience were very deeply affected. Indeed, it was the consciousness that they were sympathetically absorbed in what he was saying which inspired his utterances. Women were weeping, and many a strong man was unable to control his emotions. Some of the men sat hard and determined in their skepticism, or their crime—men who had not yet got beyond the motive of bettering their worldly condition, or who had come in, inspired only by curiosity.

"Will you have Christian instruction for yourselves?" inquired Nicholas. "All who desire it will be kind enough to stand upon their feet."

Every woman in the house rose, without hesitation. A few men stood up, here and there, but the majority kept their seats, while two or three left the hall.

"Will you have Christian instruction for your children? Inform me by the same sign."

The entire congregation rose to their feet.

Nicholas smiled, and said:

"Thank you!" adding: "A school for children will be organized in this room next Sunday morning, at nine o'clock. Classes for adults will also be formed at the same hour, if they will attend."

"And now," said Nicholas, "I leave you to yourselves, congratulating you on your new privileges and prospects. You have done me a great deal of good, and I am grateful for it."

As he turned to leave the stage, the audience, by a common impulse, rose to their feet, clapping their hands; and with the words, "God bless you!" ringing in his ears, he vanished through the wing of the stage, and left the building.

A great load had been lifted from his heart, and a great peace had taken possession of it. The conviction had been pressed upon him more and more, for several weeks, that he had only lifted his charge a single step toward reformation, and that moral and religious instruction and active responsibility were necessary to perfect the cure which had been so successfully begun. He had apprehended the fact that his work was running out into nothingness, that it must be supplemented by something of a different character, and that, somehow, by some new and vital motive, these men and women must be bound together in mutual sympathy and mutual service.

And now the way was clear. Now they had a common home, with common privileges and common responsibilities. They had asked for, or manifested their willingness to receive, precisely the things they needed. He had left them at perfect freedom, organizing and contriving for themselves, with a great trust and a great enterprise on their hands. More than he knew, or could realize, he had reinstated them in independent manhood and womanhood; for before they separated that night, after a debate that would have surprised him if he could have listened to it, they were an organic community, with conscious possibilities of development, and bright anticipations and glowing ambitions.

The happiest morning that Nicholas had ever seen was that of the following Sunday, when he found "The Athenaeum" thronged by children with a generous sprinkling of adults, and furnished with teachers, and all the necessary machinery of instruction. "The Larkin Bureau" was all there, including Miss Larkin herself, who, after her long confinement, was once more engaged in her much-loved work. It is possible that this fact had something to do with the satisfaction that shone in the eyes of Nicholas as he observed, or mingled with, the noisy and happy throng.

Before the week expired, Tim Spencer

had installed himself and his family in the rooms under the hall, and busy hands had brought the public apartments into readiness for occupation. The interest that was centered upon these preparations was full of promise for the future. "The Beggars' Paradise" was all alive with the matter. They talked of it in their homes. They visited or hung around the place at night. They stole into the rooms during their brief noonings. It was all for them. They were charmed by it; they were proud of it. They infected the whole neighborhood and all their associates with their enthusiasm; and, on the evening of the grand opening, Tim Spencer and his family were quite overwhelmed with the demands upon their space and their modest entertainment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE affairs of Miss Larkin were transferred with remarkable ease to the hands of Mr. Glezen. It was with a measure of regretful hesitation that she cut herself loose from her old guardian; but the step was insisted on by Nicholas, who was sure that he was on the road to immediate ruin and disgrace. He had not, for a moment, relinquished his conviction that "the model man" had received and still held his own stolen property, and that at some time, in some way, his guilt would unmistakably be discovered.

Why Mr. Benson should surrender his trust so willingly was not apparent to any but the young men who knew him best. Glezen and Nicholas, however, had their own opinions, based on their knowledge of his history and his character. He undoubtedly wished to placate Nicholas, and remove, so far as he could, that young man's motives for his persecution. Mr. Benson had become aware, in some way, of the new relations that existed between Nicholas and his ward, and he wished to cut loose from all association with the pair in a way that would leave upon them a pleasant impression. The transfer had been made in Glezen's office, and Mr. Benson had not only been very dignified and bland during the transaction, but somewhat effusive in his expressions of pleasure at being relieved of so grave a trust in so dangerous a time. He even went so far as to profess his gratification that he had the privilege of passing his trust into such faithful, friendly and competent hands.

The young men had no difficulty in

understanding all this. It was natural and characteristic; but there was another motive, which lay under the surface, that was not so easily divined. Mr. Benson still maintained a fondness for his own reputation. He had arrived at a point where he was conscious that he could not save it whole. He knew that the time was coming when the poor would curse him, and hold even his name in execration; but Miss Larkin was not poor, and he would do something that would be laudable and gratefully remembered in the circle to which she and her friends belonged. To separate her fortunes from his own, when he became sure that his own were falling, if not hopeless, would be an act sufficiently manly and Christian in the seeming to hang partisan praise upon, among those whose good opinion he most desired.

It was already whispered about that there was something wrong with The Poor Man's Savings Bank. There were grave suspicions of "irregularities" connected with that institution, but Mr. Benson's reputation, although not so high as it was, was still regarded as an honorable one. People knew him to be embarrassed, but they gave him credit for honesty. Was he not in his pew at church every Sunday? Was he not punctilious in his observance of all the proprieties of his position?

One sunny morning, more spring-like than any that had preceded it, Nicholas and Glezen joined each other in their walk toward the lower part of the town. It was soon after the events narrated in the last chapter, and after Glezen had assumed the charge of Miss Larkin's affairs. They were talking upon business, and discussing their plans for the summer, when, as they were passing one of the streets that crossed Broadway, their eyes were attracted by a crowd that revealed itself down the street upon their left. Both stopped and both exclaimed: "That is Benson's bank." It was before the hour of opening, and it was not "quarter-day." They could come to, but one conclusion, viz., that there was to be a run upon the bank that day. New York was but a whispering gallery. What had been quietly spoken in counting-rooms and palaces had been heard in the hovels and the stews. The wind which, with one wing, had brushed the clouds, had, with the other, rustled the leaves of the poor man's bank-book.

They turned their steps toward the crowd by a common impulse, and noticed before

them, walking with strong, determined steps, the familiar form of Mr. Benson. Checking themselves, and falling slowly behind, they saw him make his way through the constantly augmenting mass. They heard the murmurs of the multitude as it parted to give him passage, and then, when he reached the topmost step of the stairs that led to the door, they saw him turn and face the cloud of distrust that had gathered around his beloved and long-honored institution.

He presented a bold and dignified front. Lifting his hat, and wiping his brow, he looked calmly around. His well-dressed figure, revealed by the morning sun, his strong features, his questioning, pitying, almost scornful, look, as his eye took in the scene before him, were more than those near him could bear. They slunk back, and hid themselves among their fellows, as if ashamed to be identified.

"My friends," he said calmly, but with a voice that was heard to the remotest edge of the crowd, "I do not know what this means."

"It means that we want our money," responded a far-off voice.

"Did The Poor Man's Savings Bank ever cheat one of you out of a dollar?" inquired Mr. Benson. "You can have your money if you want it, and we are bound to give it to you, to the last dollar. But what will you do with it? You will wait for a week, until this foolish excitement has subsided, and then you will bring it back to us, and beg us to take it again. You make us all this trouble, to your own hurt and our very great inconvenience. You damage the credit of the institution in which you are all interested. You have been made fools of by demagogues. I have advised a great many of you: have you ever been injured by my advice? Now let me advise you again. Go home to your business, and trust my word that your money is safe. Go home, and go now."

He looked at one and another, and one and another went, until it seemed as if the power of the man were quite equal both to the occasion and his own wishes.

But more than half of the crowd lingered. He saw that he had failed, and as he turned to enter the door, it was opened by an inside hand, and he entered, closing it behind him.

As it still lacked half an hour to the time of the public opening, Nicholas and Glezen turned away and resumed their walk.

"There's trouble there," said Glezen.

"Much as I despise that man, do you

know I cannot help admiring him?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, I admire the old fellow, too, and bad as he is, I pity him. All that was necessary for him to pass through life, and pass out of it, with a spotless name, was to miss the circumstances which revealed him to himself and others, and the temptations which the hard times have brought to him."

"It makes one tremble for one's self," said Nicholas. "Who knows what unconscious weaknesses hide within him, waiting for the betraying touch of temptation?"

"Those fellows are not going away," said Glezen, recurring to the scene at the bank. "There's going to be a run there to-day, and a heavy one. I know these New York crowds, and the whole batch we saw there will come back, with recruited numbers. Well, I hope for their sake the bank can stand it, but nobody knows, nowadays, what will happen."

Glezen arrived at his office, and Nicholas went up with him.

"What are you going to do to-day?" inquired Glezen.

"I've nothing particular on hand. I want to hear from Benson's bank again. Perhaps I'll go back there," Nicholas replied.

"Oh, I'll send Bob up there. Sit down here, and amuse yourself in some way."

Nicholas amused himself for a while, looking down upon the throng of passengers in the street. Then he sat down and took up the morning papers; but he was uneasy.

"Look here, Glezen!" he said, "I am going round to the Guild, to see the operations. I was never there but once, and I was immensely interested."

"Very well," said Glezen, "I'll send Bob to you when he returns, and you may trust him to get all the news at the bank, with interest at a higher rate than a savings bank ever pays."

The two friends separated with a laugh, and Nicholas made his way to the rooms of the Guild, which he found thronged with applicants for aid. The conductors and almoners knew him, and invited him to a seat inside the rails, where he could witness the operations at his leisure.

It was a distressing scene, in comparison with which the anxious and eager crowd which he had just left at Benson's bank was an assemblage of kings. They were thinly clad and shivering. Many of them were known to the disbursing officers, and

had lived upon the pittance doled out to them by this and kindred institutions all winter. There were wrecks of men and wrecks of women. There were pinched-looking boys and girls. Each had a story of want and suffering, and each received, with an eagerness which had no apparent flavor of gladness in it, the gift bestowed. Each story bore the impress of familiar use, and was, patently, more or less tinctured with falsehood. Some went away with promises that their cases should have examination.

Nicholas was intensely absorbed in the abject tragedy transpiring before his eyes, when Bob burst into the door, his face glowing and his eyes ablaze with excitement. He was behind the crowd, but he caught sight of Nicholas, and at the top of his voice exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Minturn! There's the greatest kind of a run on old Benson's bank. Everybody is there. Oh, there's a thousand—there's ten thousand people there! The street's full! You never saw such a row! They are knocking each other down, and they're yelling—just yelling like tigers! It's the bulliest kind of a row!"

Nicholas tried to stop the boy, but could not help laughing at his apparent enthusiasm.

"That will do! that will do, Bob! I understand it. Hush!" said Nicholas rising, and trying to impress his injunction by a gesture.

But there were others who understood it besides Nicholas. The applicants for aid ceased from their story-telling, and looked with strange alarm into each other's faces. Then one and another quietly made their way out of the door, and then came a general stampede. Not five of the miserable crowd were left in the room. The officers gathered around Nicholas, and, looking into each other's faces they burst into a laugh.

"It is too bad," said Nicholas, on whose honest mind the perjuries enacted there that morning produced a very depressing effect.

"Say! you fellers haint got nothing in Benson's bank, have you?" inquired Bob of the little group that lingered hesitatingly in the rear of the room.

"Not much!" exclaimed one of them.

This excited another laugh among the officers, one of whom said, addressing the group: "What bank do you deposit in?"

The men looked dumbfounded. They were ashamed of the company they had

been in, and realized how natural the suspicions were that were excited concerning themselves; but they came up, and told their stories, and received with little questioning the aid they desired.

Nicholas returned to Glezen's office, sick at heart, thinking of what he had seen at the Guild, and of what was in progress at The Poor Man's Savings Bank. He found Glezen busy, and then, unable to control his uneasiness, went out, and bent his steps toward Mr. Coates's warehouse, hoping to find the old merchant, for whom he had gradually acquired an affectionate respect, at leisure.

As he entered the building, the first man he met was his protégé Yankton, busy in shipping goods. He gave him a cordial "good-morning," and was just about leaving him to go back to the counting-room, when Yankton said, fumbling his pockets, "I've got a paper here which may be of importance to you, though I don't know anything about it. I've had it a long time, but I have never thought to hand it to you."

Thus saying, he handed him a half sheet of note paper, which Nicholas quickly unfolded.

"Where did you get this?" inquired Nicholas, greatly excited.

"In the pocket of the coat you gave me," replied the man. "It was tucked down in a corner, and I had worn the coat a month before I found it."

As he talked, Nicholas had looked it through, and then, without stopping to place it in his pocket-book, or to make the call upon Mr. Coates which he had intended to make, or even to bid Yankton good-morning, he wheeled and left the store with the paper tight within his hand.

Strange that he had not thought of this before! He remembered it now with entire distinctness. That was the very coat he wore when he called on Mr. Bellamy Gold, with regard to taking the bonds to New York for registration, and he had put the record of their numbers into his pocket for some momentary reason or through some vagrant impulse, and there it had lain forgotten until Yankton discovered it. He even remembered that he had not told Mr. Gold that he had taken it, after that gentleman had returned it to its place. He walked straight to Glezen's office, possessed by his first excitement, and unmindful of the scenes through which he passed. The lawyer was closeted with a client, but Nich-

olas made his way unbidden into the room, unfolded the paper, and laid it upon Glezen's desk before his eyes.

"I understand it," said Glezen quietly, "and now that we may be sure, go directly and telegraph for Mr. Gold. Tell him we want him here to-night. I'll keep this, Nicholas, for, my boy, you are not in a fit condition to take charge of it."

Excusing himself from his client for a moment, Glezen took the paper to his safe, locked it in and came back.

Meantime Nicholas had vanished from the room, and was already on his way to the telegraph office.

To Nicholas, the day which opened so calmly was long and full of excitement. He could only walk the streets, and revolve the possibilities connected with the finding of the long-missing paper. Three or four times he found himself on the edge of the crowd around Mr. Benson's bank, watching the gratified faces of the depositors as they one by one emerged from the door, and hearing the questions propounded to them by those whose turn had not yet arrived. He could see that all looked less unhappy as the day wore on, and still the money did not give out. He noticed, however, that the proceedings were very leisurely, and that not half of the depositors assembled could be waited upon during the day.

The train on which Mr. Bellamy Gold was expected to arrive was not due until nearly evening, but Nicholas was at the station an hour before the time, and when, at last, the country lawyer stepped from the platform, he was literally received by open arms.

Nicholas took him to his rooms, and before dinner he had told him the whole story of the missing bonds, and the discovery of the lost paper. The lawyer's joy and excitement were hardly less than those which exercised his client. The loss of the paper had weighed upon him like a great personal bereavement, and now that his skirts were clean, he was as happy as a boy.

After dinner they found Glezen at his lodgings, and all went to his office, where the paper was fully identified.

"Nicholas," said Mr. Bellamy Gold, "what did I tell you about the model man? Eh?"

"We shall find out whether you were right," said Nicholas.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. BENSON, with a very quick instinct, apprehended the nature of the crisis upon

which he had entered. He knew that the bank must succumb if the run should prove to be formidable and persistent. He knew, too, that the run upon the bank would involve a run upon himself, and that that run would meet with a disaster sooner than the one which threatened his institution. People had for several weeks ceased to deposit with him, and all who called upon him now wanted money. It was with the greatest difficulty that he had been able to meet the demands of the few previous weeks. The money of the new depositors was all gone to satisfy the old. Property had been sold at a sacrifice, and the proceeds of that were gone. It was more and more difficult to borrow from day to day, and lately he had felt himself obliged to deny himself to callers. He sat alone in his library, doing nothing, but too "busy" to see them. He absented himself until midnight from his home. He resorted to every wretched pretense to avoid meeting those who had trustingly placed their all in his keeping.

To his proud nature, the thought that his family should witness his humiliation was a galling one. He had been so infallible in his own house, he had carried himself so like a god in the presence of his wife and children, they had stood in such fear of him, they had been such slaves to him, they had so abjectly believed in his power, and their attitude toward him had so gratified and flattered him in his selfish and proud isolation, that the reflection that they were to witness his humiliation stung him to the quick.

The first business he transacted, on his arrival at the bank on the morning of the run upon that institution, was the writing of a letter to his wife, requesting or commanding her—they were interchangeable words in his vocabulary—to take her children to the home of her family in the country, and to remain there until she should hear from him. She was to leave no one behind but the cook and a man-servant. His messenger would assist her, and go with her to her destination. He knew there would be no protest to the arrangement. It did not make him particularly unhappy to know that she would be glad to go. He did not care for that. He was only anxious that Mr. Benjamin Benson should not be regarded with wonder and pity by those who had believed in his power and wisdom, and practically acknowledged his unbounded authority.

Two hours after this note left his hands, Mrs. Benson and her family were on their

way,—not greatly troubled by what they were leaving behind them,—pleased and excited by the prospect before them.

As the doors of the bank were opened, and the throng pressed in, Mr. Benson and the officers and clerks regarded them with a degree of merriment quite unusual in that institution. It was a huge joke. They laid out their money in massive piles, in sight of the crowd, went at their work leisurely, and at last settled down to their day's doings.

It did not seem so much of a joke when a little trio of bank commissioners entered, and were politely invited into the consulting-room by Mr. Benson.

What passed between Mr. Benson and the board of authority was not known outside, but it was not calculated to assure the president. In revealing the assets of the bank, and the shameful malfeasance of its officers, as he was obliged to do before the day closed, he was compelled, in order to justify the loan that had been made to himself to exhibit the securities he had pledged. As thorough an examination of the affairs of the bank as could be made in a single day was made, and when, at last, the doors were closed, and the run of the day was over, and the commissioners with grave faces had retired, Mr. Benson realized that the end was coming fast. What the morrow would bring forth the commissioners did not tell him, but he foresaw it with trembling.

As the crowd were pressed out of the ante-room and pressed back by the closing door, with the assistance of policemen, a menacing shout of rage went up from the disappointed assemblage, some of whom had stood in the street without food all day. Not an officer dared to stir from the bank, and it was not until the police had cleared the street and sent the disappointed people home, that the imprisoned men were released.

Instead of returning to his house, Mr. Benson took a cab and went to a distant restaurant of the highest sort for his dinner. There, at least, he should be beyond the contact of the crowd he dreaded. But there, alas! everybody seemed to know him. The waiter at his table called him "Mr. Benson." People were whispering together, and casting curious glances at him. The fact that he was there was a strange one to them.

A thought occurred to him.

"Bring me an evening paper," he said to the waiter.

The paper was brought, and under startling headings he read the doings of the day

at his bank. Worse than this, he found stated with wonderful accuracy the condition of the bank. Where the information had come from, he could not guess; but somebody had betrayed him, and, undoubtedly, in a hundred thousand homes at that moment, his name was a synonym of dishonor.

His appetite was gone. He called for his bill, discharged it, and went out upon the street. Whither should he go? Not homeward, for he had a vision of a little crowd of anxious creditors, waiting at the door for his coming—stalwart working-men who had confided their savings to him; widows in their weeds who had gone to him as a Christian protector, and placed all their worldly possessions in his keeping; orphans who had lost their petty patrimony through his treachery. No, not homeward until an hour should arrive that would drive the haunting specters to their sleepless pillows!

The evening was damp and chilly, and he tied a handkerchief around his face and drew up his coat-collar. The muffling would at least help to shield him from recognition. The lamps were lighted; careless laughter rang in his ears; the brilliant restaurants were full of happy guests; men and women were passing into the open doors of the theaters; carriages and omnibuses rolled by with happy-looking freights, and life went on around him as careless of him as if he and his troubles had no existence. A great reputation had fallen, but nobody paused to contemplate the ruins. His life had practically ended in disgrace, and the great multitude did not care. The space that he had filled in society was closing up already, and soon he would be counted out of it altogether.

Wrapped in his bitter and despairing thoughts, and not knowing or caring where he was, he heard a church-bell. It sounded to him like a bell in heaven. He knew the tone, and knew that his Christian brothers and sisters were answering to its call. Ah! why should he who had responded to that bell so many times be left so shorn of reputation and happiness? Had he not paid his money? Had he not been in his place, in season and out of season? Had not his voice been heard in prayer and exhortation? Had not his influence been thrown constantly upon the side of religion? Why had God forsaken him?

The bell had a strange fascination for him. He arrived at the church, and, although it was late, he determined to go in.

Perhaps some word of comfort might come to him. Perhaps man's extremity would be God's opportunity. Perhaps some beam of light would illumine the way that seemed so dark before him. Perhaps some miracle would be wrought on his behalf, if, under such depressing circumstances, he continued true to his religious obligations.

He entered, and took his seat in the rear of the assembly-room, just as the minister gave out his text: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Every word of the searching discourse was a thorn pressed into his aching brow; and the prayer at its close, evidently inspired by the history of the day, crushed him with a penitence for wrongs which it was too late to remedy.

When the benediction was pronounced, he slipped out of the door, and encountered the sexton. He had forgotten that this modest functionary was one of his many victims.

The sexton stepped to his side quietly, and said:

"It's all right, I hope, Mr. Benson? When shall I call upon you?"

"Never. Take this: it is all I have."

He handed him a little roll of bank notes, and vanished. Then he thought what a good thing he had done—how it would be talked about in the church, and how much it would do to soften the judgments of those who had known him there. Perhaps, too, this little act would somehow turn the tide of adversity that was then piling its cruel waves upon him.

He stepped rapidly away to avoid the crowd. Passing into a side street, he saw a huge Newfoundland dog, seated upon a pile of ashes, howling for its lost master. He was struck at once with a sense of companionship, called the animal to him with kind words, and bade him follow. The dog licked his hand, and he stopped and patted his shaggy head. Coming to an open butcher's shop, he spent a few cents for meat, and fed him, and then they went on, man and dog together. Was he, a man who could be touched by the pitiful cry of a dog that had lost its master, an inhuman man? He felt that he was not, and that he had only made mistakes, and been forced by circumstances into measures that had compromised his reputation and his prosperities. He could see the mistakes, and if he had his life to live again, he should not make them; but he was help-

less against the circumstances. The more he thought, the more he felt himself wronged. The more he thought, the more he grew angry with the world.

The huge dog hung to his heels like a shadow—past the street lamps, through the dark passages—everywhere—silent, content, trustful. He seemed to know that his benefactor was in trouble, and to wish to express his sympathy by his clumsy caresses. He assumed a sort of guardianship of his new master, and growled menacingly whenever they met suspicious-looking passers.

It was midnight when Mr. Benson turned into his own street. He knew that by that time his discouraged creditors would have gone to their homes.

As he arrived at the foot of the steps that led up to his door, the dog stopped and began to growl. Then a dark figure stepped out of the area, and approached Mr. Benson.

"Who are you?" the latter inquired.

"Take care of your dog, or I'll shoot him," said the man.

Mr. Benson seized the dog by the collar, and held him quiet.

"Who are you?" he inquired again.

"A man as has business with you," said the stranger.

"This is no hour for business."

"It's the right time for my business, and it's the right time for the sort of business that you've done with me."

"Captain Hank?"

"Yes, that's what the boys call me."

"What do you want with me?"

"He steals a hard-workin' and a slow-savin' man's bonds from 'im, an' then axes him what he wants with 'im," said Captain Hank. "He steals 'em, an' he keeps 'em, He needn't say that he hasn't kep' 'em, for he knows he has!"

"I have not kept them. They are not in this house. It is just as impossible for me to give them to you as it would be to give you the money for them."

"Then you must git money for me, for I'm broke," growled Captain Hank.

"Captain Hank, I have no money to-night, and you must call again."

"No, you don't come no telegraph on me again. I'm here for money."

"Pick it up in the street, then, for I have none."

The dog was growing more excited, and difficult to hold.

"If you want money, come here to-morrow night, and go away now, or I will not

answer for the consequences. I will certainly let this dog loose if you do not leave me this moment, and he'll make short work with you."

The villain moved off, cursing both Mr. Benson and the dog, and promising to return at the appointed time.

Mr. Benson mounted the steps, and letting himself in with a latch-key, disappeared from the street.

He tied the dog in his library, and went to bed. It was nearly dawn before he slept, and he was awakened at last by a rap at his door.

"Well?" he exclaimed.

"Breakfast is waiting, sir, and the street is full of people, asking to see you," the servant responded.

Mr. Benson rose, and, parting the curtain sufficiently to see without being seen, scanned the darkening mass of eager, questioning men and women. There were more than his depositors there. There were those there who had never deposited a dollar with anybody. There were ruffians and pickpockets who had come not only to witness his disgrace, but to ply their trade,—a savage, rejoicing crowd, that gloated over a Christian's overthrow—so pleased and excited by it that the very house he lived in was an object to be looked at by the hour, as if some awful scandal in high life had been born there, or a murder had been committed.

He dressed himself with his accustomed care, and walked down-stairs to his breakfast, in a room at the rear of his house.

"Thomas," he said quietly to his waiting-man, "I am not well this morning. After breakfast, I want you to go to the bank, and tell them that I shall keep my room to-day. No one is to be admitted to the house, at either door."

"All right, sir," said Thomas. "I will go to the bank, but I'm not coming back. Cook gives her notice too, and is packing to leave."

"Very well, Thomas. Only see that no one gets in. I'm sorry I have no money for you. If you and the cook can find anything in the house that will pay you what is owing to you, take it away. I will trust you. The quicker you do it the better, for this crowd may become reckless after waiting."

Then Mr. Benson ate his breakfast without an appetite, from his old, automatic sense of duty, and then he sat back and read his newspaper. He read everything that he

could find which did not relate to himself and his affairs. He read politics, the theater notices, the police record, and gradually worked up to the full, detailed account of the run upon his bank, and an editorial comment upon himself. There was a measure of respectfulness in this comment, but it closed with a hint that there were to be astounding disclosures, which menaced a character that had been held in high honor in the community for many years. He found out what this meant when, in looking over the advertisements, he saw one signed "Nicholas Minturn," giving a succinct account of the Ottercliff robbery, and the numbers of the bonds stolen. The advertiser warned all persons against purchasing the bonds, and offered a suitable reward for their discovery and delivery. Mr. Benson was calm no longer. Up to this point he had, so far as the public knew, come only to a most disastrous financial failure. It was true that he owed money to the bank, but his pledge was there. He had kept secret the loans of the other officers; but men had lived through such things,—stained somewhat, perhaps, but still with a flavor of their old respectability, and a few friendly partisans left.

For the first time in his life he realized that he was a criminal. The act which had made him such had not greatly horrified him. The results of the act, which were to make him a hunted man, which were either to place him in the hands of the law or to drive him into disgraceful exile, which were to load his name with ineffaceable opprobrium, which would make it forever impossible for him to hold up his head among honest and respectable men—these swept the world from under him. Realizing that he was already a prisoner in his own house, afraid to venture out to make one last attempt to get hold of and destroy the stolen bonds, measurably sure, under the circumstances, that his bank was already closed against him, and in the hands of a receiver—remorseful, rebellious, hopeless, helpless, he stormed about his apartment like a madman, or sat and groaned in his chair, and listened to the murmurs of the crowd from which he was hidden only by a curtain.

At last he thought of the dog, and went to release him. The animal was overjoyed, and, after he had been fed, clung to him affectionately as he wandered from room to room. This was all the friend he had left. Even a dog, to whom he had been

kind, clung to him in his hour of supreme adversity, but there was no human being in the wide world who, remembering some act of sympathetic kindness from him, would extend to him a thought of affection, or would drop a tear upon his memory. He had done many good things from a sense of duty,—to God and his own reputation,—but never one humane thing from an impulse of kindness and love. By his quickened apprehensions he saw the fatal flaw in his life and character for the first time. It was all a mistake. Oh, if he could but try it all over!

The dog knew that there was something wrong outside, and the outsiders were only too sure that there was something wrong within. Already the ignorant mass at the door and on the street, watching the silent, curtained house, were growing superstitious. They were filled with a creeping terror, as

at one window and another a strange, black dog—strange to them and to the house with which they were so familiar—parted the curtains with his nose, and looked out upon them. This was the only living face that they could see. The door-bell was rung again and again, but there was no response. Policemen came and tried to persuade the crowd to go away, but as they were peaceable, no forcible attempts were made at their dispersion. Curious, fascinated, hoping that the door would be opened, seeing nothing alive but the black dog's face—now here, now there—they stood and gazed—gazed through the long morning, through the long afternoon—coming and going—until night fell upon them, and cold and hunger drove them away, almost forgetting their losses in the fearful contemplation of the mystery they were leaving behind them.

(To be continued.)

HOOKING WATER-MELONS.

THE train slackened, a brakeman thrust his head in at the door and shouted "Bah,"—a mysterious formality observed on American trains as they enter towns,—and an elderly lady, two drummers, and a young man with a satchel got out, followed by the languid envy of the other passengers, who had longer or shorter penances of heat and dust before them. The train got under way again, while the knot of loafers about the station proceeded to eye the arrivals as judiciously as if they were a committee of safety to protect the village from invasion by doubtful characters. The old lady, apparently laboring under some such impression, regarded them deferentially, as nervous travelers on arriving in strange places generally do regard everybody who seems to feel at home. The drummers briskly disappeared down the main street, each anxious to anticipate the other at the stores. The young man with the satchel, however, didn't get away till he had shaken hands, and exchanged a few good-natured inquiries with one of the loungers.

"Who's that, Bill?" asked one of the group staring after the retreating figure with lazy curiosity.

"Why, didn't you know him? Thought everybody knew him. That's Arthur Steele," replied the one who had shaken hands

in a tone of cordiality indicating that his politeness had left a pleasant impression on his mind, as Arthur Steele's politeness generally did.

"Who is he, anyhow?" pursued the other.

"Why, he's a Fairfield boy" (the brakeman pronounced it "Bah"), "born and brought up here. His folks allers lived right next to mine, and now he's doin' a rushin' lawyer trade down New York, and I expect he's just rakin' the stamps. Did yer see that diamond pin he wore?"

"S'pose it's genooine?" asked a third loafer, with interest.

"Course it was. I tell you he's on the make, and don't you forgit it. Some fellers allers has luck. Many's the time he 'n' I've been in swimmin' and hookin' apples together when we wuz little chaps," pursued Bill in a tone implying a mild reproach at the deceitfulness of an analogy that after such fair promise in early life had failed to complete itself in their later fortunes.

"Why, darn it all, you know him, Jim," he continued, dropping the tone of pensive reminiscence into which he had momentarily allowed himself to fall. "That pretty gal that sings in the Baptis' choir is his sister."

After a space of silent rumination and

jerking of peanut shells upon the track, the group broke up its session and adjourned by tacit understanding till the next train was due.

Arthur Steele was half an hour in getting to his father's house, because everybody he met on the street insisted on shaking hands with him. Everybody in Fairfield had known him since he was a boy, and had seen him grow up, and all were proud of him as a credit to the village and one of its most successful representatives in the big outside world. The young man had sense and sentiment enough to feel that the place he held in the esteem of his native community was a thing to feel more just pride in than any station he could win in the city, and as he walked along hand-shaking with old friends on this side and that, it was about his idea of a triumphal entry.

There was the dear old house, and as he saw it his memory of it started out vividly in his mind as if to attest how faithfully it had kept each detail. It never would come out so clearly at times when he was far away and needed its comfort. He opened the door softly. The sitting-room was empty and darkened to keep out the heat and flies. The latched door stood open, and, hearing voices, he tip-toed across the floor with a guileful smile and, leaning through the door-way, saw his mother and sister sitting by the cool, lilac-shaded window, picking over currants for tea, and talking tranquilly. Being a provident young man, he paused a minute to let the pretty peaceful scene impress itself upon his mind, to be remembered afterward for the cheer of bleak boarding-house Sunday afternoons. Then there was a sudden glancing up, a cry of joyful consternation, and the pan of currants rolled from Amy's lap like a broken necklace of rubies across the uncarpeted floor, while Arthur held mother and sister in a double embrace. And when at length the kissing had all been done, he established himself in his familiar boyish attitude on the window-seat, kicking his heels against the mop-board, with his elbows on his knees, and the three talked away steadily till the shop bell rang, and Mrs. Steele sprang up in a panic, exclaiming: "Father will be here in five minutes and the currants are on the floor. Come, Amy, quick; we must pick some more and you shall help, Arthur."

But though he went out into the garden with them readily enough, it was quite another thing to make him pick currants, for he insisted on wandering all over the place and

demanding what had become of everything he missed, and the history of everything new. And pretty soon Mr. Steele also appeared in the garden, having found no one in the house on arriving home. He had learned on the street that Arthur had arrived and came out beaming. It was good to see the hearty affection with which the two shook hands.

The transition of the son from the pupilage of childhood and youth to the independence of manhood is often trying to the filial relation. Neither party fully realizes that the old relation is at an end, or just what the new basis is, or when the change takes place. The absence of the son for two or three years at this period has often the best results. He goes a boy and returns a man; the old relation is forgotten by both parties and they readily fall into the new one. So it had fared with Arthur and his father.

"You've got a splendid lot of water-melons," said the former as they arrived at the upper end of the ample garden in their tour of inspection.

"Yes," replied Mr. Steele with a shrug; "only thus far they've been stolen a little faster than they've ripened."

"What made you plant them so near the fence?"

"That was my blunder; but you see the soil is just the thing, better than lower down."

"Why don't you buy a bull-dog?"

"I think it's more Christian to shoot a man outright than to set one of those devils on him. The breed ought to be extirpated."

"Put some ipecac. in one or two. That'll fetch 'em. I know how sick it made me once."

"I did; but more were stolen next night. I can't afford to medicate the whole village. Last night I sat up to watch till twelve o'clock, when mother made me go to bed."

"I'll watch to-night," said Arthur, "and give 'em a lesson with a good load of beans from the old shot-gun."

"It wouldn't pay," replied his father.

"I concluded last night that all the melons in the world weren't worth a night's sleep. They'll have to go, and next year I'll know more than to plant any."

"You go and help Amy pick currants, and let me talk to the boy a little," said Mrs. Steele, coming up and taking Arthur off for a promenade up the broad path.

"How pretty Amy has grown," said he, glancing with a pleased smile at the girl as

she looked up at her father. "I suppose the young men are making sheep's eyes at her already."

"It doesn't do them any good if they are," said Mrs. Steele, decisively. "She's only sixteen and a little girl yet, and has sense enough to know it."

"What had she been crying for when I arrived? I saw her eyes were as red as the currants."

"Oh, dear!" replied Mrs. Steele, with a sigh of vexation, "it was her troubles at the seminary. You know we let her go as a day scholar this summer. Some of the girls slight and snub her, and she is very unhappy about it."

"Why, what on earth can anybody have against Amy?" demanded Arthur in indignant surprise.

"I suppose it's because some of the little hussies from the city have taken the notion that they wont associate with a mechanic's daughter, although Amy is very careful not to say it in so many words, for fear of hurting my feelings. But I suspect that's about where the shoe pinches."

Arthur muttered something between an oath and a grunt, expressing the emphasis of the one and the disgust of the other.

"I tell Amy it is foolish to mind their airs, but I'm really afraid it spoils the poor girl's happiness."

"Why don't you send her away to boarding-school, if it is so serious a matter as that?"

"We can't afford it," said his mother, whereto Arthur promptly replied:

"I'll pay her expenses. I'm making a good deal more money than I know what to do with, and I'd really like the chance of doing a little good."

His mother glanced at him with affectionate pride.

"You're always wanting to pay somebody's expenses, or make somebody a present. It's really unsafe when you're around, to indicate that one isn't perfectly contented. But you caught me up too quickly. I was going to say that we couldn't spare her from home, anyhow. She's the light of the house. Besides that, if it comes to objections, I've my notions about boarding-schools, and I'd trust no girl of mine at one that wasn't within sight of her home. No, she'll have to keep on here and bear it as she can, though it's pretty hard, I know. The trouble to-night was, that Lina Maynard, who is one of the older girls, has invited nearly everybody at the seminary

except Amy to a birthday party to-morrow. Little minx, I could shake her. And the worst of it is, Amy thinks there's nobody like Lina Maynard."

After tea it was still light, and Arthur and Amy went out to walk. In spite of the ten years difference in their ages, he always enjoyed her company as well as anybody's in the world, because she was so refreshingly child-like and natural. Every chord of feeling answered so true and clear to the touch, that to talk with her was like playing on a musical instrument, only far more delightful. Arthur had looked forward to walks and talks with Amy as among the jolliest treats of his vacation. She tried her best now to seem light-hearted and to entertain him with the local gossip, for which he always depended on her. But she couldn't simulate the vivacious and eager air that had been the chief charm of her talk. As he glanced down, he was grieved to see the sad set of the pretty child face at his side, and how still had grown the fountain of smiles in the hazel eyes that were wont to send their ripples outward in constant succession. It is to be feared that under his breath he applied some very ungentlemanly language to Lina Maynard and her clique, whose nonsensical ill-nature had hurt this little girl's feelings so sorely, and incidentally spoiled half the fun of his vacation.

"There, there, you needn't talk any more," he finally said, rather rudely, half vexed with her, as helpful people are wont to be with those they can do nothing to help.

She looked up in grieved surprise, but before he could speak again they came face to face with a party of girls coming from the direction of the seminary.

There were six or seven of them, perhaps, but Arthur only got the impression of one and a lot of others. The one was a rather tall girl of lithe figure and unusually fine carriage. Her olive complexion was lighted with great black eyes that rested on you with an air of imperturbable assurance, as penetrating as it was negligent. She was talking, and her companions were listening and laughing. As they came face to face with Arthur and Amy, he saw that they barely noticed her, while glancing at him rather curiously, with the boldness of girls in a crowd of their own sex. They evidently observed that he was a stranger to the village, and of quite a different style from that of the country bumpkins and rural exquisites they were accustomed to meeting. There was in the big black eyes as they had met

his a moment, a suggestion of interest that was strangely flattering, and left a trace of not unpleasant agitation.

"Who was that?" he asked, as they passed out of hearing.

He only thought of asking for one, although there were six, nor she apparently of answering differently.

"Lina Maynard. They are 'Sem.' girls."

It was a dulled voice she spoke in, quite unlike her usual eager way of giving information. She, poor thing, was terribly afraid he would ask her why they did not seem acquainted with her, and it would have been a painful humiliation to have explained. Arthur was conscious that he no longer had exactly the same feeling of merely contemptuous annoyance toward Lina Maynard, on account of her treatment of Amy. He sympathized as much with his sister, of course, but somehow felt that to be recognized by Lina Maynard was not such a childish ambition as he had taken for granted.

It was dusk when they reached home and found Mr. and Mrs. Steele on the piazza, which served as an out-door parlor in summer, with a neighbor who had dropped in to see Arthur. So he got out his cigar-case and told stories of city life and interesting law cases to an intent audience till the nine o'clock bell rang, and the neighbor "guessed he'd go home," and forthwith proved that his guess was right by going.

"Gad, I'd forgotten all about the water-melons! Perhaps they're at 'em already," cried Arthur, jumping up and running around the end of the piazza to the garden.

When he returned, it was to meet a combined volley of protestations against his foolish project of keeping watch all night, from his father, his mother, and Amy. But he declared it was no use talking; and where were the gun and the beans? So they adjourned from the piazza, a lamp was lit, the articles were hunted up, and the gun duly loaded with a good charge of powder and a pint of hard beans. It was about ten o'clock when Arthur, with a parting protest from his mother, went out into the garden, lugging his gun and a big easy-chair, while Amy followed, bringing one or two wraps, and a shocking old overcoat hunted up in the garret, for the chill hours after midnight.

The front of Mr. Steele's lot abutted on one of the pleasantest and most thickly housed streets of the village; but the lot was deep, and the rear end rested on a road bordered by few houses, and separated from the garden by a rail fence easy to climb over

or through. The water-melon patch was located close to this fence, and thus in full view and temptingly accessible from the road.

Undoubtedly the human conscience, and especially the boyish article, recognizes a broad difference between the theft of growing crops—of apples on the trees, for instance, or corn on the stalk, or melons in the field—and that of other species of property. The surreptitious appropriation of the former class of chattels is known in common parlance as "hooking," while the graver term "stealing" describes the same process in other cases. The distinction may arise from a feeling that, so long as crops remain rooted to the ground, they are nature's, not man's, and that nature can't be regarded as forming business contracts with some individuals to the exclusion of others, or in fact as acceding to any of our human distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, however useful we find them. Ethical philosophers may refuse to concede the sanction of the popular distinction here alluded to between "hooking" and stealing; but, after all, ethics is not a deductive but an empirical science, and what are morals but a collection of usages, like orthography and orthoepy? However that may be, it is the duty of the writer in this instance merely to call attention to the prevalent popular sentiment on the subject, without any attempt to justify it, and to state that Arthur Steele had been too recently a boy not to sympathize with it. And, accordingly, he laid his plans to capture the expected depredators to-night from practical considerations wholly, and quite without any sense of moral reprobation toward them.

Closely adjoining the edge of the melon-patch was a patch of green corn, standing ten feet high, and at the fullest perfection of foliage. This Arthur selected for his ambush, its position being such that he could cut off the retreat to the fence of any person who had once got among the melons. Hewing down a hill of corn in the second row from the front, he made a comfortable place for his easy-chair. Amy lingered for a while, enjoying the excitement of the occasion, and they talked in whispers; but finally Arthur sent her in, and as her dress glimmered away down the garden path, he settled himself comfortably for his watch.

In the faint moonlight he could just descry the dark shapes of the melons on the ground in front of him. The crickets were having a high time in the stubble around, and the night air drew sweet autumnal exhalations

from the ground; for autumn begins by night a long time before it does by day. The night wind rustled in the corn with a crisp articulateness he had never noticed in daytime, and he felt like an eavesdropper. Then for a while he heard the music of some roving serenaders, down in the village, and grew pensive with the vague reminiscences of golden youth, romance, and the sweet past, that nightly music suggests,—vague because apparently they are not reminiscences of the individual but of the race, a part of the consciousness and ideal of humanity. At last the music was succeeded by the baying of a dog in some distant farm-yard, and then ere the ocean of silence had fairly smoothed its surface over that, a horse began to kick violently in a neighboring barn. Some time after, a man chopped some kindlings in a shed a couple of lots off. Gradually, however, the noises ceased like the oft returning yet steadily falling ebb of the tide, and Arthur experienced how many degrees there are of silence, each more utter than the last, so that the final and absolute degree must be something to which the utmost quiet obtainable on earth is uproar. One by one the lights went out in the houses till the only ones left were in the windows of the Seminary, visible over the tree-tops a quarter of a mile away.

"The girls keep late hours," thought Arthur. And from that he fell to thinking of Lina Maynard and the careless, almost insolent, grace of her manner, and that indifferent yet penetrating glance of hers. Where did she come from? Probably from California, or the far West; he had heard that the girls out there were of a bolder, more unconventional type than at the East. What a pity she did not fancy Amy!

What was that moving across the melon-patch? He reached for his gun. It was only a cat though, after all. The slight noise in the corn-patch attracted the animal's attention, and it came across and poked its head into the opening where Arthur sat. As the creature saw him its start of surprise would have shattered the nervous system of anything but a cat. It stood half thrown back on its haunches, its ears flattened, its eyes glaring in a petrefaction of amazement. Arthur sat motionless as marble, laughing inwardly. For full two minutes the two stared at each other without moving a muscle, and then, without relaxing its tense attitude, the cat by almost imperceptible degrees withdrew one paw and then another,

and thus backing out of the corn-patch, turned around when at a safe distance and slunk away.

A few minutes later a dog, that enthusiast in perfumes, jumped through the fence and trotted across the melon-patch, his nose to the ground, making a collection of evening smells. Arthur expected nothing but that he would scent his neighborhood, find him out and set up a barking. But chancing to strike the cat's trail, off went the dog on a full run with nose to the ground.

Such were the varying humors of the night. After the episode of the dog, feeling a little chilly, Arthur enveloped himself in the tattered old overcoat and must have dropped into a nap. Suddenly he awoke. Within ten feet of him, just in the act of stooping over a huge melon, was a woman's figure. He saw the face clearly as she rose. Immortal gods! it was — but I am anticipating.

The discipline at Westville Seminary had been shockingly lax since the long illness of the principal had left the easy-going first assistant teacher at the head of affairs. The girls ran all over the rules,—had private theatricals, suppers, and games of all sorts in their rooms at all hours of day or night. In the course of the evening whose events in another sphere of life have been narrated, several girls called at Lina Maynard's room to notify her of the "spread" at Nell Barber's, No. 49, at eleven o'clock. They found her sitting in a low rocking-chair with an open letter in her hand and a very pensive, discontented expression of countenance.

"Does he press for an answer, Lina? We're just in time to advise you," cried Nell Barber.

"Don't say yes unless his eyes are blue," drawled a brunette.

"Unless they're black, you mean," sharply amended a bright blonde.

"Make him elope with you," suggested Nell. "It will be such fun to have a real rope-ladder elopement at the Seminary, and we'll all sit up and see it."

"Oh, do, do, Lina!" chorused the others.

But Lina, apparently too much chagrined at something to be in a mood for jests, sat with her eyebrows' petulantly contracted, her feet thrust out and the hand holding the letter hanging by her side, her whole attitude indicating despondence.

"Still pensive! It can't be he's faithless!" exclaimed Nell.

"Faithless to those eyes! I should say not," cried the blonde, whom Lina called

her sweetheart, and who claimed to be "engaged" to her according to boarding-school fashion.

"Don't mind him, dear," she went on, throwing herself on the floor, clasping her hands about Lina's knee and leaning her cheek on it. "You make me so jealous. Haven't you got me, and aint I enough?"

"Plenty enough, dear," said Lina, stroking her cheek. "This is only from my brother Charley."

"The one at Watertown 'Sem.'?"

"Yes," said Lina; "and oh, girls," she went on with gloomy energy, "we don't have any good times at all compared with those boys. They do really wicked things, hook apples, and carry off people's gates and signs, and screw up tutors' doors in the night, and have fights with what he calls 'townies'—I don't know exactly what they are—and everything. I thought before that we were doing some things too, but we're not, compared with all that, and I shall be so ashamed when I meet him at home not to have anything to tell except little bits of things."

A depressing pause followed. Lina's disparaging view of achievements in the way of defying the proprieties of which all the girls had been very proud, cast a profound gloom over the circle. The blonde seemed to voice the common sentiment when she said, resting her chin on Lina's knee, and gazing pensively at the wall:

"Oh, dear, that comes of being girls. We might as well be good and done with it. We can't be bad so as to amount to anything."

"Good or bad, we must eat," said Nell Barber. "I must go and get the spread ready. I forgot all about it, Lina; but we came in just to invite you. Eleven sharp, remember. Three knocks, a pause and another, you know. Come, girls."

The brunette followed her, but Lina's little sweetheart remained.

"What have they got?" demanded the former listlessly.

"Oh, Nell has a jar of preserves from home and I smuggled up a plate of dried beef from tea, and cook let us have some crackers and plates. We tried hard to get a water-melon there was in the pantry, but cook said she didn't dare let us have it. It's for dinner to-morrow."

Lina's eyes suddenly became introspective, then after a moment she rose slowly and stood in her tracks with an expression of deep thought, absent-mindedly took one step, then

another, and after a pause a third, finally pulling up before the mirror, into which she stared vacantly for a moment, and then muttered defiantly as she turned away,

"We'll see, Master Charley."

"Lina Maynard, what's the matter with you?" cried the blonde, who had watched the pantomime with open mouth and growing eyes.

Lina turned and looked at her thoughtfully a moment, and then said with decisiveness:

"You just go to Nell's, my dear, and say I'm coming pretty soon; and if you say anything else, I'll—I'll never marry you."

The girls were in the habit of doing as Lina wanted them to, and the blonde went, pouting with unappeased curiosity.

To gain exit from the Seminary was a simple matter in these lax days, and five minutes later Lina was walking rapidly along the highway, her lips firm set, but her eyes apprehensively reconnoitering the road ahead with frequent glances to each side and behind. Once she got over the stone wall at the road-side in a considerable panic and crouched in the dewy grass while a belated villager passed, but it was without further adventure that she finally turned into the road leading behind Mr. Steele's lot, and after a brief search identified the garden where she remembered seeing some particularly fine melons, when out walking a day or two previous. There they lay, just the other side the fence, faintly visible in the dim light.

She couldn't help congratulating herself, by the way, on the excellent behavior of her nerves, whose tense, fine-strung condition was a positive luxury; and she then and there understood how men might delight in desperate risks for the mere sake of the exalted and supreme sense of perfect self-possession that danger brings to some natures. Not indeed that she stopped to indulge any psychological speculations. The coast was clear; not a foot-fall or hoof-stroke sounded from the road, and without delay she began to look about for a wide place between the rails where she might get through. Just as she found it she was startled by an unmistakable human snore, which seemed to come from a patch of high corn close to the melons, and she was fairly puzzled until she observed, about ten rods distant in the same line, an open attic window. That explained its origin, and with a passing self-congratulation, that she had made up her mind not to marry a man that

snored, she began to crawl through the fence. When half-way through the thought struck her: wasn't it like any other stealing after all? This crawling between rails seemed dreadfully so. Her attitude, squeezed between two rails and half across the lower one, was neither graceful nor comfortable, and perhaps that fact shortened her scruples.

"It can't be really stealing, for I don't feel like a thief," was the logic that settled it, and the next moment she had the novel sensation of having both feet surreptitiously and feloniously on another person's land. She decidedly didn't relish it, but she would go ahead now and think of it afterward. She was pretty sure she never would do it again, anyhow, experiencing that common sort of repentance beforehand for the thing she was about to do, the precise moral value of which it would be interesting to inquire. It ought to count for something, for if it doesn't hinder the act, at least it spoils the fun of it. Here was a melon at her feet; should she take it? That was a bigger one further on, and her imperious conscientiousness compelled her to go ten steps further into the enemy's country to get it, for now that she was committed to the undertaking she was bound to do the best she could.

To stoop, to break the vine, and to secure the melon were an instant's work; but as she bent, the high corn before her waved violently and a big farmer-looking man in a slouch hat and shocking old coat sprang out and seized her by the arm, with a grip not painful but sickeningly firm, exclaiming as he did so,

"Wal, I swan ter gosh if 'taint a gal."

Lina dropped the melon, and barely recalling the peculiar circumstances in time to suppress a scream, made a silent desperate effort to break away. But her captor's hold was not even shaken, and he laughed at the impotence of her attempt. In all her petted life she had never been held a moment against her will, and it needed not the added considerations that this man was a coarse, unknown boor, the place retired, the time midnight, and herself in the position of a criminal, to give her a feeling of abject terror so great as to amount to positive nausea, as she realized her utter powerlessness in his hands.

"So you've been a-stealin' my melons, hey?" he demanded gruffly.

The slight shake with which the question was enforced, deprived her of the last ves-

tige of dignity and self-assertion. She relaxed into the mental condition of a juvenile culprit undergoing correction. Now that she was caught she no longer thought of her offense as venial. The grasp of her captor seemed to put an end to all possible hair-splitting on that point, and prove that it was nothing more nor less than stealing, and a sense of guilt left her without any moral support against her fright. She was only conscious of utter humiliation and an abject desire to beg off on any terms.

"What do you go round stealin' folks's melons for, young woman? Don't yer folks bring yer up better'n that? It's a dodrotted shame to 'em ef they don't. What did ye want with the melons? Don't they give ye enough to eat ter home, hey?"

"We were going to have some supper, sir," she replied, in a scared, breathless tone, with a little hope of propitiating him by being extremely civil and explicit in her replies.

"Who was havin' supper to this time er night?" he snorted incredulously.

"We girls," was the faint reply.

"What gals?"

Had she got to tell where she came from and be identified? She couldn't, she wouldn't. But again came that dreadful shake and the words faltered out:

"Over at the Seminary, sir."

"Whew, so yer one er them, are ye? What's yer name?"

Cold dew stood on the poor girl's forehead. She was silent. He might kill her, but she wouldn't disgrace her father's name.

"What's yer name?" he repeated with another shake.

She was still silent, though limp as a rag in his grasp.

"Wal," said he sharply, after waiting a half minute to see if she would answer. "I guess ye'll be more confidin' like to the jedge when he inquires in the mornin'. A night in the lock-up makes folks wonderful civil. Now I'll jest trouble ye to come along to the police office," and he walked her along by the arm toward the house.

As the horrible degradation to which she was exposed flashed upon Lina, the last remnant of her self-control gave way, and, hanging back with all her might against his hand, she burst into sobs.

"Oh, don't, don't! It will kill me. I'll tell you my name. It's Lina Maynard. My father is a rich merchant in New York, Broadway, No. 743. He will give you anything if you let me go. Anything

you want. Oh, please don't! Oh, don't! I couldn't! I couldn't!"

In this terror-stricken wild-eyed girl, her face streaming with tears, and every lineament convulsed with abject dread, there was little enough to remind Arthur Steele of the queenly maiden who had favored him with a glance of negligent curiosity that afternoon. He stopped marching her along and said reflectively:

"Lina Maynard, hey! Then you must be the gal that's down on Amy Steele and wouldn't ask her to the party to-morrow. Say, aint yer the one?"

Lina was too much bewildered by the sudden change of tack to do more than stammer inarticulately. I'm afraid that in her terror she would have been capable of denying it, if she had thought that would help her. Her captor reflected more deeply, scratched his head, and finally assuming a diplomatic attitude by thrusting his hands in his pocket, remarked:

"I s'pose ye'd like it dummed well ef I was to let yer go and say nothin' more about it. I reelly don't s'pose I'd orter do it; but it riles me to see Amy comin' home cryin' every day, and I'll tell ye what I'll do. Ef you'll ask her to yer fandango to-morrer, and be friends with her arterward so she'll come home happy and cheerful like, I'll let ye go, and if ye don't I'll put ye in jug overnight, sure 's taxes. Say yes or no now, quick!"

"Yes, yes!" Lina cried with frantic eagerness.

There was scarcely any possible ransom he could have asked that she would not have instantly given. She dared not credit her ears, and stood gazing at him in intense appealing suspense, as if he might be about to revoke his offer. But instead of that he turned down the huge collar of the old overcoat, took it off, threw it on the ground, and turning up the slouch of his hat, stood before her a very good-looking and well-dressed young gentleman, whom she at once recognized and at length identified in her mind as the one walking with Amy that afternoon, which now seemed weeks ago. He bowed very low and said earnestly enough, though smiling,

"I humbly beg your pardon."

Lina stared at him with dumb amazement, and he went on:

"I am Arthur Steele. I came home on a vacation to-day and was sitting up to watch father's melon-patch for the pure fun of it, expecting to catch some small boys,

and when I caught you I couldn't resist the temptation of a little farce. As for Amy, that only occurred to me at the last, and if you think it unfair, you may have your promise back."

Lina had now measurably recovered her equanimity, and ignoring his explanation, demanded, as she looked around:

"How am I to get out of this dreadful place?" mentally contemplating meanwhile the impossibility of clambering through that fence with a young gentleman looking on.

"I will let down the bars," he said, and they turned toward the fence.

"Let's see, this is your melon, is it not?" he observed, stooping to pick up the booty Lina had dropped in her first panic. "You must keep that anyhow. You've earned it."

Since the tables turned so unexpectedly in her favor Lina had recovered her dignity in some degree and had become very freezing toward this young man, by whom she began to feel she had been very badly treated. In this reaction of indignation she had really almost forgotten how she came in the garden at all. But this reference to the melon quite upset her new equanimity, and as Arthur grinned broadly she blushed and stood there in awful confusion. Finally she blurted out:

"I didn't want your stupid melon. I only wanted some fun: I can't explain, and I don't care whether you understand it or not."

Tears of vexation glittered in her eyes. He sobered instantly, and said with an air of the utmost deference:

"Pardon me for laughing, and do me this justice to believe that I'm in no sort of danger of misunderstanding you. I hooked too many melons myself as a boy, not to sympathize perfectly. But you must really let me carry the melon home for you. What would the girls say if you returned empty-handed?"

"Well, I will take the melon," she said, half defiantly; "but I should prefer not to have your company."

He did not reply till he had let down the bars, and then said:

"The streets are not safe at this hour, and you've had frights enough for one night."

She made no further objections, and with the water-melon poised on his shoulder he walked by her side, neither speaking a word, till they reached the gate of the Seminary grounds. There she stopped and turning, extended her hands for the melon.

As he gave it to her their eyes met a moment, and their mutual appreciation of the humor of the situation expressed itself in an irrepressible smile that seemed instantly to make them acquainted, and she responded almost kindly to his low "good-evening."

Amy came home jubilant next day. Lina Maynard had invited her to her party, and had been ever so good to her, and there was nobody in the world like Lina. Arthur listened and said nothing. All the next week it was the same story of Lina's beauty, good-nature, cleverness and perfections generally, and above all her goodness to herself, Amy Steele. Lina was indeed fulfilling her promise with generous overmeasure. And after once taking up with Amy, the sweet simplicity and enthusiastic loyalty of the child to herself, won her heart completely. The other girls wondered, but Lina Maynard's freaks always set the fashion, and Amy, to her astonishment and boundless delight, found herself the pet of the Seminary. The little blonde, Lina's sweetheart, alone rebelled against the new order of things and was furiously jealous, for which she was promptly snubbed by Lina, and Amy taken into her place. And meanwhile, Lina caught herself several times wondering whether Arthur Steele was satisfied with the way she was keeping her pledge.

It was Wednesday night and Arthur was to return to New York Thursday morning. Although he had walked the street every afternoon and had met nearly all the other girls at the Seminary, he had not seen Lina again. His mother, whom he took about a good deal on pleasure drives, seriously wondered if the eagerness of city life was really spoiling his faculty for leisurely pleasures. He always seemed to be looking out ahead for something, instead of quietly enjoying the passing sights and scenery. He had consented to accompany Amy to a little church sociable on the evening before his departure. It was a species of entertainment which he detested, but he thought he might possibly meet Lina there, as Amy had said some of the Seminary girls would be present.

At once, on entering the vestry, he caught sight of her at the other end of the room among a group of girls. At the sound of the closing door she glanced up with an involuntary gesture of expectancy and their eyes met. She looked confused and instantly averted her face. There was plenty of

recognition in her expression but she did not bow, the real reason being that she was too much embarrassed to think of it. But during the week he had so many times canvassed the chances of her recognizing him when they should meet that he had become quite morbid about it, and manifested the usual alacrity of persons in that state of mind in jumping at conclusions they wish to avoid. He had been a fool to think that she would recognize him as an acquaintance. What had he done but to insult her, and what associations save distressing ones could she have with him. He would exchange a few greetings with old friends and then quietly slink off home and go to packing up. He was rather sorry for his mother; she would feel so badly to have him moody and cross on the last evening at home. Just then some one touched his sleeve, and looking around he saw Amy. She put her flushed little face close to his ear and whispered:

"Lina said I might introduce you. Isn't she beautiful, though, to-night? Of course you'll fall in love with her, but you mustn't try to cut me out."

Arthur was Amy's ideal of gentlemanly ease and polish, and she had been very proud of having so fine a city brother to introduce to the girls. Imagine her astonishment and chagrin when she saw him standing before Lina with an exaggeration of the agitated, sheepish air the girls made such fun of in their rural admirers. But if that surprised her, what was her amazement to see Lina looking equally confused, and blushing to where her neck curved beneath the lace, although the brave eyes met his fairly? A wise instinct told Amy that here was something she didn't understand, and she had better go away, and she did.

"The melon was very good, Mr. Steele," said Lina, demurely, with a glimmer of fun in her black eyes.

"Miss Maynard, I don't know how I shall beg pardon or humble myself enough for my outrageous treatment of you," burst forth Arthur. "I don't know what I should have done if I hadn't had an opportunity for apologizing pretty soon, and now I scarcely dare look you in the face."

His chagrin and self-reproach were genuine enough, but he might have left off that last, for he hadn't been looking anywhere else since he came into the room.

"You did shake me rather hard," she said, with a smiling contraction of the black eyebrows.

Good heavens! had he actually shaken this divine creature,—this Cleopatra of a girl, whose queenly brow gave her hair the look of a coronet! He groaned in spirit and looked so self-reproachful and chagrined that she laughed.

"I don't know about forgiving you for that, but I'm so grateful you didn't take me to the lock-up that I suppose I ought not to mind the shaking."

"But, Miss Maynard, you surely don't think I was in earnest about that!" he exclaimed in strenuous deprecation.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she said, doubtfully. "You looked as if you were capable of it."

He was going on to protest still farther when she interrupted him, and said, laughingly:

"You take to apologizing so naturally that I'd nearly forgotten that it was not you but I who was the real culprit. I must really make a few excuses myself before I hear any more from you."

And then she told him all about her brother Charley's letter, and the spirit of emulation that had got her into trouble. It

was easy enough to joke about certain aspects of the matter, but when she came to talk in plain language about her performances that night, she became so much embarrassed and stumbled so badly that Arthur felt very ill at ease.

"And when I think what *would* have happened if I'd fallen into anybody's hands but yours, you seem almost like a deliverer." At which Arthur had another access of humiliation to think how unchivalrously he had treated this princess in disguise. How he would like to catch somebody else abusing her that way! And then he told her all that he had thought and felt about her during the stealing scene, and she gave her side of the drama, to their intense mutual interest.

"Isn't it about time we were going home, Arthur?" said Amy's voice.

He glanced up. The room was nearly empty, and the party from the Seminary were waiting for Lina.

"Miss Maynard, may I call upon you in New York during vacation?"

"I should be happy to see you."

"*Au revoir*, then!"

"*Au revoir*!"

WELLS AND CISTERNS AS A SOURCE OF WATER-SUPPLY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the achievements of engineering skill, which have supplied to nearly all large cities, and to many small ones, an abundance of water from a distant and selected source, the great majority of the human race (as they always have done, and, in all probability, will continue to do) obtain their water for domestic uses from wells and cisterns.

An aqueduct system of water-supply makes absolutely necessary a system of sewerage, on account of the enormous increase of liquid sewage, and can only be adopted with safety in places having a water-front suitable for the discharge of sewers. It seems probable therefore that all places, whether large or small, which are not situated on the ocean or on some large river or lake, must continue to look to wells and cisterns for their water-supply. It is my purpose in this paper, to inquire into the evils which accompany these sources of supply, and, if possible, point out the remedy.

Until very recently, it seems not to have been suspected that wells and cisterns could

furnish water deleterious in its effects, except in some very marked cases, and then they were supposed to be poisoned by some enemy. It was not deemed possible that water which bubbled from the earth, or fell from the clouds, could be otherwise than pure. But modern research, which has dispelled so many delusions, and overturned so many idols, has demonstrated that our oldest and most respected source of water-supply has been a very Borgia of destruction, passing the poisoned cup to thousands and millions of unsuspecting lips.

There is to-day no doubt in the minds of those who have studied the subject, that filth in its various forms, introduced into the system through the lungs, in the shape of sewer-gas or emanations from decaying organic matter, or through the stomach, mingled with drinking-water, is, if not the essential cause, at least an indispensable condition in the development of a large class of diseases.

That wells and cisterns, especially the former, have been in all past time, as they unquestionably are now, the sources of

disease, on account of the frequent admixture of some form of sewage with the water which they furnish, is not doubted by any who have kept pace with the progress of sanitary science, or are conversant with the medical literature of the last ten years. I am convinced, moreover, that the chances of the contamination of the water in wells and cisterns is much greater than is even now generally supposed, and that the means usually adopted to prevent the admixture of foreign matter are altogether incompetent to accomplish their object.

Let us first consider the manner in which foreign matter finds its way into wells. A well is too frequently a sort of drain for the ground in its vicinity, or more correctly, it is a receptacle, into which flows the surplus water from a region varying in extent with the depth of the well and the nature of the adjacent soil.

If a quantity of perfectly wet earth be placed in a basket, a portion of the water which it contains (surplus water) will obey the law of gravity and flow away; capillary attraction will cause the retention of the remainder. The facility with which this surplus water will flow off through a sub-soil drain (see Fig. 1) is familiar to all. The open drain gives at every point on its surface an opportunity for the drops of water lying adjacent to obey the law of gravity and flow off, seeking a lower level; the drops immediately behind these follow closely, on account of the tendency of the first to form a vacuum, and so on indefinitely.

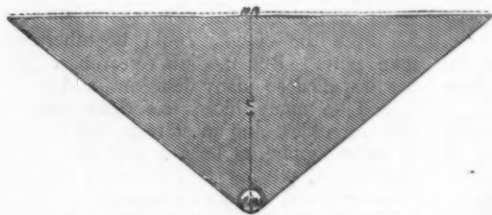


FIG. 1. SHOWING AREA OF DRAINAGE OF A SINGLE PIPE.

Thus a line of drops, varying in length, is set in motion toward the drain, and in a few hours the soil in its vicinity is freed of its surplus water. Looking upon a well as a kind of perpendicular drain (and under circumstances which frequently exist, it acts as such for the soil in its vicinity), we readily perceive how it may become the receptacle for surplus water, especially when copious rains follow a period of drought; for then the water being low in the well, and the

upper stratum of the earth being saturated by a rain-fall, which though abundant, is not sufficient to affect the remote sources of supply, the surplus water from a great distance passes without obstruction into the well, carrying with it whatever impurities it may have acquired in its passage.

If the soil in the vicinity of a well could be kept perfectly free from foreign matter,—if it could be kept clean, little harm would come from this surface water, though it must be remembered that the surface soil is the home of countless insects and small animals, and that it is the universal burying place: this, however, is of small account compared with the danger to wells, which arises from their near proximity to dwelling-houses and the deposits of waste matter which so universally accompany them. By means of these deposits the soil in the vicinity of wells frequently becomes loaded with filth.

The cess-pool, the privy-vault, the pig-pen, the barn-yard, the place selected for the deposit of laundry and sink water, are frequently grouped about the well and become centers of deposit, in which filth accumulates from year to year, causing the saturation of the soil in constantly increasing areas, so that the neighboring well, which at first may have furnished water which was perfectly pure, in time begins to receive the soakage of these accumulations. Sometimes this soakage into wells does not take place for a long time and is then intermittent, depending upon rain-fall and other causes. Sometimes an accident like the breaking or obstruction of a drain will cause a well to be flooded with sewage; at other times, owing to the peculiar constitution of the soil and the conformation of the rock, sewage will find its way directly into a well even though situated at a considerable distance. A case in point occurred under my own observation. The water in a certain well (see Fig. 2) having acquired an un-

pleasant taste and odor, the owner, supposing that the trouble arose from surface water, had his well taken up down to the rock, and from this point had the wall laid in cement and a coating of hydraulic cement applied to its outer surface. Around this the earth was thoroughly packed. No benefit resulting from this change, the well was again taken up and (the season being favorable) it was sunk to as great a distance as possible into the rock,

making its total depth about thirty feet. The well was then walled up in the same manner as before. Water was carried from the bottom of this well into the house through a pipe, and was drawn from the surface with buckets. It was soon

In July of that year there was an unusual amount of rain. On July 6, there was a thunder-storm; on the 7th, the hardest rain of the season up to that time; on the 16th, hard rain; 18th, showers; 23d, hard rain; 26th, showers all day; 28th, hard rain.

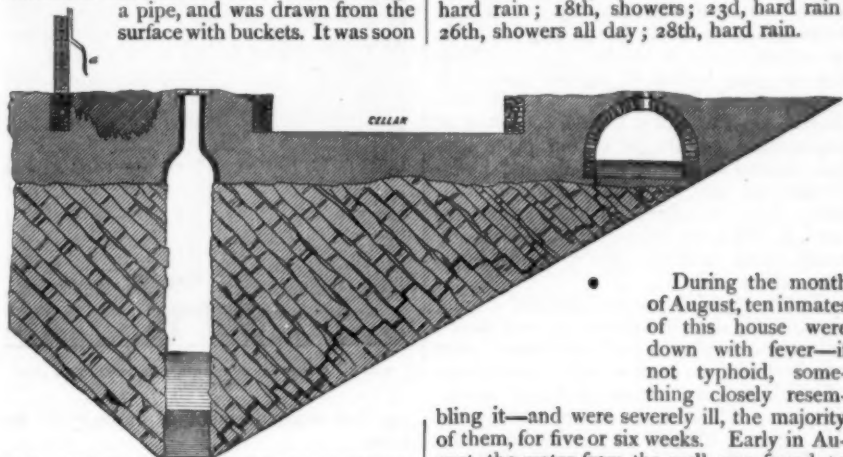


FIG. 2. SHOWING A WELL CONTAMINATED BY A CESS-POOL FIFTY FEET DISTANT.

noticed that water which was drawn with the pump was bad, while that drawn with the buckets was apparently good. The cess-pool was on the opposite side of the house, about fifty feet north-east from the well, and was excavated nearly to the rock (which is a red sand-stone with a dip of about 45° to the north-east). At first it seemed impossible that fluids could find their way from this cess-pool to the well, but the removal of the former to a distant part of the grounds was followed by the disappearance of all bad odor and taste from the water, forcing us to the conclusion that the contents of the cess-pool had found their way along the fracture lines of the red sand-stone for a distance of sixty or seventy feet, in sufficient quantity to render extremely unpleasant the water of an abundant and constantly changing well.

An example illustrating the contamination of wells which have done good service for many years, occurred in Montclair, N. J., about a year ago.

The pipe which conveyed the overflow from the laundry and water-closets of a large boarding-house to a cess-pool situated at a long distance from the house and well, became obstructed at a point about sixty feet from the well, and the ground in the vicinity of the obstruction became saturated with filth.

During the month of August, ten inmates of this house were down with fever—if not typhoid, something closely resembling it—and were severely ill, the majority of them, for five or six weeks. Early in August, the water from the well was found to have a disagreeable taste, and efforts were made to have its use discontinued. The advice of the attending physician, however, to have the handle of the pump removed, was not followed, and it is altogether probable that the water was used to some extent after it was suspected of being impure, especially as no other cause could be discovered to account for the attack of fever, and as the well was situated in the front yard and supplied with a drinking-cup. This water was found to contain twenty-four grains to the gallon of solid organic matter.

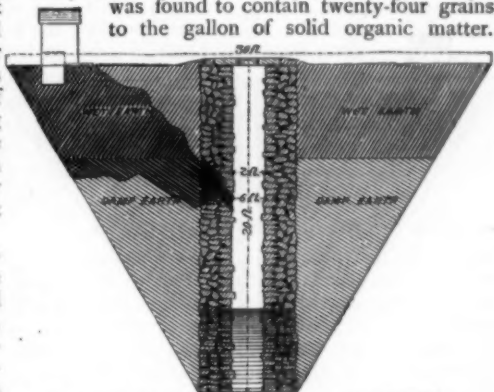


FIG. 3. A WELL CONSTRUCTED IN THE USUAL MANNER.

In this case it seemed certain to the committee appointed by the Sanitary Association to investigate the matter, that the frequent rains of July had washed from the

saturated ground above-named, a large quantity of filth into the well, and that the fever was the result.

An open well, built in the usual manner with a stone wall backed by two feet or more of loose stones (see Fig. 3), is liable to contamination in another way, viz.: from the decaying bodies of reptiles and small animals which have fallen into it and died there. On this point I have consulted an experienced well-digger of our place who has cleaned hundreds of wells, and he informed me that he usually finds in wells from eight to sixteen inches of offensive mud, in which are imbedded the remains of many small animals, such as toads, frogs, rats, cats, etc.

Toads especially seem attracted during the hot, dry days of summer to cool, moist, subterranean places, and sometimes great numbers of them burrow in the loose stones of which wells are constructed, and not infrequently fall into the water and perish. My authority informs me that he has sometimes found nearly a peck of toads in various stages of decay; that he often finds rats, and occasionally cats and dogs. On one occasion I saw three rabbits taken from a well, and my next-door neighbor while seeking for the cause of evident impurity in his drinking-water, has at different times taken from the well two birds—one a robin, and the other what seemed to be a squab. A well may have quite an accumulation of these remains at its bottom, and when the water is abundant it may be affected to a degree unappreciable by the senses, but when the water gets low the matter frequently becomes seri-

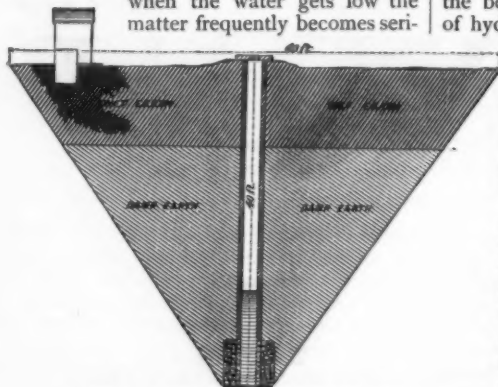


FIG. 4. A WELL WITH AN IMPERVIOUS WALL.

ous; but so gradually does the unpleasant odor and taste develop in such cases, that disease in the family is frequently

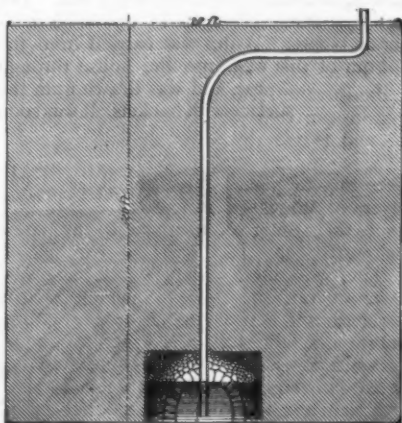


FIG. 5. A WELL ARCHED OVER TWO FEET FROM THE BOTTOM.

the first announcement of impurity in the water.

We now come to the important practical question, how shall a well be constructed so as to avoid or reduce to a minimum the chances of the introduction into it of foreign matter which is detrimental to health?

First, of course, the well must be so constructed that it cannot act as a drain for the neighboring soil. This can be done by making the wall above low-water mark of some material impervious to water, or by omitting this part of the wall altogether. The first can be accomplished by having the wall from a point two or three feet from the bottom made of brick with a coating of hydraulic cement (see Fig. 4) on its exterior, or of hydraulic well-tubing with the joinings well protected with cement; in either case the earth should be thoroughly packed around the wall, and a slight embankment should be made around the orifice to prevent the in-flow of surface or storm water.

In such a well the draining surface is so reduced, and placed at such a distance below the surface of the ground, that in the great majority of instances the introduction of foreign matter becomes impossible, except in so far as there is a chance that substances will fall into the well from above. To prevent this the well should be kept covered when not in use. In

most cases, however, it is better to omit the upper part of the wall altogether. (See Fig. 5.) After the excavation is completed, the

wall can be built in the usual manner for a distance of two or three feet, more or less, as circumstances may demand; the service pipe can then be placed in position, and the well arched over. The remainder of the excavation can then be filled with earth, well packed as it is thrown in, and the pipe carried to any convenient point. It will be necessary to place above the arch several layers of stones successively smaller to prevent the falling of earth into the space below.

The workmen will probably suggest a layer of turf or straw to accomplish this object, but the presence of either of these substances will cause the water to be unpleasant for a considerable time, and will prove the cause of much annoyance.

There is a prevalent notion that a well should be ventilated for the purpose of allowing noxious gases to escape; and that water is better for being exposed to the air. I hardly need state that the only noxious gases in a well (*i. e.*, gases which render the water unwholesome) are the products of the decomposition of organic matter which has found its way into the well in ways which have been described above, and that water as it flows in its subterranean passages is more perfectly aerated than it can be in any other way.

In the case of a well more than thirty feet deep, it will be necessary, of course, to have the lifting apparatus placed at a point within thirty feet from the bottom, as water cannot be drawn by suction from a much greater depth than this. About two years ago, I succeeded in persuading some workmen to construct a well in the manner last described, and in spite of their predictions of failure on account of the impossibility of pumping water from a vacuum, and other causes, it has proved a perfect success. In favorable locations the driven well, as it is called, may be employed, and it fulfills all the necessary conditions.

CISTERNS.

RAIN-WATER, when collected in cisterns, is liable to contamination from the dust which collects on the roofs and in the gutters of houses. This dust, coming as it does from the street, is composed largely of the excreta of horses and other animals, and frequently, especially during a long period of drought, collects in such large quantities that the water containing it is abominably offensive and entirely unfit for use. To prevent this admixture it is necessary to

have a shut-off in the leaders communicating with the cistern, so constructed that the water can at pleasure be prevented from flowing into the cistern and allowed for a sufficient length of time to wash thoroughly the roof and gutters, to discharge itself

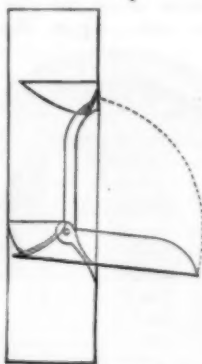


FIG. 6. SHUT-OFF.

upon the ground, or to flow away through some channel prepared for it. A convenient shut-off which can be made by any tinsmith is represented in Fig. 6.

In addition to this every cistern should be provided with a filter. A brick partition made in a circular form, as represented in Fig. 7, makes a very good filter, as ex-

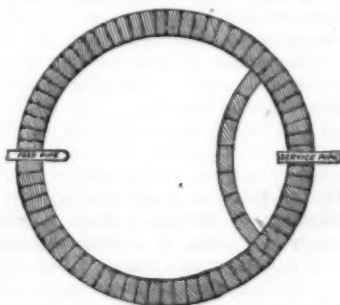


FIG. 7. TRANSVERSE SECTION OF CISTERN WITH BRICK FILTER.

perience has shown. The partition should be carefully built of bricks laid up in cement in such a way that there are no apertures between them, and of course should not be covered with cement. A better filter, however, can be made of charcoal, sand and gravel. The cistern should, as before, be divided by a circular partition, only in this instance the convexity should be toward the smaller compartment which contains the filter; and that portion of the partition which is above the filter should be

covered on its convex surface with cement. The first layer of bricks should be laid with spaces between them, as represented in Fig. 8. The filter may be made in this way:

Place in the bottom of the smaller compartment a foot or eighteen inches of charcoal, broken to about the size of what is called nut coal. Upon this place a

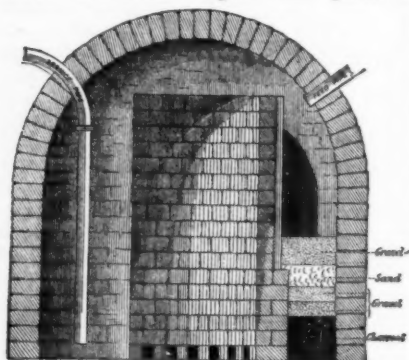


FIG. 8. VERTICAL SECTION OF CISTERN HAVING FILTER OF CHARCOAL AND GRAVEL.

layer of very coarse gravel about six inches deep, then a six-inch layer of ordinary gravel, then six inches of sand, then about a foot of coarse gravel. Water, in passing through a filter made in this way, will be so perfectly freed of impurities that it is suitable for any domestic use. It should be remembered, however, that any filter will in the course of time become clogged with foreign matter, rendering necessary its renewal, or cleansing. The sand and gravel can be put in a condition for doing duty a second time by washing, and the charcoal by washing and heating in an oven.

With all the care possible to prevent the introduction of foreign matter, it will be necessary to have a cistern thoroughly cleaned at least once a year. Cistern water frequently becomes saturated with sewer-gas from the cess-pool or sewer into which

the overflow-pipe of the cistern is made to terminate. Water has a great capacity for gases, and is sometimes rendered extremely offensive by the absorption of sewer-gas. I once saw a cistern through whose overflow-pipe not only sewer-gas, but the liquids from the neighboring cess-pool, had found their way, rendering the water such that it would hardly have been considered potable even by the defenders of the Passaic and Schuylkill waters.

The remedy for this evil is to have the overflow-pipe terminate at some lower point on the surface of the ground, or in a drain which conveys water only. No amount of care, however, in the construction of wells and cisterns lessens the importance which attaches to the proper disposition of refuse matter, for if it be allowed to accumulate in the soil it will in time find its way into the deepest wells and into the most carefully made cisterns. In some of the older communities, London, for example, the ground is so saturated with filth that the wells contain nothing but what may fairly be called liquid sewage. The emanations from filth-sodden soil poison the air, as the soakage from it poisons the water of our wells.

It is time we had laws to protect us in our rights to pure air and water, and time we had a public opinion as sensitive in regard to these rights as it is to the rights of property. If my neighbor enter my premises and damage my property, or if his cattle enter my premises and damage my property, I have a remedy in the courts of justice, and public opinion sustains the verdict of the courts. But if the filth-accumulations of my neighbor invade my premises, if they pass the boundary line which separates my land from his, and poison my drinking-water, or if their effluvia enter my chamber at night and steal from me my health and vigor, leaving me a wretched invalid, the laws provide no remedy, and public opinion is indifferent to my wrongs.

INTO THE WORLD AND OUT.

INTO the world he looked with sweet surprise.
The children laughed so when they saw his eyes.

Into the world a rosy hand in doubt
He reached;—a pale hand took one rose-bud out.

“And that was all,—quite all?” No, surely! But
The children cried so when his eyes were shut.

OLD STREETS AND HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

WE are sure that many persons as they wander about the streets of our towns must wonder why it is that there should be such a fine art as architecture and yet that there should be so very few beautiful buildings. The dwelling-houses or houses of business which give one real pleasure to look at are very few in any of our towns. If there were really such an art as architecture, it would seem to be that one of all the arts which the world should be most anxious to acquire. Statues, monuments and pictures are not necessary, but buildings are. If it be true that every building, or that very many buildings, can really be made a work of art, what vast opportunity for the exercise of genius and for the delight of mankind we seem to have just at hand. Not only should churches and public halls give us fine impressions, but we should find a course of pleasure in every dry goods shop and private dwelling which the hammers of our architects produce in a summer. As a remote result we should have streets which please and do not tire or depress us. The impression made on the mind by the pretty faces of our women and by our bright atmosphere might be further enlivened by lines and angles as various as those of Chester. It is not merely, therefore, from its historic and romantic character that such a place as Chester should be interesting to us. It offers facts which we may imitate or at least apply. Apart from the mere, or we should rather say, the great, question of beauty, the comfort and convenience of the methods of building of which Chester is the result, challenge our imitation. The "Rows" with their covered arcades of unknown antiquity would be of even greater use in the heats of our summers and the snows of our winters than in any English town. An American gentleman, who has recently visited Chester, has given a decided opinion upon the commercial superiority of the antique method of building shops which the founders of Chester used, to that employed in our American towns. "Chester," he says, "is far beyond any city we possess in the New World, in point of convenience. Country towns are run up there on a uniform plan, and in some of the streets in the cities of the far West are great blocks of pretentious warehouses and stores that look like bankruptcy itself. A tradesman commencing business has but

little option; he must either take one of these or else he is out of the world. And if he takes a place that is so much too large for him, he has to purchase more goods than he can pay for when the time of payment comes round. I speak," continues the American writer, "of no imaginary evil, but of one that actually exists, as I have found to my cost. But here in the Rows are shops and stores of all sizes, so that a tradesman commencing business may suit himself with premises to his proper requirements, and yet not be out of the business world." The writer of this article was walking through one of these Chester Rows on a lovely afternoon of September, 1870, when he observed a crowd of modern-looking human beings gazing intently at what appeared to be a very recent telegram. He approached and read the news of Sedan and the surrender of Louis Napoleon. The contrast between the novelty of this modern intelligence and the antique scene about him was interesting. But he was conscious of no incongruity, the arcades seemed to be quite as well suited to the life of the nineteenth as to that of any earlier century.

The English have a great deal of beautiful domestic architecture which their lovers of the picturesque desire to preserve. The work of demolition, however, goes on very fast. Mr. Alfred Rimmer, a gentleman living in Chester, has lately traveled over a large part of England, and has made sketches of many old streets and houses. These he has made a book of, and has accompanied his sketches by descriptions. Far too little has been done in England toward preserving the records of the ancient domestic architecture of the towns and villages. The churches and the great houses of England have been very well delineated. There has been no abbey nor cathedral nor scarcely a parish church, which has not had its antiquary. The ancient mansions have generally been lithographed, and these buildings usually belong to families which take a pride in the preservation of their records. But for the old streets in the towns and villages very little has been done. "This architecture," Ruskin has said, "is passing away like a dream, without any serious effort having been made to preserve it, or indeed even to delineate it. Old blocks are being constantly swept away, which a very little care

would have adapted to new requirements." "It is difficult," Ruskin remarks, "to understand the contempt and envy with which future generations will look upon us who had such things and allowed them to perish." It is to delineate the monuments which yet remain that Mr. Rimmer has published his "Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England." The engravings in the present article are taken from plates furnished us by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the publishers of the work.

It is said that in the last hundred years there has been a great destruction of the architectural remains of England. One authority has declared that, rich as England at present is in architectural remains, since the accession of George III. an almost equal amount to that which remains has been destroyed. The waste and spoliation have been to a great extent due to the fashion of classic imitation which came in two centuries ago, and which lasted till within fifty years. It extended to every department of the arts. The poets gave the names of Phillis and Corydon to country boors, no better, of course, than the present agricultural laborers of England. Fellows who could not read were represented as playing on lutes to sheep, and composing iambs to sweethearts. The same fashion extended to painting. A gentleman had his portrait taken as Apollo, and a lady as Diana. The reader will remember the amusing story of the portrait in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Mrs. Primrose was painted as Venus, while the Doctor stood by in the character of Mars presenting to Venus his theological works. The same fashion had sway in architecture. The term Gothic, now used to express a romantic admiration, was used originally by Wren as a term of reproach. Goths and Vandals were the phrases applied to all spoilers and destroyers. Vandalism has retained the meaning with which Wren used it, while the other word, which he gave in contempt to all mediæval architecture, has come to signify something different. It has been asked how it happened that while, during this long rage for classical imitation, so many dwellings and other secular buildings were pulled down, the cathedrals and parish churches were generally spared. It is possible that this immunity of the churches may have been due to the fact, that things ecclesiastical shared the contempt into which the clergy fell during that period. A chaplain to a family of rank and wealth was hardly held

in greater honor than the head game-keeper or huntsman, and the wealth of the bishops and other dignitaries seems rather to have isolated them than put them in a position to mingle on equal terms with the aristocracy of the country. Undoubtedly, had that age been a deeply religious one, the effect upon cathedral architecture of the classic furor would have been very disastrous.

In pursuing Mr. Rimmer in his journeys through England we shall go from south to north, keeping as well within this general direction as a somewhat zigzag path will permit. One advantage of this plan may be to induce the reader to look at his English map, a thing which few people in this country ever think of doing till they meditate a journey to England. We are greatly amused at English people who ask where Chicago is, and wish to know if the Rocky Mountains are visible from the city of New York; but we are quite as ignorant concerning the geography of England. I doubt if there is one man in ten who is graduated from an American college who knows where Devonshire is. A literary young person in America knows where Yorkshire is, because it is a very big county, and because Charlotte Brontë lived in it. He guesses Kent is somewhere near France, because Wordsworth said: "Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent." We know nearly as little of English geography as the English do of ours.

As we go from south to north, we may begin with Salisbury, which is in Wiltshire. Salisbury is said to be entirely an English city. Its origin dates from a period when the population of England was in point of blood already such as we now see it. It is neither Roman, Saxon, nor Norman, but purely English. It is without even the remains of a baronial fortress. It was indeed surrounded by walls, but these were the boundaries of the precincts of the ecclesiastics. The cathedral was begun in 1215. King Henry III. granted the church a weekly market and a fair of eight days' continuance. One interesting peculiarity of Salisbury is that its builders of the twelfth century intended it should be a place of importance, and laid it out much as we lay out towns in the West. The chronicler informs us that "the city was divided into spaces of seven perches each in length and three in breadth;" this accounts for the present symmetrical arrangement of the streets. Salisbury market, of which we give

a picture, has long been thought one of the most graceful stone structures, either ancient or modern, that adorn the kingdom.

At Winchester, which is in the adjoining county of Hampshire and near Salisbury, the traveler meets Cardinal Beaufort's tower. This was built in the early part of the fifteenth century, when the cardinal revived the foundation of St. Cross. This hospital still exists. The brewery also still stands, which was formerly called the Hundred Men's Hall, because a hundred of the poorest inhabitants of Winchester were daily entertained at dinner there, the repast being very bountiful, and the guests being permitted to carry provisions for their families. In the hospital this custom yet prevails of giving any wayfarer who may ask it, a horn of ale and a dole of bread; the ale is brewed on the premises and is said to be of the same kind as that brewed here hundreds of years ago. The hospital itself, with the black gowns and silver crosses of the brethren, presents perhaps a more vivid picture of ancient England than any other scene now left in the island.

The county of Gloucester is the next north of Wiltshire. In the town of Gloucester still stands what is called the New Inn, which is, however, very ancient. Further on, the reader will find an engraving of this house. These roomy inns must have been strangely pleasant havens in a time when the means of travel were so primitive. The New Inn was built about 1450, and stands to-day very much as it has stood for four centuries. It was built to accommodate the pilgrims to the shrine of Edward II., who is interred in the abbey church at Gloucester. Edward II. was cruelly murdered at Berkeley Castle. Lord Berkeley, it is said, would have protected him, but he was ill, and during his sickness, Edward was given over to the mercies of "two hell-hounds that were capable of more villainous despite than becomes either knights or the lowliest varlets in the world." These were Thomas Gurney and William Ogle. The chronicler says that on the night of the murder, "screams and shrieks of anguish were heard even so far as the town, so that many being awakened therewith from their sleep, as they themselves confessed, prayed heartily to God to receive his soul, for they understood by those cries what the matter meant." The New Inn was built to accommodate the pilgrims to the shrine; most of them brought some gift, and hence the pains taken that they should be well cared for. The build-

ings of the inn surround two square courts, and are ascended by rows of steps, leading to the two rows of galleries. The belief current concerning nearly all religious houses, of a subterraneous passage leading to the cathedral, also exists in Gloucester. There is a commonly received tradition among the country people about Chester that there is a tunnel, closed up at each end, between Chester Cathedral and Saughton Hall, a country seat of the abbots of Chester. The actual construction of such a work would be a creditable achievement even for the engineers of this age. This inn was, four hundred years ago, very much what it is at present. But the greatest contrast appears between the inns and the roads of that day. The inns were most commodious, roomy, and comfortable, while the ill condition of the roads forms the burden of the complaints of those of our forefathers who were compelled to set off on journeys. In the yard of this inn at Rochester in which Falstaff plans to rob the merchants, and in which Poins and the Prince plan to rob Falstaff, the conversation of the carriers gives us a rueful picture of the difficulties of getting about in those days. The carriers have only to go thirty miles to reach London. Yet they are up by four in the morning, and chide each other that the hour is so late:

1st Carrier (with a lantern). Heigh, ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles's wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, Ostler! etc.

Clocks are scarce, it will be seen from this. The wretchedness and querulousness of a man who has been got out of a good bed is evident in the remark:

I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

His companion who joins them says:

This house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

The first carrier, who is the liveliest of the lot, replies:

Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

The slowness of travel in that day is illustrated by the fact that even with this early start the travelers did not expect to reach London till dark. One of them had "a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger to be delivered as far as Charing Cross," and the other's panniers had turkeys which

were going to London. Yet they hope to be at their journey's end "time enough to go to bed with a candle." This describes the state of things nearly three hundred years ago; but even so late as the end of the last century, a gentleman of landed property, traveling from Glastonbury to Sarum in his carriage, told his footman to take along a good ax to cut away any branches of trees that might obstruct the passage of his vehicle. In "The Grand Concern of England, explained by a Lover of his Country," published in 1673, we read:

"What advantage can it be to a man's health to be called out of bed into these coaches an hour or two before day in the morning; to be hurried in them from place to place till one, two, or three hours within night, inasmuch that, after sitting up all day in summer time stifling with heat and choked with dust; or in winter time starving or freezing with the cold or choking with filthy fogs, they are often brought into their inns by torch-light, when it is too late to sit up and get supper, and next morning they are forced into a coach so early that they cannot get breakfast? What addition is it to a man's health to ride all day with strangers,—oftentimes sick, ancient, diseased persons, or young children crying,—all whose humors he is obliged to put up with, and is often poisoned with their nasty scents, and crippled with the crowd of boxes and bundles? Is it for a man's health to be laid fast in foul ways, and forced to wade up to the knees in mire, afterwards sitting in the cold till teams of horses can be sent to pull the coach out? Is it for their health to travel in rotten coaches, and to have their tackle, or perch, or axle-tree broken, and then to wait three or four hours (sometimes half a day), and afterwards to travel all night to make good their stage?"

When one reads such accounts of the hard ways of the old times, one is reconciled to the locomotive. And yet undoubtedly, the stage-coach of England had arrived sixty years ago to such perfection that the use of steam-cars has been in almost every respect but that of speed, a retrogression.

The gentleman who was compelled at the end of the last century to carry an ax to cut away the branches which impeded his course, was probably not using a much-traveled road. The great roads of England were more used a hundred years ago than now. It was a gay scene which Thackeray paints before the eyes of young Warrington when he transports him from Virginia to England:

"The highroad a hundred years ago was not the grass-grown desert of the present time. It was alive with constant travel and traffic; the country towns and inns swarmed with life and gaiety. The ponderous wagon with its bells and plodding team; the light post-coach that achieved the journey from the White, Salisbury, to the Swan with Two Necks,

London, in two days; the strings of pack-horses that had not yet left the road; my lord's gilt post-chaise-and-six, with the outriders galloping on ahead; the country squire's great coach and heavy Flanders mares; the farmers trotting to market, or the parson jolting to the cathedral town on Dumpling, his wife behind on the pillion,—all these crowding sights and brisk people greeted the young traveler on his summer journey. Hodge, the farmer's boy, took off his hat, and Polly, the milkmaid, bobbed a curtsy, as the chaise whirled over the pleasant village-green, and the white-headed children lifted their chubby faces and cheered. The church spires glistened with gold; the cottage gables glared in the sunshine; the great elms murmured in summer, or cast purple shadows over the grass. Young Warrington never had such a glorious day or witnessed a scene so delightful."

The pleasant town of Ross, from which our engraving presents a scene, is in Herefordshire, and is situated on the left bank of the Wye. The streets are narrow and very steep, and the many remains of its old half-timbered houses give it the look of a Rhenish town. Ross is mainly famous as the birth-place of John Kyrie, the celebrated "Man of Ross," whose good deeds have been celebrated by Pope and Coleridge. This good man, with an income of only £500 a year, actually performed all the many worthy deeds ascribed to him by the lines of Pope. Mr. Kyrie died in 1754, aged 90, and was buried in the church of the parish. We quote from Pope's tribute the following:

"But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross.
Pleased Vaga thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock, who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveler repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies."
Etc., etc.

The lines of Coleridge are very inferior to these.

Hereford is in the same county with Ross and is beautifully situated on the Wye. While it is now generally admitted that Hereford has no claims to the Roman origin which was once accorded it, the town has still some old remains of interest. The Wye bridge, with its ancient gate-houses, was formerly among the most picturesque objects in England. Nell Gwynne's birth-place, in "Pipe Lane," might have been allowed to stand, as it was in no thorough-

fare. This cottage was but recently pulled down. It is described as a small four-roomed tenement, hardly beyond the needs of a farm-laborer.

Banbury is a very fine old English town in

There was never any story relating to this cross from which these verses were derived; the syllables suited the meter, and so no doubt came readily to the lips of the first poet who in fancy or in fact dandled his child to the air of "Ride a cock-horse."

There are two versions of the stanza. The first is:

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
To see an old lady upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She will have music wherever she goes."

and the other:

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse:
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more."

The history and use of these crosses which have done so much to enliven and beautify the towns of England may be told very briefly.

They had various uses. Sometimes they were preaching crosses, from which in very warm weather, the vicar would



SCENE IN A CHESTER ROW.

the northern part of Oxfordshire. Its noble church is said to have been destroyed by an alderman, who put up in its stead the present unsightly edifice. The Castle of Banbury, built by the Bishop of Lincoln in the twelfth century, stood a long siege during the civil wars of Charles the First's time. The Parliamentarians ordered the demolition of the castle as soon as it was in their possession. The bars, or gates, five in number, were standing till the present century, but they have now been destroyed. Their names were odd, somewhat different from those usually applied to city gates. They were St. John's Bar, Sugar Bar, North Bar, Cole Bar, and Bridge Gate. Banbury Cross, so famous in nursery rhyme, has been taken down. It is surprising how little there seems to have been connected with it to deserve the fame to which it has attained.

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address the congregation in the open air. Sometimes they were memorial crosses, like the grand Eleanor crosses, three of which only are left us out of the twelve. Proclamations were read from them and tolls collected from the market people. Then there were covered market crosses such as we see in the market-place at Salisbury (page 643). These were merely covered spaces for country people in the heat and the rain, and they were usually connected with some religious house near by. In a great many towns we find flights of steps which were once surmounted by a cross; and in some cases these steps are of such dimensions that the cross must have been a striking and noble object. These crosses were torn down by the Puritans, who permitted the steps to remain. There were at one time in England 5,000 of these crosses standing. Now, of course, there are

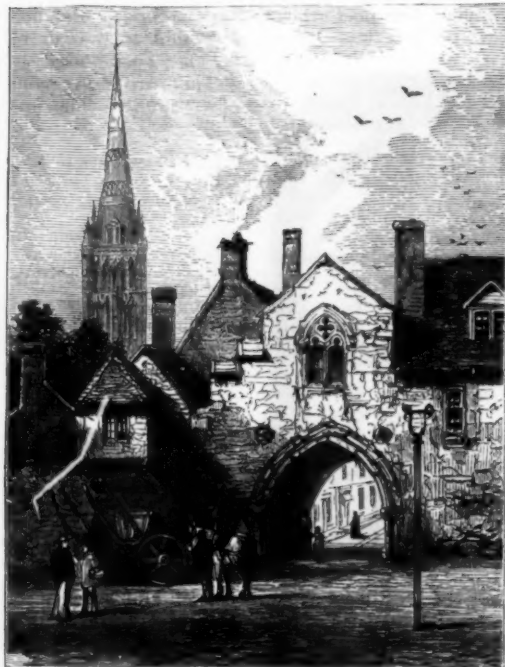
but few remaining. The few that stand are being imitated to such an extent that there is little danger of their outlines being

well, in which he held his council-chamber after the taking of Banbury Castle. The room in which the parliament or council was held was lighted by a great window and is considered one of the most beautiful left us by the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It is now used as a club-room, or for any large gathering that the inn—which is a very unassuming hostelry—may have to accommodate.

St. Albans is in Hertfordshire. The ancient name of the place was Verulam, a name taken from the little river Ver, upon the banks of which it stands. It was from St. Albans that Lord Bacon derived his title. Here was the abbey, the most famous and important in England, of which Mr. Froude gave the readers of SCRIBNER'S such an interesting account in his paper, "Annals of an English Abbey." The curious clock pictured on page 647 stands at the junction of two streets. This tower is not, as might be supposed, part of an old church; it is said never to have had any use except as a clock-tower.

In Hertfordshire also are very many interesting old houses dating from Elizabeth's time, the most interesting and best known among them being Hatfield. We may here mention a curious fact with regard

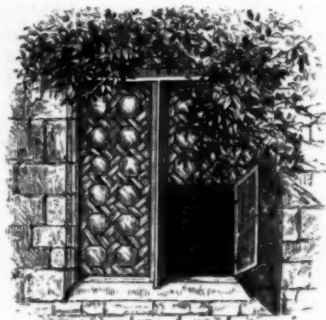
to Thorpe, the builder of Hatfield, and the inventor, if any man may be so called, of that curiously broken classic style, now so popular, to which we give the name



A GLIMPSE OF SALISBURY.

lost. If the reader goes to Montreal, he will find in the cathedral yard a monument to a Bishop Fulford which is an excellent imitation of the cross at Waltham. The Charing cross which has been recently erected opposite the hotel is also an imitation of the cross at Waltham. It is not unlikely that some of these crosses may be recovered. They may have been buried by pious hands only a foot under ground, as was the case with the Chester cross which was discovered in front of St. Peter's church, after having lain only a few inches below the foot-walk for centuries. The imitations of the old crosses are said to be very successful. One mode of decoration anciently practiced it will be best not to attempt to revive; this was the gilding of the crosses. The magnificent cross at Coventry was regilded in the reign of James II., and the work is said to have taken 15,403 books of gold.

The Roebuck inn at Banbury has attained celebrity as the Parliament House of Crom-



WINDOW IN OLD FARM-HOUSE NEAR SALISBURY.

Elizabethan. Thorpe's name came within an ace of being forgotten forever, and was revived by an accident. He left

behind him a large volume of designs which are now in the Soane Museum. This volume was lent by the Earl of Warwick to Horace Walpole, for his work on the "Anecdotes of English Art." Walpole writes concerning it:

"By the favor of the Earl of Warwick, I am enabled to bring to light a very capital artist who designed or improved most of the principal and palatial edifices erected in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., even though his name was totally forgotten."

It is believed that Thorpe's name was unknown to Wren, Vanbrugh, or Gibbs. Soane bought this folio of designs. Among the plans which it contains is one of a house, intended for his own; it is fantastically designed, forming the letters I T joined by a corridor. Beneath is the stanza:

"These two letters, I and T,
Joined together as you see,
Make a dwelling-house for me.
JOHN THORPE."

man's parliament, because the return of lawyers was prohibited and because it passed laws restricting the privileges of the church. It was a mayor of Coventry who committed Henry V., when Prince of Wales, to prison for disorderly conduct. Henry IV. and Queen Margaret were benefactors of the city. A few years before the Norman conquest Earl Leofric and his Countess Godiva built a convent, in which they are both buried. Godiva is, of course, the most famous personage in the history of Coventry. We all know by heart the poem of Tennyson's beginning:

"I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge
To watch the three tall spires, and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this."

The legend is given in the poem, though we believe the "grim earl's" name is not mentioned. Leofric, Earl of Mercia,



SALISBURY MARKET.

One story concerns a very brief epitaph which he composed for himself in his last illness. Some of his friends were asked by him to produce an epitaph which would rhyme and yet be very short; he outdid all their productions by himself composing "Thorpe's corpse."

Coventry is in Warwickshire. It is a very ancient city and has some historical importance. Henry IV. held a parliament here which was called the unlearned or lay-

Lord of Coventry, had imposed certain grievous services upon the place, which his Countess, Godiva, had in vain begged him to remit. He commanded her to speak to him no more of the tax. When she finally began again her entreaties, he told her that he would never consent to take off the exactions unless she would ride naked at noon from one end of the town to the other. To his astonishment, she merely said: "Will you give me leave to go?"

The Earl was, of course, obliged to say "Yes," and Godiva mounting her horse, naked, her long tresses making for her a covering, rode through the town. Until of late years there was in Trinity Church, Coventry, a window which was a memorial of this event. It represented Leofric and Godiva standing together, Leofric holding in his hand, and in the act of presenting it to the Countess, a scroll or charter, inscribed thus:

"I, Luriche, for the love of thee,
Doe make Coventrie tol-free."

For many years past there has existed at Coventry a procession in honor of this event. It was the main feature of the celebrated Coventry Fair. This fair commenced on Friday in Trinity week and continued for eight days. It was of very ancient origin,—the charter having been granted by

procession is believed to have been first founded in 1678, or at any rate the procession of Lady Godiva was then first introduced into the pageant. To the same period may be referred the introduction of the far-famed Peeping Tom of Coventry. The queen's command was that the chaste and loyal inhabitants of Coventry should go in-doors and remain during the hour set for the ride. But a certain tailor, who has passed into history as Peeping Tom, could not refrain from looking and had his eyes shriveled in his head. The figure of Peeping Tom is still to be seen at the corner of Hertford street in an opening at the upper part of a house. The figure is ancient and is rather larger than the usual proportions of a man. In its original shape it evidently represented a man in armor; but when brought forth to serve as an effigy of Peeping Tom, it underwent a considerable alteration with regard to clothing. It was painted with a large and long cravat, shoulder knots and other ornaments, which clearly point to 1678, the time of the inauguration of the enlarged procession, as the probable date of its erection.

The order of the procession was as follows: First came the city guards, an ancient, and in former times, an important body of men; next came a figure of St. George, who, it will be remembered, was a native of Coventry; then came the city streamer, bearing the arms of Coventry, and the two city followers. The next object of attraction was the renowned Lady Godiva, mounted on a white horse with rich housings and trappings. The city

crier rode on one side of her and the beadle on the other. The woman representing the fair patroness of Coventry was usually dressed in a white cambric dress, closely fitted to the body. She wore also a profusion of long, flowing locks, adorned with a fillet or bandeau of flowers and a plume of white feath-



MARKET-PLACE, ROSS.

Henry III. in 1218. For many centuries it was one of the chief marts in the kingdom. But of late years it has been principally celebrated on account of the show or procession of Lady Godiva, which was exhibited at intervals of from three to seven years on the first day of the fair. This

ers. The Coventry "Herald," in describing the procession of 1848, speaks of Madame Warton's performance of Godiva as "highly satisfactory." "She was attired," we are told, "in a close-fitting, elastic silk dress, of

The shepherd and shepherdess, lambs and dog were exhibited by the wool-combers, one of the societies which took part in the procession. Though the town has generally taken great pride in this show there have



NEW INN, GLOUCESTER.

pinky-white color, entire from the neck to the toes, excepting the arms, which were uncovered; over this a simple white satin tunic edged with gold fringe completed her riding-habit. Her only head-dress was the perfectly unartificial and not very profuse supply of glossy black hair simply braided in front, and hanging down slightly confined behind." Mr. Warton, her husband, rode a short distance behind as Edward, the Black Prince. Queen Margaret, Sir John Falstaff, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, William and Adam Botoner (the celebrated mayors of Coventry), Sir Thomas White, its great benefactor, and Sir W. Dugdale, the eminent local historian, were also represented in the cavalcade. Last in this procession was a sylvan bower bearing the shepherd and shepherdess, a capacious platform furnished with flowers, fountains, and foreign birds in golden cages. The "Herald" continues: "The fleecy lambs and faithful dog formed an object which attracted all eyes, while the arbor of evergreens, rising and tapering off to a height of forty feet, formed a magnificent finish to the cavalcade. The show concluded at three o'clock."

always been some to despise it and to say with Queen Elizabeth:

"Ye men of Coventry,
Good lack, what fools ye be!"

In Leicester is Lady Jane Grey's house. Of Leicester Abbey, where Wolsey died, very little is left. Enough of the foundation remains to show how grand the building must have been, but the park and gardens have been turned into a market garden.

In the southernmost part of Lincolnshire is Stamford, a very ancient city. During the fourteenth century several parliaments met in Stamford, and it contained no less than five monasteries. The gables, of which we have a specimen on page 650, are to be seen in great variety in Stamford. The streets are irregular, but well paved and very clean; the red-tiled roofs, the quaint fronts which crowd each other down to the water's edge, and the gardens and trees, are reflected in the waters of the river Welland. The name is supposed to be derived from "Stean-forde"; the ford across the river here was paved with stones. There is a graphic description in "Nicholas

Nickleby" of a ride by night into Stamford. Dickens describes the striking appearance of the town in the snow-storm :

"The night and the snow came on together, and dismal enough they were. There was no sound to be heard but the howling of the wind, for the noise of the wheels and the tread of the horses' feet were rendered inaudible by the thick coating of snow which covered the earth and was fast increasing every moment. The streets of Stamford were deserted as they passed through the town, and its old churches rose dark and frowning from the whitened ground."

The George Inn, in Stamford, is an excellent example of a fine old hostelry, and the sign-board extending all the way across the street is characteristic of the old inns.

Lincoln, at the time of the Norman conquest, was one of the richest and most populous cities in England. It has passed through the hands of many rulers, and its commanding position has made it always important. It was a city of the ancient Britons before the Roman period. The Romans built a wall around it with posterns. One of these posterns, Newport Gate, yet remains and is called an extremely fine example of massive masonry. Newport Gate was the portal of the famous Ermine street. Ermine street is the great military road which the Romans built in a nearly straight line from London to Lincoln. Many traces remain of the Roman wall, which was quadrangular. The ancient street architecture of England may be well studied in Lincoln, for not only are there baths and many other remains of the Roman days, but the Normans, and of course later generations, have left their mark on the place. The situation is said to be very beautiful; no cathedral in England, save Durham, is so finely placed as that of Lincoln. As the town is entered from the south we soon come to Stone Bow, a very stately gate-way, which dates probably from the time of Henry IV. The view given on page 650 is after the arch has been passed for some distance. The house on the left is the celebrated Jew's house, which has for so many centuries figured in song and fable. It is a fine specimen of a Norman town house—the most perfect yet left, it is said.

It was in this house that little Sir Hugh of Lincoln was killed by the Jew's daughter. This legend exists in many countries; a Russian gentleman told me some time ago that it is to be found in Russia. It is easy to see why the legend should have been so widely known and should have

lasted so long: it is so simple, greswome, and dramatic. The writer, when a child, often heard his father repeat it, and with-



OUT-HOUSE, NELL GWYNNE'S BIRTHPLACE, HEREFORD.

out knowing anything about the fame and universality of the story, it impressed him in much the same manner as no doubt it has impressed every child who during the last thousand years has heard it. The line,

"She took him by his lily-white hand,"

was so very greswome, and the statement,

"She laid him on a dressing-board
And stuck him like a swine,"

was so very matter-of-fact. There is a version of the ballad in Percy's "Reliques," and a number have been taken down from popular recitation. The story—or at least one story—is that little Hugh of Lincoln was once playing ball, near the garden of the house in our picture. The ball falls into the Jew's garden. She asks him in to get it, and then puts him to death and throws him into a well. His mother comes to the well to seek him, and Hugh answers her from the bottom, telling her how the Jew's daughter has killed him. He tells her how she is to take him up and to put him in his winding-sheet and bury him in the church-yard. He says :

"Put a Bible at my head,
And a Testament at my feet,
And pen and ink at every side,
And I'll lie still and sleep."

The writer has followed Mr. Rimmer into Nottingham, which lies next to the west of Lincoln, with more interest in what he has to say of Sherwood Forest than of any of the architectural remains of Nottinghamshire. In Robin Hood's time, it is estimated to have been some twenty-five miles long and eight broad, so that this outlaw would have had two hundred square miles to roam about in and kill deer. The ax has been thinning the forest for generations, but many of the old trees yet stand as they stood in the times of Friar Tuck and of Robin Hood and his outlaws of the greenwood. Does the reader remember the meeting of the Black Knight and the clerk of Copmanhurst in the heart of Sherwood? It is midnight

when the knight's steed reaches the friar's hut. He thunders at the door, but the friar bids him depart and disturb not the servant of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions. The knight finally gains admittance, and the holy man places before him a dish of parched peas and pure water from the well of St. Dunstan. The steed is feeding in one corner of the hut, and the two men sit looking at each other, each thinking that he had rarely seen so powerfully made a man as the other, and not knowing that one is Richard the Lion-Hearted, and the other Robin Hood's Friar Tuck. At length the knight says: "It seems to me, reverend father, that the small morsels which you eat, together with the holy, but somewhat thin, beverage have thriven with you marvelously." The clerk attributes this to a miracle, but at length admits that the keeper of the forest has left with him a venison pasty with which to refresh some valiant knight who might wander near his hut. The clerk goes to a closet and brings forth a pie, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This the knight at once opens with his poniard and attacks with an appetite which the foremost soldier of the

age deserved, which it was worth going all the way to Palestine to acquire. It would be cruel not to add that before the platter had been half emptied the clerk had been persuaded for once to throw aside his scruples, and to thrust his clutches (there were no knives and forks in those days) into the bowels of the pasty. Think of these two sons of nature thus engaged. Scott has here with wonderful humor displayed his powers in a field to which only the male genius is adequate; women may write epics and tragedies, but they can never describe good cheer.

Nottinghamshire has a more immediate connection with another famous literary name. Looking over a history of the county, recently, I came upon a picture of Newstead Abbey. There was the abbey. There was the lake—a common English pond—which Byron called a "dearer shore" than Geneva. The most interesting thing about



ST. ALBANS CLOCK TOWER.

the pictures was that the history was printed in 1797, before the death of the uncle, when the poet was still a boy at an obscure school in a Scottish village, and when the fame of

Byron was a thing as little dreamed of as that of Tennyson or Count Bismarck.

If now we cross from the east to the west of England we come to Chester and Shrewsbury, and other towns of Cheshire and Shropshire, which, of all the towns in England, are perhaps the most celebrated for their old streets and houses. The great towns of counties so distant from London were naturally more important than such as were nearer the capital. Chester and Shrewsbury in former days contained many houses which were the town residences of the most distinguished families of the neighborhood. At one time, nearly all the great county families of Cheshire had houses in Chester. The county families preferred their own towns to London, on account of the great difficulties of a journey of two hundred miles, and also on account of a law which prohibited, as far as it was possible to do so, any country gentleman who was not in parliament from

through the instigation of their wives, did neglect their country hospitality and cumber the citv, a general nuisance to the kingdom."



CHIMNEY AT SOUTHWELL.



ANCIENT BRICK-WORK, LINCOLN'S INN.

residing in London. There was in former days a great dread of an overgrown London. Constantly, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., proclamations were issued against the erection of new houses. James I. notices "those swarms of gentry, who,

He said on one occasion: "Gentlemen resident on their estates are like ships in port, their value and magnitude are felt and acknowledged; but, when at a distance, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated." It is difficult for us to conceive how the interference of government with such strong social currents could be successful even for a short time. But it appears to have been very successful. Two centuries ago, a Mr. Palmer, a Sussex squire, was fined a thousand pounds for preferring to reside in London rather than to live on his own estate, and that in the face of the fact that two years before the trial, his country house had been burned to the ground. This explains the great number of large mansions in small country towns. The habit once formed, people continued to live in their country towns long after it would have been safe to have come to London. We find up to the Hanoverian period large houses in country towns, which look, as Dickens says, as if they had been put there in infancy and had grown to their present size. Many excellent town houses of a date so recent as Queen Anne's time are to be found in the remote villages of Cheshire and Shropshire. At the

beginning even of the present century, it is evident from the accounts in the novels of the times, that the country towns were much more important than they are to day. There are those living who can yet look back upon the solemn country balls, such as were described by Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, which appear to have been quite as difficult of access as any court festivity of later times.

There is a charming poem by Sir Richard Fanshawe, on the proclamation which commanded gentlemen to reside on their own estates rather than in London. These are some of the verses:

"Nor let the gentry grudge to go
Into those places whence they grew,
And think them blest they may do so.
Who would pursue

"The smoky glories of the town
That may go till his native earth,
And by the shining fire sit down
On his own hearth!

* * * * *
"Believe me, ladies, you will find
In that sweet life more solid joys,
More true contentment to the mind
Than all town toys.



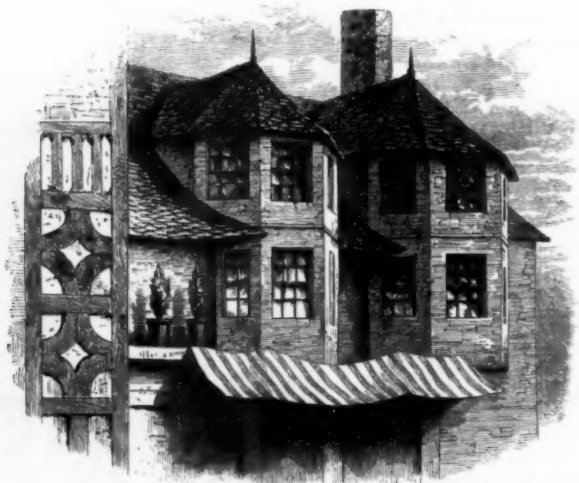
COVENTRY, WARWICK.

"Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,
But heads his shafts with chaster love;
Not feathered with a sparrow's quill,
But with a dove."



LADY JANE GREY'S HOUSE, LEICESTER.

On page 651 will be found a picture of Durham Cathedral, an edifice which has the noblest situation of any cathedral in England. The Wear sweeps round a bluff, covered with noble trees; from these rise the three vast cathedral towers, the towers and the trees reflected in still broad waters below. Durham is the tomb of the famous St. Cuthbert, who was in his youth a cowherd, but through a strong sense of his right vocation, left his sheep and became a priest. He was marked out for high office by his piety and austere life, and he became in time bishop of Lindisfarne. Lindisfarne was the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British christianity. The saint himself indicated the site of his tomb and the site of the cathedral which was to rise over it. His body, having been buried at Lindisfarne, remained there until the descent of the Danes, about 793, when the monks were compelled to fly with it. He was a very *exigant* kind of corpse, for, appearing



GABLES AT STAMFORD.

to have preserved some kind of miraculous consciousness during all this time, he had himself carried all over Great Britain on the shoulders of his companions. The monks paraded him through Scotland for several years. He at length made a halt at Norham, whence he went to Melrose, where he consented to rest for a short time.

There he caused himself to be launched in a stone coffin upon the Tweed, and in this he came to Tilmouth. The boat still lies, or did fifty years ago, in two pieces before the ruined chapel at Tilmouth, and being ten feet long, three and a half feet broad, and but four inches thick, might easily, with some assistance, have floated. From Til-



JEW'S HOUSE, LINCOLN.

mouth Cuthbert went to Yorkshire. It was while journeying on the shoulders of the monks through a forest that the coffin suddenly became immovable. When the monks

canto of that poem, which is entitled "The Convent," is a description of the sail of the Abbess of St. Hilda and the novice Clare to Lindisfarne :



DURHAM, FROM AN OLD HOMESTEAD ON THE WEAR.

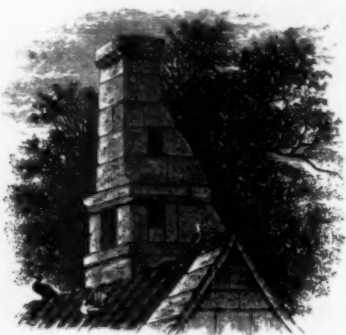
endeavored to pass, the saint showed such unmistakable evidences of anger, that they were compelled to rest. Here the site of the tomb was fixed, and here the cathedral and the seat of the see were fixed. The story of St. Cuthbert will be found told in the foot-notes to "Marmion." The second

"It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew and strong,
Where from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to St. Cuthbert's holy isle,
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home ;

The merry seamen laughed to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the sea-green foam."

The writer has rarely had an hour of pleasanter reading than when, with a map open

before him and the poem of this Scottish Homer in hand, he followed the track of this vessel through the "sea-green foam," and along the virgin shores of mediæval Northumbria.



CHIMNEY IN NEWARE.

AN ISLAND OF THE SEA.

At the mouth of the St. John's River, which, taking its rise in the wonderful springs and impassable swamps of southern Florida, rolls its waters four hundred miles due north to the Atlantic, lies the island of Fort George. It is one of that chain of Sea Islands—so famous for their long-fiber cotton in the old times before the war—which stretch along the coast from Savannah to St. Augustine.

Of the throngs of tourists who every winter pass this island in their search for health or pleasure in the land of Ponce de Leon, comparatively few even know of its existence. Yet it would be hard to find a spot combining more advantages and delights than this. More tropical in many respects in the character of its scenery than even the upper St. John's or the Oclawaha, its climate is free from the enervating effects



THE SOUTHERN END OF FORT GEORGE ISLAND.



EDGEWOOD AVENUE, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

of their greater heat; its soil, of sand and shell "hammock," precludes the fear of malarious influences; and the fresh breezes of the Atlantic which blow through its quiet woods bring not only repose and healing, but life and vigor as well.

The island of Fort George received its name from a fortification of some kind, probably not very considerable, which stood in colonial times upon a point of land on the northern shore, built to withstand attacks from the Spanish, who were similarly fortified at Fernandina. Some slight remains of earth-works alone show where it stood.

This island, lying very near the shore, forms one side of the mouth of the St. John's. It is about twenty-five miles from Jacksonville, well known as the largest and most important town in Florida, and is the gate-way to its various points of interest, and is distant from Fernandina eighteen or twenty miles. From the former town the steamer "Water Lily" makes a daily trip to the island. Four days of sea voyage by way of Charleston bring the traveler here directly from New York.

The island has an area of some twelve hundred acres of low wooded plateau, surrounded mostly by a band of salt meadow of varying width, beyond which, on the east-

ern and southern sides, three or four miles of fine beach stretch along the sea. Toward the northern end the land rises somewhat irregularly, culminating in Mount Cornelia, the highest point on the coast south of Cape Hatteras. An observatory upon its summit, one hundred and fifty feet above the sea, affords a superb view of the island and the surrounding country, and the Government is about to establish here a Signal Service station, connected by telegraph with Jacksonville and Fernandina.

For long years before the war, the island was owned and occupied by one family, who had received it from the crown, and about one-half its surface was cleared and under cultivation, chiefly in cotton and sugar. When the progress of the war and the emancipation of the negroes broke up this industry, the place fell into decay; the family became impoverished and removed elsewhere; such of the negroes as were able went away to seek for something better; the old and feeble and the very young, ignorant and unthrifty and unable by themselves to make much of the new boon of freedom, fell into sore want and distress, and the island went rapidly to ruin and desolation.

About eight years ago, however, it was purchased by a gentleman from the North,



PALMETTO AVENUE, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

who fitted up the old mansion for the dwelling of his family; supplied work, help and protection for the two or three scores of colored inhabitants; secured to himself neighbors by selling out some portions of the land, and entered upon the task of mak-

ing the wilderness once more blossom as the rose. Orange-groves are taking the place of the old plantations of sugar, cotton and rice, giving, so far, the fairest promise of success. That the climate is also adapted to other tropical fruit is shown by the fact that upon the neighboring island of Talbot, having similar soil, is a group of ancient fig-trees, some of which have attained the size of twenty inches in diameter, and last year yielded a crop of two hundred bushels of fruit. Orchards of peach and plum trees, blooming luxuriantly in February, yield later their abundant fruits; grapes, strawberries and mulberries find here a soil and climate well adapted to their growth. Clearings in the woods have made place for the pleasant homes of the few new owners of the soil,—for that northern energy which in all parts of Florida is awakening



THE BAR AND THE PELICANS, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

visitors to the island; boats are at hand for sailing or fishing, or excursions to the neighborhood; miles of avenues have been cut with fine taste and discrimination in all directions through the woods, and connected with the drive upon the beach; a part of them are covered with the quickly crumbling oyster-shells, making the splendid "shell road" so famous in the south; and, upon a plot of

used plantations she has called up a fresh young growth of trees and shrubs; over deserted and ruined buildings she has thrown a kindly veil of trailing honeysuckle and ivy; on felled and uprooted trees she has hung her soft gray moss, or has made the old prostrate trunk shoot up new branches in a young and vigorous life. And to Fort George nature has been very boun-



POINT ISABEL, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

land set apart for the purpose, there will soon be erected a beautiful little church.

But, although man is here and there regaining the upper hand, Nature still claims the island chiefly for her own, and with that persistent grasp that never willingly relinquishes one inch where she has once borne sway, re-asserts her claim wherever she can find the slightest hold. Over dis-

tiful. About forty kinds of trees grow upon its surface, our northern pines and cedars—their foliage becoming softer and finer in this southern latitude—mingling with the huge live-oak, the luxuriant magnolia and the stately tropical palm.

Indeed, it is the latter tree,—found here in an abundance unknown to southern Florida,—which, in its various forms and

stages of growth, gives to the scenery its peculiarly tropical appearance. Where a tall cabbage-palm, stretching its slender, sinuous trunk far above all surrounding objects, defines each waving leaf-point clearly against the brilliant midday sky; or where, in strong relief, a group of those round heads stands out distinctly in the uncertain moonlight, we recall scenes and stories of oriental lands. Where the scrub

palmetto covers the woodland spaces and stretches out to us its palmated leaves like huge, weird hands of welcome all along our path, while its brown and scaly roots lie like sleeping serpents upon the ground, we listen shudderingly for the creeping tiger of far-off tropical jungles. Where, between two palms, clad in spiral rows of pointed scales, which stand like mailed sentinels guarding the entrance of our forest avenue, we look across a bit of glittering sand-beach out upon the still, blue ocean, we dream of those bright enchanted islands of the sea which the poets tell us no storm can reach, and where life is ever beautiful and young.

Here, however, no tropical monsters lie in wait. The wild creatures upon the island are mostly the "coons" and "possums," so dear to the negro heart, otters and a few squirrels and an occasional wild-cat; while those in search of larger forest game will find deer in plenty within a distance of five miles upon the main-land, and bears within a space of fifteen or twenty miles.

The air and the sea teem with life in inexhaustible variety. Through the late winter and early spring flocks of birds of passage, seeking their northern haunts, stop awhile to enliven our woods with their successive songs; the cardinal-bird flashes

its gorgeous plumage in and out among the branches; and later, all through the summer, the mocking-bird makes the woods ring by day and by night. Bald and gray eagles, with many smaller birds of prey, soar above the tree-tops. Aquatic birds of numerous kinds, flocks of wild ducks,—canvas-backs and mallards,—sea-gulls, pelicans, cranes and herons and hosts of others, tempt the sportsman along the shores and



THE ROAD, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

creeks; while the fisherman finds little trouble in bringing home abundance of spoil,—shad, bass, sea-trout, sheep's-head, not to speak of the myriads of oysters that line every accessible bit of shore.

While speaking of oysters, let us notice the vast quantities of oyster-shells, bleached and brittle with time, which are found upon

Fort George Island in common with other parts of the coast, and which give it claims upon the antiquarian no less than the sportsman and the seeker after pleasure or health. About fifty acres of the surface is covered with these deposits, sometimes two or three feet thick, sometimes in huge mounds rising to a height of forty feet. Scattered through them are found human bones, stone implements, and great quantities of broken pottery—a coarse clay-ware decorated upon the outer surface with reticulated lines. In one instance a layer of shells several feet thick covered a mound of sand, in which were found seated two concentric circles of human skeletons, their limbs drawn up in the same position as in the remains found in the western burial mounds. The origin of these "shell-banks"—whether produced by natural causes, such as continuous deposit, and heaping up by ocean currents, or whether the work of oyster-eating aboriginal tribes—is an unfailing subject of discussion. Probably every individual upon the island adheres firmly to one or the other of these theories, and would give you full and convincing proof that the contrary opinion is utterly untenable. The subject is certainly one of much interest, and there are strong arguments upon both sides; but let us leave their discussion to learned antiquarians and enthusiastic Fort Georgians, and turn to those scenes of natural beauty which are, after all, the island's special charm.

Come to the shore on a bright afternoon. Miles of level, sandy beach stretch before us, facing the east and south, so hardened by the waves that it scarcely shows foot-print or wheel-track. The fine sand is marked in tiny lines by the receding waves that splash idly at our feet; beside us are whitest drifts that no sun can melt, thrown up by winds that seem now to have fallen asleep; some way out from shore another snowy line bared by the ebbing tide, on which swarms of sea-gulls are resting; beyond this a long and ever varying line of white, where the breakers dash with incessant roar against the outer barrier; and still beyond, the broad Atlantic, dotted here and there with a gleaming sail, stretches on and on till it meets the overarching sky. Fleecy clouds float gently overhead through the clear blue; another line of breakers defines itself far off at our right. A soft, mild warmth is in the air. It is early March by the almanac; but what care we for almanacs? At home the north wind is

howling; snow perhaps is drifting across our fields; bare limbs of trees are tossing and creaking in the blast; but what care we for wind or snow? We have forgotten what they mean; it is summer. Strawberries are a part of our daily fare. Beyond the sand-dunes just behind us the violets are blossoming and stately palms lift their stems against the sky crowned with a royal crown of plumage, through which the winds whisper soft and low. Home and winter seem very far off; tedious and wearying work and care are for the time forgotten; it is perfect comfort and rest. Yet the air is not warm enough to enervate; with all its softness mingles still the fresh breath of the sea.

Life is indeed a busy thing for the countless tribes of living creatures in sight, to which the sea gives life and food. A school of porpoises goes by, flashing now and then above the surface. A group of pelicans stands in line on the outer bar, like soldiers at drill, while the sea-gulls chatter and strive over their prey. A fish-hawk flies by bearing the fish which he has just snatched from the waves, and, with a great swoop, the huge bald eagle that has been soaring above our heads bears down upon him and forces him to release his prize. Crowds of little sand-pipers with their tiny twinkling feet run up and down with the rising and falling waves, seeking their food. Strewn along the shore, among beautiful shells and bits of drift-wood and other sea spoil, is food for countless wild creatures, and of all the hosts of sea and air none seem to lack.

A few years ago a steamboat was by negligence stranded upon a bar at the river's mouth, far out from our island's beach. It still remains a striking object, with its massive walking-beam projected boldly against the sky, a symbol of the energy of man struggling in vain with the powers of nature. The sea is gaining the mastery here, and the old wreck, sinking slowly in the sand, is lowering its iron arms like some ancient gladiator, in token of submission to the overwhelming waves.

A stray breeze from inland wafts to us the perfumed breath of the jasmine, and turning we see just across the sand behind us a thicket of myrtles and yucca overrun with its yellow luxuriance. Who can resist this fragrant invitation to the woods? By their palm-guarded entrance we stroll into the shady avenues through whose interlacing arches sunshine and shadow fleck the path below. Vistas of endless variety look out,

now to the sea, now into an open space or a noble pine-grove whose soft brown carpet keeps down all undergrowth; now we walk through groves of palmettos whose scaly trunks are hung with shreds of their inner cloth-like bark and little creeping, clinging vines; now under huge gnarled limbs of the live-oak hung with funereal-looking Spanish moss, and clumps of mistletoe clinging among its branches, beneath which are smaller trees of the thorny-leaved holly, which at Christmas-time hang so full of berries that the avenue gleams scarlet through all its length; and here again, where three roads converge, stands, like a lofty pyramid, a magnificent magnolia with large, glossy leaves, which a month later will be full of splendid bloom. Later, too, come the scarlet trumpet-creeper, the passion flower and the wild honeysuckle, and the "Spanish bayonet," with long, needle-sharp leaves, will give out the heavy fragrance of its large cone of snowy flowers. Now, the blue violet blossoms beside our path, and tiny white star-like flowers; the fragrant yellow jasmine is just dropping its bloom, and running blackberries blossom in profusion along the ground. Beautiful lichens, from palest gray to rose-pink and red, cling upon the trees, and the "resurrection fern" covers the upper surface of their larger branches with an exquisite feathery green. This curious little plant withers in very dry weather, and is brown and apparently dead, but rain or moisture restores its color and revives all its freshness. Everywhere are lovely bits of color and form, and little nooks which give you the very spirit of the place and stamp it deeply into your memory.

To reach the principal one of several springs of fine water found upon the island, you follow a narrow path through water-oaks and myrtles, and as you turn to go down several steep steps formed upon projecting roots, a little tropical picture meets your eye which might be placed in South America with scarcely a change. The low hill-side whence the water flows into its basin is covered with scrub palmetto, whose huge leaves stand and hang and sprawl in wildest confusion, while its brown, hairy roots seem to writhe and twist around and through them. Among them small palms uphold their spreading fans, and larger ones raise their scaly stems. Wild vines wreath and loop among the foliage and upon the ground, and over all an old live-oak gnarled and contorted like one of Dore's

trees in the "Inferno," stretches out and droops to the earth a long, enormous branch, fringed with feathery fern and dashed with spots of blood-red lichen, and hung with rags and tatters of long gray moss.

The stranger treading the drives and foot-paths of these lonely woods is startled at coming suddenly near the northern shore upon two tombs, low structures shaped somewhat like sarcophagi and green with a thick growth of moss and tiny ferns. No names show what mortals found their last resting-place in this secluded spot, no date tells us how many years have bloomed and faded over their lonely sepulchers; but the records of the island show that, whoever they were, there they have lain for nearly four score years.

Passing westward we emerge from a grove of tall pines into a broad avenue of enormous ancient cedars. In other parts of the island the Spanish moss occurs only occasionally, but here every branch is hung with its long, waving streamers, contrasting well with the soft, dark foliage of the cedar. Before us stands the old mansion-house of the island plantation, approached on three sides by these stately avenues, while the western front overlooks the smaller islands and inlets which lie between Fort George and the main shore. The house is formed of one large quadrangle and four smaller squares touching the main building only at the corners, the rooms connecting by means of piazzas which fill in the four spaces. The great chimney tells outside of the huge old fire-place within, six feet at least in width, where there is room for great, unsplit logs of live-oak, that would make cheer and comfort for the coldest northern Christmas. In this climate such a fire can only be endured by opening the doors and windows. A latticed passage leads back to the "kitchen-house," ivy and jasmine mingle upon the walls, the perfume of orange blossoms is in the air, and the delicate fragrance of the wild olive flower. A large bitter-orange tree hangs full of gleaming fruit; knotted old trees, which will by and by be full of luscious figs, are putting out their leaves; roses are blooming in the borders.

At the distance of an eighth of a mile are the remains of the old negro quarters, some of them still in repair. Here, in a semi-circle of five hundred feet diameter, are thirty-two cabins of a material called "tabby," a concrete of shells and lime. The

extremes and the two center ones are larger than the rest, containing four good-sized rooms. These were the drivers' houses. Except a few still used, all are unroofed and in a state of greater or lesser ruin. Situated thus, they were under the master's eye, and he could see with a glass from the piazza any one going out or in at any door.

Beyond the "quarters," through fields reclaimed from their wildness and once more under cultivation, curves a magnificent avenue of palms, the boast of the island and unequaled upon the continent. For more than a thousand feet the two rows of stately trunks lift their round tops fifty or sixty feet in air, and here and there in the neighboring field, still older ones tower up and up above them. There are several of these whose age can scarcely be guessed, but an inhabitant of a neighboring island, now nearly eighty years old, remembers that in her earliest childhood they looked just as they do now. The avenue is said to have been planted under the direction of an overseer during the absence of his master, and was to have extended across the island. But the planter returned, and was so enraged at the "waste" of time and labor that the unlucky overseer was discharged upon the spot. Whatever may have been his name, the present occupants can but hold him in grateful memory, and wish that a contrary wind had detained his master a month longer—for they are now extending the avenue according to the original plan. Taken altogether, the place is said to be as good a specimen of the old-time plantations of the better class as can be found in the South.

For a hundred years the old mansion was the residence of the lords of the soil, and the scene of many a strange and romantic story. Traditions of crime and cruelty could hardly be wanting in a spot where at times the destinies of over six hundred have hung upon a single will, where the whipping-post and the stocks may still be seen,—happily now only as curiosities,—and prisons, where one refractory slave woman was forgotten and starved to death, and nail-prints in the door-post, where others were nailed fast by the ear for punishment. Stories of dark deeds and terrible calamities have been handed down among the always superstitious negroes, and there are spots upon the island where not one of them could be induced to go alone at night. Toward the southern shore stands a large unfinished house of cement and shell. It

was begun long ago by one of the planters for the home of his married daughter, but the work was interrupted by his sudden and violent death, and never completed. The roofless walls stand near the road, with tall trees filling their inclosures and waving far above their tops; a background of dark woods throws their whiteness into strong relief, and every old uncle and aunty upon the island, as well as many a younger one, has seen the apparition that haunts the "ghost house" and the "ghost woods."

"Bless yer heart, honey, 'taint allus de same; dat's 'cordin' to yer sins. Sometimes it's a woman all in white, a-standin' upon de front platform, an' a-wavin' her arms at you; but if yer heart is drefful black an' yer sins awful heavy, why, den it's a great wolf wid eyes like fire."

A number of these people were here under the old *régime*, and some have interesting stories to tell. Not long ago died "Uncle Oliver," too old and feeble to do much but sit and bask in the sun. He had been born free in Pennsylvania, but was kidnapped when quite young and sold into Virginia. Making repeated efforts to escape, he was sold further south and still further, till finally he reached Florida, where there seemed at length no hope.

"So I done gib it up at last, and jiss make up my mind to be a good darkey; an' when I gib it up, den de Lord He done took it in hand, an' Glory Hallelujah! he set us all free!"

Longer ago, however, than any of these people now living can remember, this old plantation was the scene of a strange romance. The young owner of the island, cultivating hundreds of acres and raising enormous crops of cotton and sugar, used to build schooners in a ship-yard of his own, and imported slaves directly from the African coast, selling to his neighbors such as he did not want. He was unmarried. Perhaps no one of the daughters of the neighboring planters could be persuaded to share the lonely life which could hardly have appeared attractive in any woman's eyes; perhaps he preferred a life of freedom and independence. However that may have been, he was in the habit of going occasionally to Africa himself, and of buying his slaves from the native chiefs, who disposed in this way of their prisoners of war.

During one of these visits, while engaged in bargaining, he was struck with the grace and beauty of the chief's young daughter, a child of ten years old. He

proposed to buy her, but she was a favorite child and her father could not part with her. Persuasions were for a time unavailing, but at length the savage father, unable to resist the glitter of the white man's gold, agreed to part with his child upon condition that she should be treated with consideration and brought up, as becomes a king's daughter. The planter promised, and, strange to say, he kept his word. She was kindly cared for and well educated, and in course of time became the planter's lawful wife. She had, according to tradition, with the exception of a dark skin, none of the usual negro characteristics. Her handsome features were regular, her hair smooth, her presence dignified and commanding. Her husband seems never to have regretted his unusual course, and her influence over her captive countrymen was unbounded. In addition to her position and superior intelligence was the consideration of her native rank, which to them at least was a source of unquestioned right.

The establishment was kept up in almost princely style. The sons were sent to England to be educated; for the daughters French and English governesses were procured, and established in separate houses near the mansion; white artisans of various kinds were constantly employed, making quite a large community aside from the hundreds of slaves upon the island. And over all this, in her husband's long and frequent absences, reigned our dusky princess, as absolute in her insular domain as her savage father in his native wilds. She had a strong and powerful mind, and womanly kindness and sympathy as well. One old negro, who died some time since, so old that no one could remember him as other than old, used to tell how he was brought over when young to this island, where he had lived ever since, and how he and others, sick and exhausted, were ministered to by the "missis'" own hands, and how they all loved her and always prayed, "Lord bless Ma'am Hannah!" Every morning as she stood upon this very spot the field hands passed in review before her, each gang with its driver, going to their daily work. She inspected them all, picking out such as were unfit for labor and sending them to the hospital or to lighter tasks; and every night in the same spot she heard a report of the day, examined into all complaints, and with strict justice adjudged each offender's punishment; and without her order not a lash could be given.

Master, mistress and slaves all went to dust long ago. At the planter's death, his wife retired to a plantation which he had given her in Hayti, and there ended her days, and her descendants still live and honor her memory.

Turn away now to the north, and, leaving the broader road, climb up a narrow path through the tangled brush, where wild grape-vines festoon the trees above us. The island abounds in wild grapes of delicious flavor. From here, indeed, were sent the first seedlings of the well-known Isabella grape, which took its name from another former lady of the island. For her was named, too, the high point looking out to the north-east, to whose top we now climb—Point Isabel. A rude seat invites to rest, and the foliage curving away at each side of the narrow opening frames a picture of perfect loveliness. At our feet the bank slopes precipitously down thirty or forty feet to the border of a little sea-side lake which lies partly in the shadow of the higher ground. Tall rushes fringe its banks, and clumps of dark sedge and light-green marsh grass mirror themselves in spots where it catches the sunshine. Upon the reedy bank stands solemnly a solitary crane. Between the pool and the sea, a line of low, white sand-hills, with patches of brown weeds that shine golden in the afternoon light, while from a palm-grove at the right stretches out to meet it a narrow green strip, at whose point a group of graceful palms outline their heads against the sky. Beyond these a bar of dazzling sand where flocks of sea-gulls are disporting themselves, the white foam of the breakers and infinite distance. A great eagle soars majestically above us, the only speck in a cloudless sky; the calm ocean is of a bright, celestial, luminous blue, that almost pains the eye with its intensity of color, and the flocks of gulls rising together with a screaming cry, catch upon their white breasts the brightness of the western sky and throw it back, broken into a silvery constellation.

On again, by a steeper path, we reach the tower upon Mount Cornelia, and, ascending to its top, see the sun sinking behind the green woods of Florida, and take a last look upon our island. To the north lies the beautiful island of Talbot and the point of Fernandina in the distance; at the east, the Atlantic, whose white strand is dyed with rose from the sunset; at the west, the main-land of Florida, and at the south, across the variegated expanse of salt

meadow, embayed in dark-green woods and dotted with palm-grown oases and little pools which reflect the glowing sky, are seen the St. John's River and the light-house upon the opposite bank. The prevailing dark green of the forest tops—which, from the preponderance of glossy foliage and the peculiar fineness of all, has a soft, velvety look—is varied with every possible shade. The new green of the live-oaks, the delicate freshness of the hickory and other deciduous trees, the tops of the pine-groves here and there, with a score of other shades which the practiced eye can recognize, blend together in one harmonious, beautiful mass. Faint wreaths of smoke rise here and there to remind us that it is not all our own, that mankind is again, for

the third time at least, trying to wrest this beautiful kingdom from mother Nature's hand—say rather, to share with her its delights, as dutiful children may.

Over wood and plain and sea and sky the sunset throws a glory of its own. The scene is one of perfect repose and peace. Standing here, we cannot wonder that a universal sentiment has inspired the poets of all times to find their ideal of peace and felicity in far-off islands of the sea; that Pindar sang in sweetest numbers of the "Islands of the Blest," or our own Whittier:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

A PORTRAIT.

I KNOW not wherein lay the charm
She had in those remembered days.
The Olympian gait, the welcoming hand,
The frank soul looking from her face,

The manly manners all her own—
Nor yet coquette, nor cold, nor free:
She puzzled, being each in turn;
Or dazzled, mingling all the three.

Out of those gowns, so quaintly rich—
They grew, unshaped by Milan's shears!—
Rose, like a tower, the ivory throat
Ringed with the rings the Clytie wears.

But, when you sought the Roman face
That on such columns grew—and grows!
You found this wonder in its stead—
The sea-shell's curves, the sea-shell's rose!

Her eyes, the succory's way-side blue;
Her lips, the wilding way-side rose:
But, Beauty dreamed a prouder dream,
Throned on her forehead's moonlit snows.

And, over all, the wreathed hair
That caught the sunset's streaming gold,
Where, now, a crocus bud was set,
Or violet, hid in the braided fold!

But, she, so deep her conscious pride,
So sure her knowledge she was fair—
What gowns she wore, or silk, or serge,
She seemed to neither know, nor care.

She smiled on cat, or frowned on friend,
Or gave her horse the hand denied.
To-day, bewitched you with her wit,
To-morrow, snubbed you from her side.

Loyal to truth, yet wed to whim,
She held in fee her constant mind.
Whatever tempests drove her bark,
You felt her soul's deep anchor bind.

In that dark day when, fever-driven,
Her wits went wandering up and down,
And seeming-cruel, friendly shears,
Closed on her girl-head's glorious crown,

Another woman might have wept
To see such gold so idly spilled.
She only smiled, as curl and coil
Fell, till the shearer's lap was filled;

Then softly said: "Hair-sunsets fade
As when night clips day's locks of gold!
Dear Death, thy priestly hands I bless,
And, nun-like, seek thy convent-fold!"

Then slept, nor woke.
O miser Death,
What gold thou hidest in thy dust!
What ripest beauty there decays,
What sharpest wits there go to rust!

Hide not this jewel with the rest—
Base gems whose color fled thy breath—
But, worn on thine imperial hand,
Make all the world in love with Death!

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER IV.

"I'LL BE THE FIRST TO MEET YOU WHEN YOU COME IN."

THE wagon in which Blossom is hidden is by daylight the shabbiest in the train. No one looking upon it from the outside would fancy for a moment that any precious thing had been committed to its keeping. A time-worn, dust-stained "tilt" is stretched over its ribs, showing many a rent and clumsily bestowed patch, the wheels protest loudly against each revolution and the joints seem about to wrench themselves apart at every lurch over the uneven ground. But this shabbiness after all is not weakness. It has been added to and heightened by Stubbs as a snare and a delusion. For Stubbs is not the first man whom love has made ingenious, and even artful. One incongruity in the arrangement of the team did awaken comment for a time. The shabby wagon was not drawn by oxen, as were most of the others in the train, but by stout, strong mules capable of great speed if put to the test. But as they never have been put to the test, and as the size and general appearance of the wagon gives the impression of weight, comment gives out after the first day or two, and goes to sleep again without arousing suspicion.

But it is over the interior arrangements that Stubbs's ingenuity has spread itself and borne fruit. The outer covering may be torn, dexterously and never to the windward; the inner—save where some provision has been made for ventilation—is whole and laughs at the rain. If any one were curious enough to search beneath this he would still be baffled by the craftiness of the little sutler. To all appearance it is filled with rough deal boxes packed so closely together as to leave hardly a crack between. But really, each one has been sawed off a few inches from the end, and all having been fastened firmly together, they form a stout wall rising half-way about the interior. One of the rough planks when unfastened from within swings back to form a door to the tiny apartment which is thus secured from all surprise. The narrow walls inside are hung about with scarlet blankets, the floor covered with fine buffalo-skins—a wise precaution, for the cold has been strengthening

every day. A pile of wolf-skins in one corner serves for a lounging-place by day and a warm couch by night, or a hammock, hanging from one loop now, can be stretched across the diminutive apartment if need be. A swinging shelf and glass serve for a toilet-table, a box, deftly concealed, for a wardrobe, while another shelf holds a few books, and thrust into pockets which the girl has amused herself by attaching to the hangings of her apartment, are all the little knickknacks of use or fancy which a thoroughly indulged young person of delicate tastes might gather about herself, fancying them after a time indispensable. A frail work-basket, built it would seem upon a foundation of blue ribbon and straws which the wind might blow away, hangs suspended over the wolf-skin couch where at this moment lies a half-completed mystery in worsted work. The needle is thrust in as though it had been hastily deserted; the bright wools have fallen in a neglected tangle upon the floor. Ah, Blossom! Blossom! are these the neat habits and orderly ways you are carrying home after so many years of training in the states? But where is the little mistress of the place?

She is standing before the glass, if the truth must be told, enveloped in a very faint glory from the rays of a flickering candle. The curtains and screens so carefully provided, shut in the feeble light from any stray passer outside. A soft gray gown and little fur-lined sacque, from which she seemed to have slipped just now, lie on the floor at her feet. She is arrayed in a pair of full dark-blue trowsers and a belted blouse. Under the stars this might well pass for the dress of a boy. She is drawing her brown hair at this moment into a loose twist upon the crown of her head, covering it at last with a broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt hat. Then she surveys herself in the glass. Not with curiosity or a shadow of coquettish amusement at the odd, piquant little figure reflected there. She turns about, sets her hat more firmly upon her head with a grave, critical air, and with even a touch of sadness or foreboding in the childish countenance, from which time has scarcely smoothed away the baby-dimples yet. At a peculiar tap upon the wall be-

hind her she starts hurriedly and covers the candle with a screen, when the knock is repeated. She draws the bolt fastening her into her hiding-place. The door swings into the little room, and Stubbs follows it.

"See; I have dressed as you bade me," Blossom says. She uncovers the candle and stands in its trembling light. Her eyes are dark, and her face is pale under its yellow, flickering rays. "Must I really go, and without you? I am afraid when I think of it." There is a break in her voice—the slipping of a string to jar the melody. "The night is so dreadful, and I heard the men outside, while you were gone, say that the Indians had risen all along the trail. Is that why you are sending me away?" She threw her arms about her father, and tried to read the truth in his face.

"They lied, child; there wa'n't no truth in it. They were just tryin' to scare one another. That's all." And yet should he let her go away with no suspicion of the truth? She would be sure to learn something of it from her companions. Would it not be better for him to tell her now? "There aint any Injuns within a dozen miles. Some o' the boys reckoned they saw smoke off t' the so't'ard, where there's a camp most likely."

"Then there is a camp? and so near!"

He felt the girl tremble in his arms. No; he could not tell her.

"Mebbe," he said slowly. Oh, the artful simplicity and doubt in his voice! "A peaceful kind o' camp, with women an' children."

Blossom breathed again. But still she hung upon his neck.

"Let me stay with you," she pleaded. "I wouldn't be afraid with you."

"Aint I been a good father to ye, child?" The man's breath came hoarse and heavy, as though the weight upon his breast was more than he could bear. "Not as though I'd had advantages an' lived t' the States; but aint I been as good as I've know'd how t' be?"

"Oh, better than anybody in the world!" sobbed the girl.

"And couldn't ye trust me, Blossom? jest this once, and go like a good gal? I ought never to 'a' brought ye. This aint no place for ye. But, I wanted ye so, child; ye don't know," and he stroked the shoulder of the girl with his broad, rough hand.

Only Blossom's low sobs broke the silence for a moment. Then she raised her

head. "I'll go, father; and I'll try not to be afraid. You'll be coming soon?" she added timidly.

But Stubbs had turned his back upon her.

"Don't mind about me; you'll have yer mother; I ought to 'a' fetched her oftener t' see ye. She's an uncommon woman, yer mother is. She'll do more for ye 'n ever I could." But his voice broke over the last words.

"But you speak as if—as if you were not coming at all!" burst out poor Blossom, frightened at she knew not what.

"To be sure I'm coming," said Stubbs, with a hoarse, broken laugh. "You'll be lookin' out for us at sunset to-morrow, ef there don't no storm set in. Or don't be watchin', child, p'raps we shan't get in till daylight." He was kneeling on the floor as he spoke, before a box bound about with iron and with a padlock hanging to it. Out from its depths he now brought a small pistol, beautified with chased and frosted work in silver. He put it into her hands. "Don't be scairt," for she had nearly cried out when she saw what the bauble was. "I bought it for ye, child. I thought 'twould please ye. See, there's silver an' shinin' stones on it." He loaded it with careful, trembling hands. Then he came and stood beside her and showed her how it was to be held and cocked and fired. Twice over he did this.

"But what am I to do with it, father, dear?"

"I've known o' women's putting 'em to their heads sooner'n t' fall into the hands o' the Injuns," he said carelessly, while he fitted a cap to it, but great drops of sweat started out on his forehead. "Just wear it in yer belt, child, so; 'twont do no harm, an' I thought 'twould look kind o' neat." He took her face in his hard hands and kissed her tenderly—her smooth forehead, her soft, pretty hair, from which the hat had fallen. "It's time ye were settin' off," he said; "ye'll think sometimes of yer poor old father?"

"I shall think of you all the way," said Blossom, "and I'll be the first to meet you when you come in."

"I wouldn't be lookin' out. 'Taint good luck, they say. But it's time ye were leavin'. I'll just see if they're ready for ye." He put the little fur-lined jacket upon her with clumsy tenderness. It brought back her baby-days when he had dressed her many a time. "My little gal!" he said softly, as his hand brushed her cheek. He had raised the blanket to leave her, when a

new thought seemed to strike him. "There aint any such thing as a Bible among your traps?"

Blossom's eyes opened wide, but she silently handed him a Testament from the swinging shelf above her.

He shook his head. "Ye might read a word or two before ye start. My old mother set a store by that book. She used to read it to me when I was a little un. There's somethin' in it about 'long-sufferin' an' tender mercies.' 'Long-sufferin,'" he repeated slowly. "That's a good word. It sounds kind of encouragin' to a man that's been roughin' it here for most twenty years." Then he went out by the way he had come in, carefully closing the door after him.

Blossom sat down upon the pile of skins after he had gone. Her fears had been much more over the darkness through which she must journey, and the dread of making it with strange companions, than of any actual danger. But she was accustomed to obedience, and she had promised to go, so now she put aside her terrors as well as she could, and set herself to obeying his parting injunction. She opened the Testament at random and read the chapter her eyes first fell upon. It was not at all appropriate to her situation, but she read it carefully to the end, while her fears crept away with soft-shod feet, and her anxiety over her father gradually followed. That had lingered last—an indefinable pain and fear connected with him. But this, too, slipped away as she read. While he, searching about in the darkness for Captain Elyot and the scout, answering the challenges of the sleepy sentinels, and making hasty, thoughtful preparations for her departure, had bidden her already a last farewell in his heart.

When still she was not summoned, she busied herself quite simply putting her apartment in order, as though she were to return to it again. These natural, every-day duties helped to compose her mind, and she was ready and quite calm when her father came a few moments later with a cup of coffee in his hand. He brought out some simple food and set it before her. "Ye must eat and drink, child, or ye'll be faint an' give out before ye git there." He held the cup while she drank. It was Baby-Blossom again in his arms. "D'ye remember how I carried ye all night long when ye were down wi' the fever? There couldn't nobody else give ye so much as a drop o' water."

She was gentle and dainty, and not like him or his ways, but she had chosen him before all the rest in that time so long ago! Yes, Blossom remembered well. But it brought the tears to her eyes to-night. Why did he recall it now?

He pressed her to eat. He waited upon her like a servant. No; he served her like a slave—a slave who loved his chains. But the bread grew more and more bitter every moment to Blossom, who swallowed her tears with it.

Every sound was still; even the animals within the corral seemed sleeping as they crept out of the wagon. The darkness was only a dusky gray. The great, white stars were pale to-night. The sleeping men did not stir at the sound of their feet as they passed. A sentinel sprang up in their way. But at a low word he fell back. Three horses were tied to one of the wagons. Cogger and the scout and another figure stood by them.

"Is that you, Stubbs? This way."

Black Jess gave a whinny of welcome as the girl brushed by. Some one lifted her into the saddle. She was trembling with fright or cold.

"You'll take care of her?" Stubbs said hoarsely.

"I will," replied a suppressed voice at her elbow, as her foot found the stirrup. "With my life," it added.

"An'—if the wust comes——"

"I'll do by her as though she were my own sister," and Captain Elyot sprang into the saddle and took Blossom's bridle in his hand.

"I b'lieve ye."

"Come, come," and Cogger pressed in between them. "Taint no time for manners. The moon'll be up afore ye know it. I hope ye aint one o' the screechin' kind?" to Blossom.

"I—I don't know."

"Ye'll keep quiet, little gal, whatever comes?" said Stubbs, stroking the horse upon which Blossom was seated (with what tenderness!)

"Yes, father."

"Because," Cogger went on, "I've known a whole camp o' red-devils turned out jest by the screech of a woman. Not that I was meanin' t' speak ha'sh t' ye," he went on apologetically, examining her bridle and giving a critical shake to the saddle, "but ye see, fur myself, I'm powerful skeert ov Injuns, and hate most awful to wake 'em up. Wall, that's about all. Ye can tell

the major," addressing himself to Captain Elyot, "ef he could spare us a company o' reg'lars, we'd be obleeged to him."

"To-morrow," whispered Blossom, leaning down and throwing her arms around her father's neck. "Don't tell me not to watch for you. I'll be the first to meet you."

Poor Stubbs tried to speak, but the words would not come. He felt her warm kisses on his face, then she was gone. The three figures moved off slowly until the darkness shut Blossom from her father's sight.

He strained his eyes 'till they could serve him no longer. Then he dropped upon the ground and listened to the muffled sound of the horses' hoofs, till that too died away. Cogger moved uneasily about at a little distance and finally joined him.

"Ye'd better sleep while ye ken," he said, ostentatiously wrapping his blanket about himself.

"Thar aint no sleep for me," replied the little sutler, resting his face upon his hands and staring straight into the darkness where Blossom had disappeared.

"Kind o' low in yer mind, aint ye?" queried Cogger. "But Lord, man, they'll git in. I'll trust Toney for that."

"I ought never to 'a' brought her," pursued Stubbs gloomily.

"Thet's so," said the wagon-master. "Thet's what I said t' the Cap'n. 'Twarn't quite the squar' thing. Howsomever, I don't bear no grudge ag'in ye."

But even this generous concession failed to comfort Stubbs.

"You see, I kind o' hankered after her," he went on, partly to himself.

"I s'pose so," said Cogger. "They seem to; though I don't know much about wimmin, myself. They 'pear mostly to be gittin in folks' way. There was a gal, once, down Washita way,"—he added after a reflective pause. "Hm, ye should 'a' heerd that gal laugh! But I aint much to look at myself," he went on, "an' that goes a long way with wimmin. Though I hev thought—but thar, most likely she wouldn't 'a' looked at sech a poor-sperited creeter."

And after this remarkable piece of confidence, Cogger did at last roll himself into a gray cocoon and resign himself to sleep.

When he was still, Stubbs rose quietly and strolled off to his wagons, entering the one Blossom had occupied. There was no confusion of hurried departure here. Everything was tidy and in its place. Even the gray gown, hardly yet cold from her form,

was folded neatly, and lay upon the pile of wolf-skins where the little figure had rested so many times. He took the soft fabric between his hands. It was like Blossom, it was almost a part of herself, and he stroked it gently until in the working of his mind his hand forgot the motion. No one had thought to put out the candle. It burned low and there was a winding-sheet about it if the man had but looked to see. After a time he roused himself, searched around for a moment, then took an old memorandum book from his pocket and began to write.

It was a brief record which he made, but he hesitated long over it and finished it with a sigh at last. He tore out the leaf and after a moment of consideration pinned it to the little gray gown. Then he went out and lay down with the rest.

CHAPTER V.

"A GIRL! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?"

THE moon has been up for an hour, and shines white and cold over the level stretch of sandy plain around Fort Atchison. The river sleeps in its shallow bed under a thin coverlet of ice. The very night itself seems sleeping—or would but for this one open eye coldly staring down. The sentinels, with the capes of their coats muffled about their heads, pace off the weary time, longing for the hour of relief, yet stolidly going their rounds.

One, more alive than the rest, suddenly halts in his steps to listen. A faint, continuous and increasing sound has scattered the stillness hanging over the fort. It breaks at length into the thud of hoofs upon the frozen ground. A dark speck upon the eastern horizon is growing each moment. It divides into two—or three?—moving objects. "Buffaloes," mutters the man with faint interest. A detour throws the figures, still drawing near, against the pale sky. "Injuns!" he utters aloud, and begins to feel the stirring of a soul within his torpid body. Other ears have caught the sound. Heads are thrust out of hastily opened windows, voices follow; nearer and nearer stretch the mounted figures in a straight line for the gate. "Tony Baird, by —!" exclaims the sentinel, and calls for the corporal of the guard, as the scout, followed by Captain Elyot supporting what seems to be a boyish figure upon the horse beside him, sweeps up to the gate.

In a moment they are within and sur-

rounded. Even Mrs. Bryce, wife of the major commanding at the post, follows her husband, having donned those articles of apparel first in hand, and which, it must be confessed, are neither numerous nor becoming. But she is an old campaigner, and knows the advantage of being to the front at once.

Claudia Bryce, the major's daughter, and Miss Laud, who is paying her a long visit, run out muffled up to their eyes and join the gathering crowd about Captain Elyot, just as the young man has told his story and delivered his dispatches into the hands of the major. "We crept by their camp not six miles from the wagons, but what with the distance and the darkness we could not estimate their number."

The bugle sounds "to horse!" rousing the last sleeper and awakening general confusion. There are calls and shouts and a hasty running to and fro, with the trampling of iron-shod feet, while the women press curiously around Captain Elyot, who is lifting Blossom from her horse. They stare at her nondescript dress, when all at once her hat falls off, and her pretty brown hair comes rolling down over her shoulders.

"A girl! Who would have thought it?" "Scandalous!" whispers Miss Bryce, who would have been a fright in such a costume.

"Poor child; what a sweet face!" says another.

"Who is she?" rustles all through the little crowd. Even her strange dress and unconscious condition cannot hide the attributes of a lady. She must be some one of distinction, bound for a post farther on.

"Nae gude, I dare say," ventures Jinny, Mrs. Bryce's overgrown Scotch maid, who stands on the outskirts of the assembled company, her hands upon her hips, prepared to defy the devil and all his works as displayed in the person of Blossom.

But there is no end to the officiousness of those near by. "Bring her to our house," says the major's wife, bustling up with an air of command. "Get your salts, Claudia, quick, she seems to have fainted."

"Where is her mother? Will nobody call her mother?" Captain Elyot exclaims impatiently, trying to push his way as well as he can for the burden in his arms through the crowd of females, each one of whom, unless it be strong-minded Jinny, has something to suggest or offer. "She's only frightened half to death." Then in the

silence that has dropped on the little company, he explains hastily, "She is Stubbs's daughter; where is her mother?"

"Oh!" and the crowd fell back, to a woman. Literally, to a woman. For Jinny alone stood her ground.

"Who'd 'a' believed it! Stubbs's lass! I'll fetch her mither, mon, if ye'll bide here. Or may be ye'd best follow. An' t' think," said she to herself, when she had started off at a galloping pace more swift than graceful, "t' think I should 'a' ta'en her to be the devil's ain! But beauty's aye deceitfu'," she added by way of excuse. "An' who'd 'a' thought Stubbs's lass would 'a' been sae bonnie!"

Half way to the sutler's quarters they met Mrs. Stubbs, to whom the birds of the air had perhaps carried the news.

"An' did you bring her in, Cap'n Elyot?" said the woman, receiving the girl in her strong arms, without a word of love or welcome over the unconscious form. "It's a good night's work you've done for yourself. We shan't be forgetting it in a hurry. But is it true that the Injuns are out on the trail?"

She was holding the girl close in her arms. The rising wind had seized the red shawl she had thrown hastily over her head, when she ran out at the exciting news. It caught the long, loose locks of her straight black hair, and blew it about her face where the color came and went, as she asked this question, like the pale and glow of the iron under the hammer.

"Yes; we passed a large camp less than a dozen miles from here. But the wagons were safe enough a couple of hours ago. I'm going back now with re-enforcements to bring them in. Any message for your husband?"

The woman was moving off already with her burden. There was no change in her countenance at this corroboration of her fears.

"You might tell him not to throw himself into the thick of it. He aint so spry as he used to be," she added as an apology for the caution. "But man, come on to the house, and I'll get ye a bite an' something to keep the cold out."

"Thanks, but we're off now," and he took the bridle of the fresh horse from the servant, who led it up at the moment.

"Bide at our house, mon. I'd set ye out something in a wink, an' the leddies ud be proud to see ye," said Jinny, who lingered near.

"Thanks, Jinny, but I shall fare as well

as the rest of them. I'll pay my respects to the ladies to-morrow if we have good luck. Take care that Sergeant McDougal doesn't run his head against a bullet, Jinny, and good-bye to you."

At this thrust, the girl threw her apron over her head with a bashful giggle.

"Oh, Jinny!" He reined in his horse. "Look in on Mrs. Stubbs, by and by, and if you can do anything for the daughter—I'll make it up—to the sergeant!" and his horse's hoofs rattled over the ground as he dashed to the head of the troop and rode out at the gate.

The clank and jingle of accouterments with the thud of hoofs died away, and the company of riders was soon only a cloud of dust under the paling moon. The gates were closed and securely fastened, the crowd scattered, the ladies suddenly aware that broad daylight would hardly find presentable a costume which might be picturesque enough at a midnight alarm. Reveille sounded; the routine of the day began, the garrison being quickened into unusual activity by the news Captain Elyot had brought in. Sleep was not to be thought of in the midst of such excitement. Even the ladies at head-quarters had no intention of seeking sleep again, though daylight had hardly streaked the east.

"We may as well make ourselves comfortable," said Claudia Bryce, the major's daughter, wrapping a plaid about her shoulders and curling herself upon the outside of the bed in the low narrow room that was Claudia's "bower," while waiting for Jinny to come and light her fire.

"My flesh fairly creeps," said Miss Laud, preparing to follow her example. "Are you sure, Claudia, there is no danger of their attacking the fort?"

"Perfectly sure," Claudia responded coolly. "It is only a thieving expedition—after the wagons."

"But if they attack the wagons there will be fighting."

"Perhaps; though they are much more likely to run when they see the troops and know that the post is aroused."

Then they came back to the incident which had so startled them.

"It was quite dramatic," said Miss Laud lightly. "Really, Claudia, in a play nothing could be more effective. And what an odd dress! One would have taken her to be a boy, but for that unlucky hat. Pray do you army ladies affect such costumes?"

"Not at all," Claudia replied with em-

phasis. "No lady in the army or anywhere else would think of wearing such a dress."

"Then I conclude, my dear, that you do not consider this young person to be a lady."

"A lady!" repeated Miss Bryce in scorn. "What are you thinking of, Kitty. You heard him call for her mother. She is the sutler's daughter. You remember Mrs. Stubbs? You bought your worsteds of her yesterday."

"It can't be possible, Claudia! That dreadful woman! But the daughter is very pretty," Miss Laud persisted,—"far prettier than any girl at the post—unless, dear, we except ourselves, as is quite proper and right," she added with a laugh.

"She is extremely artful," retorted Miss Bryce, who did not smile over her friend's pleasantry. "Did you see how her hair fell down just at the right moment, when Captain Elyot lifted her from her horse?"

Miss Bryce's own locks were heavy and blonde, but they lay for the most part upon the dressing-table before her.

"Oh, Claudia! you can't believe that she pulled out the pins!"

"I can believe anything of that class of people," Claudia answered scornfully.

"My dear, you are at odds with your conditions. You should have been born an English duchess, to talk of 'that class of people!' Whatever the cause, the tableau was very effective," yawned Miss Laud, pulling the wrap up to her pink and white chin, for the morning was chilly and Jinny unaccountably delayed, "and Mademoiselle, the sutler's daughter, has come to stay?"

"Yes, I believe so, unless some unexpected piece of good fortune removes the whole family."

"You will hardly think it necessary to call?"

"To be sure, not."

"I am afraid it will be rather dull for the poor thing—she certainly had the appearance of a lady."

"I am not responsible for such a misfortune," Claudia responded coldly.

"And that was Captain Elyot," Miss Laud went on meditatively. "Claudia, why did you never tell me how handsome he is?"

"And he never looked at me, though I stood directly before him," burst out Miss Bryce, who could keep back no longer the cause of her extraordinary ill-humor. "He has been away three months and comes back to ask for—Mrs. Stubbs!"

"Be reasonable, dear. Think of the excitement of the moment, his haste, the errand he had come on, and that girl in his arms to be disposed of. He was bewildered with questions——"

"But he was not blind."

"And even if you were close beside him, he might not have recognized you—in the dark——"

"Oh, Kitty, it was a bright moonlight."

"Between moonlight and dawn, dear, and we wrapped up like Esquimaux." (And really Claudia was very plain and not at all like herself in a neglectful or hurried toilet, thought Miss Laud in the very depths of her soul.) "Still he might have given you a look—a word, and you almost engaged to him," she added inconsistently.

"I never said that, Kitty."

"But you told me of his constant visits and his devotion before he went east. If such conduct has any meaning—which it frequently has not, I must confess," she added frankly.

"How do I know that he may not have been equally devoted to this girl?" asked Claudia, hot and suspicious. "Think of the long journey across the plains together! Chance, rather than choice, breeds love, Kitty. Oh, you know it does! And though he rode in, before my eyes, he never gave me a thought. It was all for this girl and her mother."

"To get rid of her, dear. But don't cry, pray don't. Jinny will come and everybody will wonder at your red eyes. And will you let me give you a piece of advice?"

Claudia regarded her friend inquiringly.

"Go and call upon this girl—at once—to-day. Oh, there is nothing in it. She looked like a child."

"Go and call?" repeated Miss Bryce. Indignation dried up her tears. "Never!"

"No, I don't suppose you will," Miss Laud said slowly, entirely unmoved by Claudia's wrath directed now to herself. "I don't suppose I should, myself. But I am convinced that would be the best thing to do—although very likely I shouldn't do it. But at least you will not show any annoyance when he comes back? You will appear the same as usual to him?"

"Why shouldn't I appear the same?" replied Claudia, turning upon her friend. "He is nothing to me," she added, with a rather late assumption of dignity. Then she had nearly broken down again. "There are others more mindful of me than he

shows himself to be," she said, with a choking voice.

"To be sure there are." Miss Laud hastened to concur with her. "Lieutenant Gibbs, for instance, who would cut off his head for you any day. I am not so sure that he would sacrifice his mustache."

"Why do you speak of that idiot?" Claudia said, crossly.

And then Jinny did at last appear, to light the fire; an interruption Miss Laud secretly rejoiced in. Claudia's manner had become decidedly disagreeable, and she was glad that the conversation had come to an end. She hastened to dress in order to leave the room before Jinny had finished her task. Left to herself, Claudia might recover her usual tolerable humor, and even consider her advice. It could not be that she was so weak as to show herself mortified and angry to her friends,—who would easily divine the cause,—and above all to Captain Elyot himself!

CHAPTER VI.

COMING HOME.

ALL day long Blossom lay upon the bed her mother had aired and spread with her own hands in expectation of her coming. Much of the time she was alone, lying with close-shut eyes, hearing her mother's sharp, quick voice, and the half-breed Tolee's muttered replies through the thin partition, as in a dream. Tolee moved about lazily among her pots and pans in the kitchen. Not even the coming home of her young mistress, or the expected arrival of her master with the friends he might bring to sup with him, could rouse her. But Mrs. Stubbs was alert and everywhere—tasting of the simmering preparations for a feast already under way in the kitchen, peering with curiosity and pride over Blossom's pillows, and answering the constant summons to the store. Was there always this strange, loud restlessness about the woman, moving the very air perceptibly? Blossom felt her coming before she drew near; her heart beat quickly; involuntarily she closed her eyes and feigned sleep. She was half afraid of this mother with her sharp voice and abrupt ways, so unlike the gentle manners to which the girl had become accustomed. Had she really come home? Do our friends come to us when they stand before our glad eyes and lay their hands in ours? Are not the distant often nearer, the dead even, more truly present? Blossom's heart with the first moment of consciousness had traveled

back over the trail to the wagon-train. The brown, rolling land was around her again. Again she heard the creak of the slow-moving wheels. Screened by the darkness, she had mounted black Jess and rode by her father's side. Then her dream vanished as she opened her eyes and saw her mother standing by the bed with a tray in her hand. The woman had come in with careful step, almost afraid that a breath might blow away the pretty creature lying on the pillows, and whom she could hardly yet realize to be her own.

"You must try to eat a bit," she said, setting down her tray. "It's wearing toward night, and not a mouthful have you taken to-day."

"Night?" repeated Blossom, sitting up in a little flurry of excitement. "I ought not to have slept so long, they'll be coming in, and I promised —"

"There's time enough," said the woman, but her hand shook nervously as she set out the tray and gave the little bowl of steaming broth to Blossom. "It's a long hour to dark yet, and they wont come before that."

She moved about restlessly while Blossom sipped her broth. More than once she pulled the curtain and looked out upon the waning day. A fierce wind swept by, the great snow-clouds that had been rolling up for hours, now spread out a solid phalanx.

"There's snow in the air," she said with a shiver, "I've felt it all day. There'll be a storm to-morrow."

"But they'll be in before that."

Content and a hope that was like assurance had come to Blossom with the spoonfuls of warm broth she was sipping.

"Yes, long before that," the mother repeated hastily. She left the window, and from the foot of the bed watched the girl as she ate, but with an ear for every sound outside. They ought to come in now, this moment. They should have been in an hour ago, if no harm had befallen them. If she could but see and know the worst! If she could have borne the brunt of it instead of Stubbs, who was not indeed, as she had told Captain Elyot, the man he had been once. Ah, to wait and listen was like being bound with chains! The wind seemed to bring strange frightened voices; the air was full of cries as she moved to the window again. The dog in his kennel, just outside, howled a warning for somebody. Blossom, unconscious of her mother's anxiety, had begun to lose something of her timidity,

She prattled like a child, now of her father, of the train, of her joy at coming home.

"I should have been quite happy," she ran on, "if Aunt Julia had not been so sad over my coming away."

"She's no aunt of yours," Mrs. Stubbs said sharply, suddenly recalled from her own thoughts. "And she's forgot it most likely by this time."

"I think she can't have quite forgotten it so soon." Tears had come into Blossom's eyes at this rough-shod comfort. "And she was very kind, and wished me to call her Aunt. Nobody could have been so kind," the girl went on—"unless," she added suddenly, mindful to whom she was speaking, "it were you or dear father." Her tears were falling now.

"Don't cry, child," Mrs. Stubbs said, impatiently. "She set a store by you, I don't doubt; but that's past and gone."

"She has hardly any one in the world but me," Blossom persisted, little dreaming of the jealous pain she aroused in her mother's heart.

No one but her! And did this woman who had cared for Blossom so many years really lay claim to the child! She had been hired to shelter and teach her. The term of service was over. There was an end of it.

"But I shall see her again. She will come to us, or we shall go there," and Blossom wiped away her tears.

"You're low from the fright and all," Mrs. Stubbs said evasively. Come to them? or they go to her? Never!—the woman said in her heart, losing sight of everything for the moment but that this woman had won the child's love to herself. But Blossom would forget. Her own life had been too full from day to day to hold reminiscences. So it must be with the child, and she held in the bitter words on her lips. "You'll be better in the morning. The scare was too much for you. Lord! when I was your age I'd have thought nothing of a gallop of twenty miles or a brush with the red-skins either. But girls aint now what they used to be. Why, I've heard Miss Claudia here screech out at a striped snake I could 'a' killed with the heel of my shoe."

"Miss Claudia!" Blossom caught at the name.

"Yes; the major's daughter. You must have seen her. She was out with the rest of 'em when you came in this morning. But I forgot. You didn't know anything about it. She's a friend of the cap'n's—Cap'n Elyot." Blossom's face warmed into inter-

est at this name. The mother marked it. "They did say he was paying attention to her before he got leave and left for the states, but I never believed it. He can see as far as the best of 'em; and she's false, Miss Claudia is." Mrs. Stubbs made this damaging statement against the major's daughter as calmly as though it had been the mildest innuendo. "But I reckon you saw a good deal of the captain on the way out," she added slyly, watching the girl, whose face was turned toward her.

"Yes," Blossom said slowly, unconscious of this espionage, "I saw him often riding with the others. I came to know his face quite well."

"He's a pleasant-spoken young man. Many's the evening he's spent here, smoking a pipe with your father, or taking a hand at cards with the rest of 'em."

"I never heard him speak," Blossom said thoughtfully, "or only once. It was the night before we left the train—last night. How long ago it seems! I climbed down from the wagon—it was dark, you know—for a breath of air and—and I met him face to face."

"He had a pleasant word for you, I'll warrant."

Blossom did not say that she had given him no opportunity to offer such a word. "He apologized and went away," she said, but she blushed a little, remembering how she had begged him to go. She must have appeared very silly in his eyes.

"But there was the long ride to the fort," persisted the mother, anxious to know how far this most fortunate acquaintance had progressed. "It don't stand to reason that he never spoke to you once on the way."

"I hardly know; I cannot remember; but I was so frightened at last!" Blossom forgot everything else in the recollection of it. "We rode close to their camp, so close that we thought we had roused them. I shall never forget it!" and the girl began to tremble, covering her face.

"There, don't think about it," said the mother, who hardly knew how to deal with fancies and fears so unlike her own. "It'll pass out of your mind when you've slept on it. Yes, he's a real gentleman, Captain Elyot is," she went on, going back to the first subject. "Stubbs'll give him something handsome when he comes in; though ten chances to one he won't take it. He's that proud, Cap'n Elyot is. But we'll ask him to supper. Your father'll know I'm

getting ready for 'em and'll bring him here, I don't doubt."

"And you think there is no danger?" Blossom asked in a trembling voice. The ride of the night before had come back to her so vividly as to arouse her fears again.

"How can that be with the troops to back 'em? Why, the Injuns'll fly like smoke before the wind." Blossom was assured by the bold words; the more perhaps because she remembered who rode at the head of the company from the fort. "You just make yourself fine, child, and don't worry about your father. Put on your prettiest ribbons, for I'm greatly mistaken if we don't have a handsome young man to supper to-night."

"But they're bringing my ribbons in with them," laughed Blossom. "I shall have no time to put them on. And oh, mother, I have no clothes but these!" And the girl looked ruefully at the odd dress which she had worn into the fort.

"Never you mind, child. You've that in your face that's better than fine clothes," the mother said proudly. "An' Captain Elyot has seen 'em a'ready, so it won't signify. You don't happen to know if there's any one else your father'd be likely to bring home with him?"

"There was a Captain—I have forgotten his name. He had charge of the train."

"Luttrell, perhaps. He's expected about this time."

"Yes; and there was the wagon-master," Blossom said hesitatingly; "he seemed to be a friend to father."

"Cogger? They've been back and forth together a good many years now," the woman said indifferently. "But he won't come, nor Captain Luttrell, if I have my way. Thank God, we've done keeping open house, and being at the beck and call of anybody who'd a mind to come. I made 'em a grand supper before your father set out, and told 'em 'twas the last they need look for here. We'll keep to ourselves, now that you've come home. 'Twouldn't be seemly to be having everybody hanging about the house. We'll pick and choose among 'em. And Stubbs may open the store to the rest, if they must have their pipe and their game, and something to wash down their losses. For they do play high sometimes, though it's not for me to say so. Not that it's worse than at any of the other posts," she added with quick caution. "And what can you expect of men who've nothing else to do the most of the time? Whatever'll become

of 'em when they've killed off all the Injuns the Lord knows!" The woman had worked herself into a cheerful humor over the derelictions of those about her. "I'll just take one more look into the kitchen," she said, "and then go and dress myself. For it's wearing toward night." The clouds seemed to drop lower and lower until they shut out every gleam of light. "Yes, it's wearing fast toward night;" and she sighed as she hastened away. Her cheerfulness had been only on the surface after all.

She was detained as she passed through the store. Perhaps the odors from the feast in preparation—savory and growing stronger—had stolen through the fort, for more than one idler dropped in to pay a tribute to Stubbs's popularity, and express a hope that all would go well with the train. They might perhaps look in later in the evening when he had really come, which must be soon now; it would be too dark to follow the trail in an hour. But Mrs. Stubbs was deaf to all such suggestions. She had not prepared her banquet, roasting and broiling over the fire, to serve those who had staid at home. It would be time enough to gather whoever chose to come when her expected guests failed her. So she made but brief answer to all the congratulations over her daughter's coming home. Yes, she was quite recovered, since they were so polite as to ask. But though more than one of the young officers had brushed up his uniform, it was all in vain. No invitation to walk into the parlor they all knew so well followed this cool reply. They began to realize at last that the door of that mild paradise was indeed closed upon them.

Then Mrs. Stubbs hastened away to dress. She laid by the common dark print worn ordinarily, and brought out a high-colored silk of old-fashioned make which had been folded away for years. Some young ambition, outgrown later, some womanly desire to be dressed like the best of those about her, had given it a place among her stores. It was creased in odd squares from lying folded away and rattled like paper when she shook it out, but she arrayed herself in it with trembling hands. A thoughtless word, never intended to give pain, which Blossom had dropped carelessly about Aunt Julia's tasteful dress, had brought this from its hiding-place. The girl should see that her mother, too, could be fine if she chose. The bright colors heightened her dark beauty. She stood before the glass and smoothed her sleek hair and pinned a

handkerchief across her bosom, a deeper red than usual flushing her brown cheeks at this late consciousness of her good looks. It was years since such a thought had crossed her mind. She was shy of showing herself to Blossom when all was done. What if the girl should laugh at her for her pains! She hesitated at the door of the parlor. There was a flash of warm color in the room as the fire flamed up. Odd, incongruous pieces of furniture were ranged stiffly against the walls. The pipes and the well-stained rickety card-tables, that had been the chief ornaments of the apartment, were gone. The sanded floor was covered now with a gay carpet. The roses upon it bloomed into sudden summer as the fire-light touched them. It had all been made gay and ugly in anticipation of Blossom's coming. Comfort had been scared away, and stiff conventional propriety sat bolt upright in the heavy arm-chairs, or propped itself primly upon the high-backed sofa. The girl for whom all this sacrifice had been made—if sacrifice it was—had curled herself upon the hearth-rug within the circle of flickering light, her loose pretty hair making a kind of dusky nimbus about her head. The quiet of the room, broken only by the shrieking wind outside, oppressed her. The forebodings which waiting and listening bring to the stoutest heart began to weigh upon her. There came a cheerful rustle at the door as Mrs. Stubbs in her paper gown stepped into the room. The yellow, dancing light struck the bright colors and stretched up to the handsome crimsoning face under the smooth dark hair. Blossom started as though she had seen a vision.

"How beautiful you are!" she exclaimed, her eyes opening wide, her hands unclasp-

"As fine as your friends t' the states?" And Mrs. Stubbs laughed a shy, awkward laugh as she busied herself over the fire.

"Oh, much finer," Blossom said gravely. "It was only because she was so good to me and dear, that Aunt Julia was beautiful to look at."

She brought out from its corner one of the heavy old arm-chairs. It squeaked and groaned as she set it before the blaze. It burst out into hideous sprawling flowers as the light touched it, blue and yellow and purple, which the paper gown crushed and covered ruthlessly as Mrs. Stubbs took her place in it. There were companionship and cheer in the fire, though they sat in silence before it. The wind swept around the

house and wailed in the chimney as they waited in silence. All at once there was a tramp of feet outside. Blossom caught her mother's arm and listened,—her heart still, her lips apart, while the red glow died on the woman's face. A moment and it passed by. It was only the relieving guard. Suddenly in a lull of the wind an icy tap struck the window pane. Mrs. Stubbs started from her seat and hurried to the window. Not a dozen rods away lay the broad, frozen river, and beyond, the endless stretch of sandy plain. But her eyes, blinded by the fire, saw only the thick darkness shutting them in.

"I must go out," she said half wildly. "I'll be back soon." For her own fears were thrown upon Blossom's face. "Don't be frightened. It's nothing at all. Only I've an errand down to the major's. I forgot it before."

"But, can't Tolee go? The storm has begun."

"No, no; I'll go myself," the woman said, putting Blossom by and beginning to wrap a shawl about her head.

"Take me with you, then." It was dreadful to be left alone. What was it her mother feared? Could something have befallen the train? But her father had said that they might not get in till hours later than this,—till morning even. "Do let me go." But her mother would not listen. "I'll be back soon," she said; "keep the fire bright, against they come, and if you mind staying alone you can go to the kitchen." Then she closed the door after her and went out into the night. Yes, the snow was falling. It was that which had struck against the window. The wind still raged. It beat on her head and pulled at her shawl and threw a mocking laugh after her as she struggled on. Already she had forgotten Blossom. She and Stubbs were alone again, in her excited imagination, as they had been before Blossom came to them. Ah, many a dark night with the wind and the wolves howling about her had she waited for him! The snow must have been falling softly for some time. It covered her feet as she pushed through the light drifts. She had known a storm like this to sweep down and bury horses and men from sight. The river would be hidden in an hour. The trail would be lost. A lantern went hurrying by in the darkness. There was the tread of feet, the trample of hoofs muffled by the snow. Others watched as well as she. She hastened on,—where, or to what

end she hardly knew herself; the snow and sleet struck her face like a stinging hand. There were lights in the windows she passed. From one came a ringing laugh. Let them laugh! Housed safe and warm they had no thought of those who might be lying stiff and stark under the snow or pressing on to their death. There was a faint, answering wail from a distance as the wind shrieked and was still for a moment. Was it the wind, or the call of belated men borne in upon her bewildered ears? Again it came. It was caught up and echoed with a great shout below her. The shawl blew back from her head as, her arms thrown free, she struggled toward the gate. There were voices and cries and lanterns swinging high in air. A dozen mounted figures dashed away with a cheer. Thank God! The wagons were coming in at last!

Blossom went back to the fire where her mother had left her. It was better to be alone than with stupid Tolee in the kitchen. She sat down to wait as patiently as she could. She had no presentiment of harm that could have befallen her father when she had put away the nervous terrors that fluttered about her and gave herself really to consider the subject. Had he not assured her that there was nothing to fear! She remembered now that she was hungry. It might be late before their grand supper was served, if, indeed, it was not spoiled in waiting,—for already a faint alarming scent of burning stole in from the kitchen. She begged a cake of Tolee, who, stupid or ungracious, would have put her off; then she came back to her post to eat it, and listen, and wait. The dancing fire-light made her yawn. In spite of herself she grew drowsy and dozed. It might have been a few moments, it might have been hours, when the wind blew down the chimney with a screech, flapping a sudden gust in her face, putting out the candle she had lighted, and sending the ashes scurrying over the hearth. She sprang up frightened and wide-awake. Her mother had not returned. She was still alone. Was she dreaming yet? or were strange confused sounds tossed back and forth outside—a new awakening at the post, like that upon which she had closed her eyes early in the morning? She lit the candle, but before her eager hands could set it in its place, or the shadow had been driven to the corners of the room, these sounds drew near. She flew to throw the door wide open at the tread of feet outside. He must have come! Had she not

said that she would be the first to greet him? All the confused, far-off voices flew into the room as the wet wind struck her face. The long red rays from a lantern swung zigzag on the snow. Voices were calling, shouts replying, a rider galloped by, lights were dancing in the distance. But what was this the men were bearing past her into the

house,—this dragging heavy burden wrapped from sight? And why did her mother follow, weeping and wringing her hands?

The blanket dropped from the dead face, and Blossom fell like a snow-flake where she had stood aside to let them pass. For it was Stubbs—dead, shot through the heart.

And this was Blossom's coming home.

(To be continued)

LODUSKY.

THEY were rather an incongruous element amid the festivities, but they bore themselves very well, notwithstanding, and seemed to be sufficiently interested. The elder of the two—a tall, slender, middle-aged woman with a somewhat severe, though delicate face,—sat quietly apart, looking on at the rough dances and games with a keen relish of their primitive uncouthness, but the younger, a slight alert creature, moved here and there, her large, changeable eyes looking larger through their glow of excitement.

"Thet gal thar," drawled a tall mountaineer who supported himself against the chimney and spat with placid regularity into the fire. "They tell me thet gal thar hes writ things as has been in print. They say she's powerful smart—arns her livin' by it. 'T least thet's what Jake Harney says, 'n' they's a-boardin' at Harney's. The old woman's some of her kin, 'n' goes 'long with her when she travels 'round."

There was one fiddler at work sawing industriously at one tune which did good service throughout the entertainment, there was a little furious and erratic reel-dancing and much loud laughter and good-natured, even if somewhat personal, jest. The room was one of two which formed the house, the walls were of log, the lights the cheery yellow flare of great pine-knots flung one after the other upon the embers.

"I am glad I thought of North Carolina," Rebecca Noble said to herself. There is a strong hint of Rembrandt in this—the bright yellow light, the uncouth figures. Ah! who is that?"

A short time after, she made her way through the crowd to her relative's corner among the shadows. She looked eager and excited, and spoke in a quick, breathless fashion.

"I want to show you something, if you

have not already seen it," she said. "There is in this room, Aunt Miriam, the most wonderful creature your eyes ever rested on! You must prepare yourself to be startled. Look toward the door—at that tall girl standing with her hands behind her."

She was attired in a calico of flaunting pattern and leaned against the log-wall in an indifferent attitude, regarding the company from under the heavy lashes of her eyes, which had a look of stillness in them which was yet not repose. There was something even secretive in her expression, as if she watched them furtively for reasons of her own. At her side stood a big discontented-looking young man who confronted aggressively two or three other young men equally big, if not equally discontented, who seemed to be arguing some point with him and endeavoring to engage the attention of his companion. The girl, however, simply responded to their appeals with an occasional smile, ambiguous, if not scornful.

"How I wish I could hear them!" exclaimed Miss Noble.

It was her habit to utilize any material she chanced to find, and she had really made her summer jaunt to North Carolina in search of material, but she was not thinking of utilizing this girl as she managed to keep near her during the remainder of the evening. She had merely found something to be keenly interested in, her interest in any human novelty being, on occasion, intense. In this case her interest increased instead of diminished. She found the girl comporting herself in her natural position as belle, with a calm which was slightly suggestive of "the noble savage." Each admirer seemed to be treated with indifference alike, though there were some who, for reasons best known to themselves, evidently felt that they stood more securely than the rest. She moved through game

and dance with a slow yet free grace; she spoke seldom, and in a low, bell-like monotone, containing no hint of any possible emotional development, and for the rest, her shadow of a disdainful smile seemed to stand her in good stead. Clearly as she stood out from among her companions from the first, at the close of the evening she assumed a position actually dramatic.

The big young mountaineer, who, despite his discontent, was a very handsome fellow indeed, had held his own against his rivals stubbornly during the evening, but when, after the final dance, he went in search of his charge, he found that he was not first.

She had fallen into her old attitude against the wall, her hands behind her, and was listening to the appeal of a brawny youth with a hunting-knife in his belt.

"Dusk," he was saying, "I'm not such a chicken-hearted chap as to let a gal go back on me. Ye sed I mout hev yer comp'ny home, 'n' I'm a-gwine to hev it, Dave Humes or no Dave Humes."

Dusk merely smiled tolerantly.

"Are ye?" she said.

Rebecca Noble, who stood within a few feet of them, was sure that the lover who approached was the Dave Humes in question, he advanced with such an angry stride, and laying his hand on his rival's shoulder, turned him aside so cavalierly.

"No he aint," he put in; "not an' me about. I brought ye, an' I'll take ye home, Lodusky, or me and him 'll settle it."

The other advanced a step, looking a trifle pale and disheveled. He placed himself square in front of Lodusky.

"Dusk Dunbar," he said, "you're the one to settle it. Which on us is a-gwine home with ye—me or him? Ye haint promised the two of us, hev ye?"

There was certainly a suddenly lit spark of exultation in the girl's coolly dropped eyes.

"Settle it betwixt ye," she answered with her exasperating half-smile again.

They had attracted attention by this time, and were becoming the center figures of a group of lookers-on.

The first had evidently lost his temper. She was the one who should settle it, he proclaimed loudly again. She had promised one man her "comp'ny" and had come with another.

There was so much fierce anger in his face that Miss Noble drew a little nearer, and felt her own blood warmed.

"Which on us is it to be?" he cried.

There was a quick, strong movement on the part of the young man, Dave, and he was whirled aside for a second time.

"It's to be me," he was answered. "I'm the man to settle that—I don't leave it to no gal to settle."

In two seconds the lookers-on fell back in dismay and there was a cry of terror from the women. Two lithe, long-limbed figures were struggling fiercely together and there was a flash of knives in the air.

Rebecca Noble sprang forward.

"They will kill each other," she said. "Stop them!"

That they would have done each other deadly injury seemed more than probable, but there were cool heads and hands as strong as their own in the room and in a few minutes they had been dragged apart and stood, each held back by the arms, staring at each other and panting. The lank peace-maker in blue jeans who held Dave Humes shook him gently and with amiable toleration of his folly.

"Look 'ere, boys," he said, "this yere's all a pack of foolishness, ye know—all a pack of foolishness. There aint no sense in it—it's jest foolishness."

Rebecca cast a quick glance at the girl Lodusky. She leaned against the wall just as she had done before; she was as cool as ever though the spark which hinted at exultation still shone steadily in her eye.

When the two ladies reached the log-cabin at which they had taken up their abode, they found that the story of the event of the evening was before them. Their hostess, whose habit it was to present herself with erratic talk or information at all hours, met them with hospitable eagerness.

"Waal now," she began, "jest to think o' them thar fool boys a-lettin' into one another in that thar way. I never hearn tell o' sich foolishness. Young folks *is* so foolish. 'N' they drord knives?" This in the tone of suggestive query.

"Yes," answered Miss Noble, "they drew knives."

"They did!" benignly. "Lord! What fools! Waal now, an' Dusk—what did Dusk do?"

"She stood by and looked on" was the reply.

"Lord!" with the inimitable mountain drawl; "ye don't say so! But it's jest like her—thet is. She's so cur'us, Dusk is. Thar aint no gettin' at her. Ye know the gals ses' as she's allers doin' fust one quare thing

'n' then another to get the boys mad at each other. But Lor', p'raps 'taint so! Dusk's powerful good-lookin', and gals is jealous, ye know."

"Do you think," questioned Miss Noble, "that they really would have killed each other?"

"Lord! yaas," placidly. "They went to do it. Both Dan'l and Dave's kinder fiery, 'n' they'd nuther on 'em hev give in with Dusk a-lookin' on—they'd hev cut themselves to pieces fust. Young folks is so foolish; gettin' mad about a gal! Lord knows gals is plenty enough."

"Not girls like this one," said Miss Noble, laughing a little.

"Waal now, she is good-lookin', aint she? But she's cur'us, Dusk is—she's a cur'us creetur."

"Curious!" echoed Rebecca, finding the term vague even while suggestive.

"Yaas," she said, expansively, "she's cur'us, kinder onsosherble 'n' notionate. Now Dusk is—cur'us. She's so still and sot, 'n' Nath Dunbar and Mandy they think a heap on her, 'n' they do the best they kin by her, but she don't never seem to keer about 'em no way. Fur all she's so still, she's powerful sot on fine dressin' an' rich folkses ways. Nath he once tuk her to Asheville, 'n' seems like she's kinder never got over it, but keeps a-broodin' 'bout the way they done thar, 'n' how their clothes looked, 'n' all thet. She knows she's handsum 'n' she likes to see other folks knows it, though she never says much. I hed to laugh at my Hamp once; Hamp he aint no fool, an' he'd been tuk with her a spell like the rest o' the boys, but he got chock full of her, 'n' one day we was a-talkin', 'n' the old man he says, 'Waal now, that gal's a hard wad. She's cur'us, an' thar's no two ways about it.' An' Hamp he gives a bit of a laugh kinder mad, 'n' he ses, 'Yes, she's cur'us—cur'us as —! May be he felt kinder roughed up about her yet—but I hed to laugh."

The next morning Miss Noble devoted to letter-writing. In one of her letters, a bright one, of a tone rather warmer than the rest, she gave her correspondent a very forcible description of the entertainment of the evening before and its closing scene.

"I think it will interest him," she said half aloud, as she wrote upon the envelope the first part of the address, "Mr. Paul Lennox."

A shadow falling across the sunshine in the door-way checked her and made her look up.

It had rather an arousing effect upon her to find herself confronting the young woman, Lodusky, who stood upon the threshold, regarding her with an air entirely composed, slightly mingled with interest.

"I was in at Mis' Harney's," she remarked, as if the explanation was upon the whole rather superfluous, "'n' I thought I'd come in 'n' see ye."

During her sojourn of three weeks Rebecca had learned enough of the laws of mountain society to understand that the occasion only demanded of her friendliness of demeanor and perfect freedom from ceremony. She rose and placed a chair for her guest.

"I am glad to see you," she said.

Lodusky seated herself.

It was entirely unnecessary to attempt to set her at ease; her composure was perfect. The flaunting-patterned calico must have been a matter of full dress. It had been replaced by a blue-and-white-checked homespun gown—a coarse cotton garment short and scant. Her feet were bare, and their bareness was only a revelation of greater beauty, so perfect was their arched slenderness. Miss Dunbar crossed them with unembarrassed freedom and looked at the stranger as if she found her worth steady inspection.

"Thet thar's a purty dress you're a-wearin'," she vouchsafed at length.

Rebecca glanced down at her costume. Being a sensible young person, she had attired herself in apparel suitable for mountain rambling. Her dress was simple pilgrim gray, taut made and trim; but she never lost an air of distinction which rendered abundant adornments a secondary matter.

"It is very plain," she answered. "I believe its chief object is to be as little in the way as possible."

"'Taint much trimmed," responded the girl, "but it looks kinder nice, 'n' it sets well. Ye come from the city, Mis' Harney says."

"From New York," said Rebecca. She felt sure that she saw in the tawny brown depths of the girl's eyes a kind of secret eagerness, and this expressed itself openly in her reply.

"I don't blame no one fur wantin' to live in a city," she said, with a kind of discontent. "A body might most as soon be dead as live this way."

Rebecca gave her a keen glance. "Don't you like the quiet?" she asked. "What is it you don't like?"

"I don't like nothin' about it," scornfully. "Thar's nothin' here."

Very slowly a lurking, half-hidden smile showed itself about her fine mouth.

"I'm not goin' to stay here allers," she said.

"You want to go away?" said Rebecca. She nodded.

"I *am* goin'," she answered, "some o' these days."

"Where?" asked Rebecca, a little coldly, recognizing as she did a repellant element in the girl.

The reply was succinct enough:

"I don't know whar, 'n' I don't keer whar—but I'm goin'."

She turned her eyes toward the great wall of forest-covered mountain, lifting its height before the open door, and the blood showed its deep glow upon her cheek.

"Some o' these days," she added; "as shore as I'm a woman."

When they talked the matter over afterward, Miss Thorne's remarks were at once decided and severe.

"Shall I tell you what my opinion is, Rebecca?" she said. "It is my opinion that there is evil enough in the creature to be the ruin of the whole community. She is bad at the core."

"I would rather believe," said Rebecca musingly, "that she was only inordinately vain." Almost instantaneously her musing was broken by a light laugh. "She has dressed her hair as I dress mine," she said, "only it was done better. I could not have arranged it so well. She saw it last night, and was quick enough to take in the style at a glance."

At the beginning of the next week there occurred an event which changed materially the ordinary routine of life in the cabin. Heretofore the two sojourners among the mountain fastnesses had walked and climbed under the escort of a small, tow-headed Harney. But one evening as she sat sketching on her favorite flat seat of rock, Miss Noble somewhat alarmed this youth by dropping her paper and starting to her feet.

"Orlander" Harney sat and stared at her with black eyes and opened mouth. The red came and went under her fair skin, and she breathed quickly.

"Oh," she cried softly, "how *could* I be mistaken!"

That she was not mistaken became evident immediately. At the very moment she spoke, the advancing horseman, whose ap-

pearance had so roused her, glanced upward along the path and caught sight of her figure. He lifted his hat in gay greeting and struck his horse lightly with his whip. Rebecca bent down and picked up her portfolio.

"You may go home," she said quietly to the boy. "I shall be there soon; and you may tell Miss Thorne that Mr. Lennox has come." She was at the base of the rock when the stranger drew rein. "How is this?" she asked with bright uplifted eyes. "We did not think —"

It occurred to Lennox that he had never recognized her peculiar charm so fully as he did at this moment. Rebecca Noble, though not a beauty, possessed a subtle grace of look and air which was not easily resisted,—and just now, as she held out her hand, the clear sweetness of her face shadowed by her piquantly plain hat of rough straw, he felt the influence of this element more strongly than ever before.

"There was no reason why I should not come," he said, "since you did not forbid me."

At sunset they returned to the cabin. Lennox led his rather sorry-looking animal by the bridle, and trusting to its meekness of aspect, devoted his attention wholly to his companion.

"Thet's Nath Dunbar's critter," commented "Mis'" Harney, standing at the door. "They've powerful poor 'commodations fur boardin', but I reckon Nath must 'a' tuk him in."

"Then," said Rebecca, learning that this was the case, "then you have seen Lodusky."

But he had not seen Lodusky, it seemed. She had not been at home when he arrived, and he had only remained in the house long enough to make necessary arrangements before leaving it to go in search of his friends.

The bare, rough-walled room was very cheery that night. Lennox brought with him the gossip of the great world, to which he gave an air of freshness and spice that rendered it very acceptable to the temporary hermits. Outside, the moon shone with a light as clear as day, though softer, and the tender night breezes stirred the pine-tops and nestled among the laurels; inside, by the beautiful barbarous light of the flaring pine-knots on the hearth, two talkers, at least, found the hours fly swiftly.

When these two bade each other good-night, it was only natural that they should

reach the point toward which they had been veering for twelve months.

Miss Thorne remained in the room, drawing nearer the fire with an amiable little shiver, well excused by the mountain coolness, but Rebecca was beguiled into stepping out into the moonlight. The brightness of the moon and the blackness of the shadows cast by trees and rocks and undergrowth, seemed somehow to heighten the effect of the intense and utter stillness reigning around them,—even the occasional distant cry of some wandering wild creature, marked rather than broke in upon the silence. Rebecca's glance about her was half nervous.

"It is very beautiful," she said, "and it moves one strongly; but I am not sure that it is not, in some of one's moods, just a little oppressive."

It is possible Lennox did not hear her. He was looking down at her with eager eyes. Suddenly he had caught her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"You know why I am here, Rebecca," he said. "Surely, all my hoping is not vain?"

She looked pale and a little startled; but she lifted her face and did not draw herself away.

"Is it?" he asked again. "Have I come on a hopeless errand?"

"No," she answered. "You have not."

His words came freely enough then and with fire. When Rebecca re-entered the cabin her large eyes shone in her small, sweet face, and her lips wore a charming curve.

Miss Thorne turned in her chair to look at her and was betrayed into a smile.

"Mr. Lennox has gone, of course," she said.

"Yes."

Then, after a brief silence, in which Rebecca pushed the pine-knots with her foot, the elder lady spoke again.

"Don't you think you may as well tell me about it, Beck, my child?" she said.

Beck looked down and shook her head with very charming gravity.

"Why should I?" she asked. "When—when you know."

Lennox rode his mildly disposed but violently gaited steed homeward in that reposed state of bliss known only to accepted lovers. He had plucked his flower at last; he was no longer one of the many; he was ecstatically content. Uncertainty had no charm for him, and he was by no means the

first discoverer of the subtle fineness her admirers found so difficult to describe in Miss Noble. Granted that she was not a beauty, judged rigidly, still he had found in her soft, clear eye, in her color, in her charming voice, even in her little gestures, something which reached him as an artist and touched him as a man.

"One cannot exactly account for other women's pining before her," he said to himself; "but they do—and lose significance." And then he laughed tenderly. At this moment, it was true, every other thing on earth paled and lost significance.

That the family of his host had retired made itself evident to him when he dismounted at the house. To the silence of the night was added the silence of slumber. No one was to be seen; a small cow, rendered lean by active climbing in search of sustenance, breathed peacefully near the tumble-down fence; the ubiquitous, long-legged yellow dog, rendered trustful by long seclusion, aroused himself from his nap to greet the arrival with a series of heavy raps upon the rickety porch-floor with a solid but languid tail. Lennox stepped over him in reaching for the gourd hanging upon the post, and he did not consider it incumbent upon himself to rise.

In a little hollow at the road-side was the spring from which the household supplies of water were obtained. Finding none in the wooden bucket, Lennox took the gourd with the intention of going down to the hollow to quench his thirst.

"We've powerful good water," his host had said in the afternoon, "'n' it's nigh the house, too. I built the house yer a-purpose, —on 'count of its bein' nigh."

He was unconsciously dwelling upon this statement as he walked, and trying to recall correctly the mountain drawl and twang.

"She," he said (there was only one "she" for him to-night)—"she will be sure to catch it and reproduce it in all its shades to the life."

He was only a few feet from the spring itself and he stopped with a sharp exclamation of the most uncontrollable amazement,—stopped and stared straight before him. It was a pretty, dell-like place, darkly shadowed on one side but bathed in the flooding moonlight on the other, and it was something he saw in this flood of moonlight which almost caused him to doubt for the moment the evidence of his senses.

How it was possible for him to believe

that there really could stand in such a spot a girl attired in black velvet of stagy cut and trimmings, he could not comprehend, but a few feet from him there certainly stood such a girl, who bent her lithe, round shape over the spring, gazing into its depths with all the eagerness of an insatiable vanity.

"I can't see nothin'," he heard her say impatiently. "I can't see nothin' nohow."

Despite the beauty, his first glance could not help showing him she was a figure so incongruous and inconsistent as to be almost *bizarre*. When she stood upright revealing fully her tall figure in its shabby finery, he felt something like resentment. He made a restive movement which she heard. The bit of broken looking-glass she held in her hand fell into the water, she uttered a shamefaced, angry cry.

"What d'ye want?" she exclaimed. "What are ye a-doin'? I didn't know as no one was a-lookin'. I ——"

Her head was flung backward, her full throat looked like a pillar of marble against the black edge of her dress, her air was fierce. He would not have been an artist if he had not been powerfully struck with a sense of her picturesqueness.

But he did not smile at all as he answered:

"I board at the house there. I returned home late and was thirsty. I came here for water to drink."

Her temper died down as suddenly as it had flamed, and she seemed given up to a miserable, shamed trepidation.

"Oh!" she said, "don't ye tell 'em—don't—I—I'm Dusk Dunbar."

Then, as was very natural, he became curious and possibly did smile—a very little.

"What in the name of all that is fantastic are you doing?"

She made an effort at being defiant and succeeded pretty well.

"I wasn't doin' no harm," she said. "I was—dressin' up a bit. It aint nobody's business."

"That's true," he answered coolly. "At all events it is not mine—though it is rather late for a lady to be alone at such a place. However, if you have no objection I will get what I came for and go back."

She said nothing when he stepped down and filled the gourd, but she regarded him with a sort of irritable watchfulness as he drank.

"Are ye—are ye a-goin' to tell?" she faltered, when he had finished.

"No," he answered as coolly as before. "Why should I?"

Then he gave her a long look from head to foot. The dress was a poor enough velveteen and had a cast-off air, but it clung to her figure finely, and its sleeves were picturesque with puffs at the shoulder and slashings of white,—indeed the moonlight made her all black and white; her eyes, which were tawny brown by day, were black as velvet now under the straight lines of her brows, and her face was pure dead fairness itself.

When, his look ended, his eyes met hers, she drew back with an impatient movement.

"Ye look as if—as if ye thought I didn't get it honest," she exclaimed petulantly, "but I did."

That drew his glance toward her dress again, for of course she referred to that, and he could not help asking her a point-blank question.

"Where *did* you get it?" he said.

There was a slow flippancy about the manner of her reply which annoyed him by its variance with her beauty—but the beauty! How the moonlight and the black and white brought it out as she leaned against the rock, looking at him from under her lashes!

"Are ye goin' to tell the folks up at the house?" she demanded. "They don't know nothin', and I don't want 'em to know."

He shrugged his shoulders negatively.

She laughed with a hint of cool slyness and triumph.

"I got it at Asheville," she said. "I went with father when they was a show thar, 'n' the women stayed at the same tavern we was at, 'n' one of 'em tuk up with me 'n' I done somethin' for her—carried a letter or two," breaking into the sly, triumphant laugh again, "'n' she giv' me the dress fur pay. What d'ye think of it? Is it becomin'?"

The suddenness of the change of manner with which she said these last words was indescribable. She stood upright, her head up, her hands fallen at her sides, her eyes cool and straight—her whole presence confronting him with the power of which she was conscious.

"Is it?" she repeated.

He was a gentleman from instinct and from training, having ordinarily quite a lofty repugnance for all profanity and brusqueness, and yet somehow,—account for it as

you will,—he had the next instant answered her with positive brutality.

"Yes," he answered. "Damnably!"

When the words were spoken and he heard their sound fall upon the soft night air, he was as keenly disgusted as he would have been if he had heard them uttered by another man. It was not until afterward when he had had leisure to think the matter over that he comprehended vaguely the force which had moved him.

But his companion received them without discomfiture. Indeed, it really occurred to him at the moment that there was a possibility that she would have been less pleased with an expression more choice.

"I come down here to-night," she said, "because I never git no chance to do nothin' up at the house. I'm not a-goin' to let *them* know. Never mind why, but ye mustn't tell 'em."

He felt haughtily anxious to get back to his proper position.

"Why should I?" he said again. "It is no concern of mine."

Then for the first time he noticed the manner in which she had striven to dress her hair in the style of her model, Rebecca Noble, and this irritated him unendurably. He waved his hand toward it with a gesture of distaste.

"Don't do that again," he said. "That is not becoming at least"—though he was angrily conscious that it was.

She bent over the spring with a hint of alarm in her expression.

"Aint it?" she said, and the eager rapidity with which she lifted her hands and began to alter it almost drew a smile from him despite his mood.

"I done it like hern," she began, and stopped suddenly to look up at him. "You know her," she added; "they're at Harney's. Father said ye'd went to see her jest as soon as ye got here."

"I know her," was his short reply.

He picked up the drinking-gourd and turned away.

"Good-night," he said.

"Good-night."

At the top of the rocky incline he looked back at her.

She was kneeling upon the brink of the spring, her sleeve pushed up to her shoulder, her hand and arm in the water, dipping for the fragment of looking-glass.

It was really not wholly inconsistent that he should not directly describe the inter-

view in his next meeting with his betrothed. Indeed, Rebecca was rather struck by the coolness with which he treated the subject when he explained that he had seen the girl and found her beauty all it had been painted.

"Is it possible," she asked, "that she did not quite please you?"

"Are you sure," he returned, "that she quite pleases *you*?"

Rebecca gave a moment to reflection.

"But her beauty ——" she began, when it was over.

"Oh!" he interposed, "as a matter of color and curve and proportion she is perfect; one must admit that, however reluctantly."

Rebecca laughed.

"Why 'reluctantly'?" she said.

It was his turn to give a moment to reflection. His face shadowed, and he looked a little disturbed.

"I don't know," he replied at length; "I give it up."

He had expected to see a great deal of the girl, but somehow he saw her even oftener than he had anticipated. During the time he spent in the house, chance seemed to throw her continually in his path or under his eye. From his window he saw her carrying water from the spring, driving the small agile cow to and from the mountain pasturage, or idling in the shade. Upon the whole it was oftener this last than any other occupation. With her neglected knitting in her hands she would sit for hours under a certain low-spreading cedar not far from the door, bare-footed, coarsely clad, beautiful, every tinge of the sun, every indifferently leisurely movement, a new suggestion of a new grace.

It would have been impossible to resist the temptation to watch her; and this Lennox did at first almost unconsciously. Then he did more. One beautiful still morning she stood under the cedar, her hand thrown lightly above her head to catch at a bough, and as she remained motionless, he made a sketch of her. When it was finished he was seized with the whimsical impulse to go out and show it to her.

She took it with an uncomprehending air, but the moment she saw what it was a flush of triumphant joy lighted up her face.

"It's me," she cried in a low eager voice. "Me! Do I look like that thar? Do I?"

"You look as that would look if it had color, and was more complete."

She glanced up at him sharply.

"D'ye mean if it was han'somer?"

He was tempted into adding to her excitement with a compliment.

"Yes," he said, "very much handsomer than I could ever hope to make it."

A slow deep red rose to her face.

"Give it to me!" she demanded.

"If you will stand in the same position until I have drawn another—certainly," he returned.

He was fully convinced that when she repeated the attitude there would be added to it a look of consciousness.

When she settled into position and caught at the bough again, he watched in some distaste for the growth of the nervously complaisant air, but it did not appear. She was unconsciousness itself.

It is possible that Rebecca Noble had never been so happy during her whole life as she was during this one summer. Her enjoyment of every wild beauty and novelty was immeasurably keen. Just at this time to be shut out, and to be as it were high above the world, added zest to her pleasure.

"Ah," she said once to her lover, "happiness is better here—one can taste it slowly."

Fatigue seemed impossible to her. With Lennox as her companion she performed miracles in the way of walking and climbing, and explored the mountain fastnesses for miles around. Her step grew firm and elastic, her color richer, her laugh had a buoyant ring. She had never been so nearly a beautiful woman as she was sometimes when she came back to the cabin after a ramble, bright and sun-flushed, her hands full of laurel and vines.

"Your gown of 'hodden-gray' is wonderfully becoming, Beck," Lennox said again and again with a secret exulting pride in her.

Their plans for the future took tone from their blissful, unconventional life. They could not settle down until they had seen the world. They would go here and there, and perhaps, if they found it pleasanter so, not settle down at all. There were certain clay-white closely built villages, whose tumble-down houses jostled each other upon divers precipitous cliffs on the wayside between Florence and Rome, toward which Lennox's compass seemed always to point. He rather argued that the fact of their not being dilated upon in the guide-books rendered them additionally interesting. Rebecca had her fancies too, and together they managed to talk a good deal of tender romantic nonsense which was purely their own business,

and gave the summer days a delicate yet distinct flavor.

The evening after the sketch was made they spent upon the mountain-side together. When they stopped to rest, Lennox flung himself upon the ground at Rebecca's feet, and lay looking up at the far away blue of the sky in which a slow-flying bird circled lazily. Rebecca, with a cluster of pink and white laurel in her hand, proceeded with a metaphysical and poetic harangue she had previously begun.

"To my eyes," she said, "it has a pathetic air of loneliness—pathetic and yet not exactly sorrowful. It knows nothing but its own pure, brave, silent life. It is only pathetic to a worldling—wordlings like us. How fallen we must be to find a life desolate because it has only nature for a companion!"

She stopped with an idle laugh, waiting for an ironical reply from the "worldling" at her feet; but he remained silent, still looking upward at the clear deep blue.

As she glanced toward him she saw something lying upon the grass between them and bent to pick it up. It was the sketch which he had forgotten and which had slipped from the portfolio.

"You have dropped something," she said, and seeing what it was, uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

He came back to earth with a start, and, recognizing the sketch, looked more than half irritated.

"Oh! it is that, is it?" he said.

"It is perfect!" she exclaimed. "What a picture it will make!"

"It is not to be a picture," he answered.

"It was not intended to be anything more than a sketch."

"But why not?" she asked. "It is too good to lose. You never had such a model in your life before."

"No," he answered grudgingly.

The hand with which Rebecca held the sketch dropped. She turned her attention to her lover, and a speculative interest grew in her face.

"That girl,"—she said slowly, after a mental summing up occupying a few seconds,—"*that girl irritates you—irritates you.*"

He laughed faintly.

"I believe she does," he replied, "yes, '*irritates*' is the word to use."

And yet if this were true, his first act upon returning home was a singular one.

He was rather late, but the girl Lodusky

was sitting in the moonlight at the door. He stopped and spoke to her.

"If I should wish to paint you," he said rather coldly, "would you do me the favor of sitting to me?"

She did not answer him at once, but seemed to weigh his words as she looked out across the moonlight.

"Ye mean, will I let ye put me in a picter?" she said at last.

He nodded.

"Yes," she answered.

"I reckon he told ye he was a-paintin' Dusk's picter," "Mis'" Harney said to her boarders a week later.

"Mr. Lennox," returned Rebecca, "yes, he told us."

"I thort so," nodding benignly. "Waal now, Dusk'll make a powerful nice picter if she don't git contrairy. The trouble with Dusk is her a-gittin' contrairy. She's as like old Hance Dunbar as she kin be. I mean in some ways. Lord knows, 'twouldn't do to say she was like him in everythin'."

Naturally, Miss Noble made some inquiries into the nature of old Hance Dunbar's "contrairiness." Secretly, she had a desire to account for Lodusky according to established theory.

"I wonder ye haint heern of him," said "Mis'" Harney. "He was jest awful—old Hance! He was Nath's daddy, an' Lord! the wickedest feller! Folks was afeared of him. No one darsn't to go a-nigh him when he'd git mad—a-rippin' 'n' a-rearin' 'n' a-chargin'. 'N' he never got no religion, mind ye; he died jest that a-way. He was allers a hankerin' arter seein' the world, 'n' he went off an' staid off a right smart while,—nine or ten year,—'n' lived in all sorts o' ways in them big cities. When he come back he was a sight to see, sick 'n' pore 'n' holler-eyed, but as wicked as ever. Dusk was a little thing 'n' he was a old man, but he'd laugh 'n' tell her to take care of her face 'n' be a smart gal. He was drefful sick at last 'n' suffered a heap, 'n' one day he got up offen his bed 'n' tuk down Nath's gun 'n' shot hisself as cool as could be. He hadn't no patience 'n' he said, 'When a der-derned man had lived through what he had 'n' then wouldn't die, it was time to kill him.' Seems like it sorter 'counts fur Dusk, she don't git her cur'usness from her own folks; Nath an' Mandy's mighty clever, both on 'em."

"Perhaps it does 'count for Dusk," Rebecca said, after telling the tale to Lennox. "It must be a fearful thing to have such blood in one's veins and feel it on fire. Let

us," she continued with a smile, "be as charitable as possible."

When the picture was fairly under way, Lennox's visits to the Harneys' cabin were somewhat less frequent. The mood in which she found he had gradually begun to regard his work aroused in Rebecca a faint wonder. He seemed hardly to like it, and yet to be fascinated by it. He was averse to speaking freely of it, and still he thought of it continually. Frequently when they were together, he wore an absent, perturbed air.

"You do not look content," she said to him once.

He passed his hand quickly across his forehead and smiled, plainly with an effort, but he made no reply.

The picture progressed rather slowly upon the whole. Rebecca had thought the subject a little fantastic at first and yet had been attracted by it. A girl in a peculiar dress of black and white bent over a spring with an impatient air trying in vain to catch a glimpse of her beauty in the reflection of the moonlight.

"It's ourspring, shore," commented "Mis'" Dunbar. "'N' its Dusk—but Lord! how fine she's fixed. Ye're as fine as ye want to be in the picter, Dusk, if ye wa'n't never fine afore. Don't ye wish ye had sich dressin' as thet thar now?"

The sittings were at the outset peculiarly silent. There was no untimely motion or change of expression, and yet no trying passiveness. The girl gave any position a look of unconsciousness quite wonderful. Privately, Lennox was convinced that she was an actress from habit—that her ease was the result of life-long practice. Sometimes he found his own consciousness of her steady gaze almost unbearable. He always turned to meet her deep eyes fixed upon him with an expression he could not fathom. Frequently he thought it an expression of dislike—of secret resentment—of subtle defiance. There came at last a time when he knew that he turned toward her again and again because he felt that he must—because he had a feverish wish to see if the look had changed.

Once when he did this he saw that it *had* changed. She had moved a little, her eyes were dilated with a fire which startled him beyond self-control, her color came and went, she breathed fast. The next instant she sprang from her chair.

"I wont stand it no longer," she cried panting; "no longer—I wont!"

Her ire was magnificent. She flung her

head back, and struck her side with her clenched hand.

"No longer!" she said; "not a minute!"

Lennox advanced one step and stood, palette in hand, gazing at her.

"What have I done?" he asked. "What?"

"What?" she echoed with contemptuous scorn. "Nothin'! But d'ye think I don't know ye?"

"Know me!" he repeated after her mechanically, finding it impossible to remove his glance from her.

"What d'ye take me fur?" she demanded. "A fool? Yes, I was a fool—a fool to come here, 'n' set 'n' let ye—let ye despise me!" in a final outburst.

Still he could only echo her again, and say "Despise you!"

Her voice lowered itself into an actual fierceness of tone.

"Ye've done it from first to last," she said. "Would ye look at her like ye look at me? Would ye turn half way 'n' look at her 'n' then turn back as if—as if—. Aint there"—her eyes ablaze—"aint there no life to me?"

"Stop!" he began hoarsely.

"I'm beneath her, am I?" she persisted. "ME beneath another woman—Dusk Dunbar! It's the first time!"

She walked toward the door as if to leave him, but suddenly she stopped. A passionate tremor shook her; he saw her throat swell. She threw her arm up against the logs of the wall and dropped her face upon it, sobbing tumultuously.

There was a pause of perhaps three seconds. Then Lennox moved slowly toward her. Almost unconsciously he laid his hand upon her heaving shoulder and so stood trembling a little.

When Rebecca paid her next visit to the picture it struck her that it appeared at a standstill. As she looked at it her lover saw a vague trouble growing slowly in her eyes.

"What!" he remarked. "It does not please you?"

"I think," she answered,—"I feel as if it had not pleased you."

He fell back a few paces and stood scanning it with an impression at once hard and curious.

"Please me!" he exclaimed in a voice almost strident. "It should. She has beauty enough."

On her return home that day Rebecca

drew forth from the recesses of her trunk her neglected writing folio and a store of paper.

Miss Thorne, entering the room, found her kneeling over the trunk, and spoke to her.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. Rebecca smiled faintly.

"What I ought to have begun before," she said. "I am behindhand with my work."

She laid the folio and her ink-stand upon the table, and made certain methodical arrangements for her labor. She worked diligently all day, and looked slightly pale and wearied when she rose from her seat in the evening. Until eleven o'clock she sat at the open door, sometimes talking quietly, sometimes silent and listening to the wind among the pines. She did not mention her lover's name, and he did not come. She spent many a day and night in the same manner after this. For the present the long, idle rambles and unconventional moon-lit talks were over. It was tacitly understood between herself and her aunt that Lennox's labor occupied him.

"It seems a strange time to begin a picture—during a summer holiday," said Miss Thorne a little sharply upon one occasion.

Rebecca laughed with an air of cheer.

"No time is a strange time to an artist," she answered. "Art is a mistress who gives no holidays."

She was continually her bright, erect, alert self. The woman who loved her dearly and had known her from her earliest childhood, found her sagacity and knowledge set at naught as it were. She had been accustomed to see her niece admired far beyond the usual lot of women; she had gradually learned to feel it only natural that she should inspire quite a strong sentiment even in casual acquaintances. She had felt the delicate power of her fascination herself, but never at her best and brightest had she found her more charming or quicker of wit and fancy than she was now.

Even Lennox, coming every few days with a worn-out look and touched with a haggard shadow, made no outward change in her.

"She does not look," said the elder lady to herself, "like a neglected woman." And then the sound of the phrase struck her with a sharp incredulous pain. "A neglected woman!" she repeated,—"Beck!"

She did not understand, and was not weak enough to ask questions.

Lennox came and went, and Rebecca gained upon her work until she could no longer say she was behindhand. The readers of her letters and sketches found them fresh and sparkling, "as if," wrote a friend, "you were braced both mentally and physically by the mountain air."

But once in the middle of the night Miss Thorne awakened with a mysterious shock to find the place at her side empty and her niece sitting at the open window in a quiet which suggested that she might not have moved for an hour.

She obeyed her strong first impulse, and rose and went to her.

She laid her hand on her shoulder, and shook her gently.

"Beck!" she demanded, "what are you doing?"

When the girl turned slowly round, she started at the sight of her cold, miserable pallor.

"I am doing nothing—nothing," she answered. "Why did you get up? It's a fine night, isn't it?"

Despite her discretion, Miss Thorne broke down into a blunder.

"You—you never look like this in the day-time!" she exclaimed.

"No," was the reply given with cool deliberateness. "No; I would rather die."

For the moment she was fairly incomprehensible. There was in the set of her eye and the expression of her fair, clear face, the least hint of dogged obstinacy.

"Beck —" she began.

"You ought not to have got up," said Beck. "It is enough to look 'like this' at night when I am by myself. Go back to bed, if you please."

Miss Thorne went back to bed meekly. She was at once alarmed and subdued. She felt as if she had had a puzzling interview with a stranger.

In these days Lennox regarded his model with morbid interest. A subtle change was perceptible in her. Her rich color deepened, she held herself more erect, her eye had a larger pride and light. She was a finer creature than ever, and yet—she came at his call. He never ceased to wonder at it. Sometimes the knowledge of his power stirred within him a vast impatience, sometimes he was hardened by it, but somehow it never touched him, though he was thrown into tumult—bound against his will. He could not say that he understood her. Her very passiveness baffled him and caused

him to ask himself what it meant. She spoke little, and her emotional phases seemed reluctant, but her motionless face and slowly raised eye always held a meaning of their own.

On an occasion when he mentioned his approaching departure, she started as if she had received a blow, and he turned to see her redden and pale alternately, her face full of alarm.

"What is the matter?" he asked brusquely.

"I—hadn't bin thinkin' on it," she stammered. "I'd kinder forgot."

He turned to his easel again and painted rapidly for a few minutes. Then he felt a light touch on his arm. She had left her seat noiselessly and stood beside him. She gave him a passionate, protesting look. A fire of excitement seemed to have sprung up within her and given her a defiant daring.

"D'ye think I'll stay here—when ye're gone—like I did before?" she said.

She had revealed herself in many curious lights to him, but no previous revelation had been so wonderful as was the swift change of mood and bearing which took place in her at this instant. In a moment she had melted into soft tears, her lips were tremulous, her voice dropped into a shaken whisper.

"I've allers wanted to go away," she said. "I—I've allers said I would. I want to go to a city somewhar—I don't keer whar. I might git work—I've heerd of folks as did. P'raps some un ud hire me!"

He stared at her like a man fascinated.

"You go to the city alone!" he said under his breath. "You try to get work!"

"Yes," she answered. "Don't ye know no one—"

He stopped her.

"No," he said, "I don't. It would be a dangerous business unless you had friends. As for me, I shall not be in America long. As soon as I am married I go with my wife to Europe."

He heard a sharp click in her throat. Her tears were dried and she was looking straight at him.

"Are ye a-goin' to be married?" she asked.

"Yes."

"To—her?" with a gesture in the direction of the Harneys' cabin.

"Yes."

"Oh!" and she walked out of the room.

He did not see her for three days, and the picture stood still. He went to the Harneys' and found Rebecca packing her trunk.

"We are going back to New York," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because our holiday is over."

Miss Thorne regarded him with chill severity.

"When may we expect to see you?" she inquired.

He really felt half stupefied,—as if for the time being his will was paralyzed.

"I don't know," he answered.

He tried to think that he was treated badly and coldly. He told himself that he had done nothing to deserve this style of thing, that he had simply been busy and absorbed in his work, and that if he had at times appeared preoccupied it was not to be wondered at. But when he looked at Rebecca he did not put these thoughts into words; he did not even say that of course he should follow them soon, since there was nothing to detain him but a sketch or two he had meant to make.

By night they were gone and he was left restless and miserable. He was so restless that he could not sleep but wandered down toward the spring. He stopped at the exact point at which he had stopped on the night of his arrival—at the top of the zigzag little path leading down the rocky incline. He stopped because he heard a sound of passionate sobbing. He descended slowly. He knew the sound—angry, fierce, uncontrollable—because he had heard it before. It checked itself the instant he reached the ground. Lodusky leaning against a projecting rock kept her eyes fixed upon the water.

"Why did you come here?" he demanded, a little excitedly. "What are you crying for? What has hurt you?"

"Nothin'," in a voice low and unsteady.

He drew a little nearer to her and for the first time was touched. She would not look at him, she was softened and altered, in her whole appearance, by a new pallor.

"Have ——" he began, "have I?"

"You!" she cried, turning on him with a bitter, almost wild, gesture. "You wouldn't kee if I was struck dead afore ye!"

"Look here," he said to her, with an agitation he could not master. "Let me tell you something about myself. If you think I am a passably good fellow you are mistaken. I am a bad fellow, a poor fel-

low, an ignoble fellow. You don't understand?" as she gazed at him in bewilderment. "No, of course, you don't. God knows I didn't myself until within the last two weeks. It's folly to say such things to you; perhaps I say them half to satisfy myself. But I mean to show you that I am not to be trusted. I think perhaps I am too poor a fellow to love any woman honestly and altogether. I followed one woman here, and then after all let another make me waver —"

"Another!" she faltered.

He fixed his eyes on her almost coldly.

"You," he said.

He seemed to cast the word at her and wonder what she would make of it. He waited a second or so before he went on.

"You, and yet you are not the woman I love either. Good God! What a villain I must be. I am an insult to every woman that breathes. It is not even you—though I can't break from you, and you have made me despise myself. There! do you know now—do you see now that I am not worth —"

The next instant he started backward. Before he had time for a thought she had uttered a low cry, and flung herself down at his feet.

"I don't kee," she panted; "I wont kee fur nothin',—whether ye're good or bad,—only don't leave me here when ye go away."

A week later Lennox arose one morning and set about the task of getting his belongings together. He had been up late and had slept heavily and long. He felt exhausted and looked so.

The day before, his model had given him his last sitting. The picture stood finished upon the easel. It was a thorough and artistic piece of work, and yet the sight of it was at times unbearable to him. There were times again, however, when it fascinated him anew when he went and stood opposite to it, regarding it with an intense gaze. He scarcely knew how the last week had passed. It seemed to have been spent in alternate feverish struggles and reckless abandonment to impulse. He had let himself drift here and there, he had at last gone so far as to tell himself that the time had arrived when baseness was possible to him.

"I don't promise you an easy life," he had said to Dusk the night before. "I tell you I am a bad fellow, and I have lost something through you that I cared for. You may wish yourself back again."

"If you leave me," she said, "I'll kill myself!" and she struck her hands together.

For the moment he was filled, as he often was, with a sense of passionate admiration. It was true he saw her as no other creature had ever seen her before, that so far as such a thing was possible with her, she loved him—loved him with a fierce, unreserved, yet narrow passion.

He had little actual packing to do—merely the collecting of a few masculine odds and ends, and then his artistic accompaniments. Nothing was of consequence but these; the rest were tossed together indifferently, but the picture was to be left until the last moment, that its paint might be dry beyond a doubt.

Having completed his preparations he went out. He had the day before him, and scarcely knew what to do with it, but it must be killed in one way or another. He wandered up the mountain and at last lay down with his cigar among the laurels. He was full of a strange excitement which now thrilled, now annoyed him.

He came back in the middle of the afternoon and laughed a rather half-hearted laugh at the excellent Mandy's comment upon his jaded appearance.

"Ye look kinder tuckered out," she said. Ye'd oughtn't ter walked so fur when ye was a-gwine off to-night. Ye'd orter rested."

She stopped the churn-dasher and regarded him with a good-natured air of interest.

"Hev ye seed Dusk to say good-bye to her?" she added. "She's went over the mountain ter help Mirandy Stillins with her soap. She wont be back fur a day or two."

He went into his room and shut the door. A fierce repulsion sickened him. He had heretofore held himself with a certain degree of inward loftiness; he had so condemned the follies and sins of other men, and here he found himself involved in a low and common villainy, in the deceptions which belonged to his crime, and which preyed upon simplicity and ignorant trust.

He went and stood before his easel, hot with a blush of self-scorn.

"Has it come to this?" he muttered through his clenched teeth—"to *this*!"

He made an excited forward movement; his foot touched the supports of the easel, jarring it roughly; the picture fell upon the floor.

"What?" he cried out. "Beck! You! Great God!"

For before him, revealed by the picture's fall, the easel held one of the fairest memories he had of the woman he had proved himself too fickle and slight to value rightly.

It was merely a sketch made rapidly one day soon after his arrival and never wholly completed, but it had been touched with fire and feeling, and the face looked out from the canvas with eyes whose soft happiness stung him to the quick with the memories they brought. He had meant to finish it and had left it upon the easel that he might turn to it at any moment, and it had remained there, covered by a stronger rival—forgotten.

He sat down in a chair and his brow fell upon his hands. He felt as if he had been clutched and dragged backward by a powerful arm.

When at last he rose, he strode to the picture lying upon the floor, ground it under his heel and spurned it from him with an imprecation.

He was, at a certain hour, to reach a particular bend in the road some miles distant. He was to walk to this place and if he found no one there, to wait.

When at sunset that evening he reached it, he was half an hour before the time specified, but he was not the first at the tryst. He was within twenty yards of the spot when a figure rose from the roots of a tree and stood waiting for him—the girl Dusk with a little bundle in her hand.

She was not flushed or tremulous with any hint of mental excitement; she awaited him with a fine repose, even the glow of the dying sun having no power to add to her color, but as he drew near he saw her look gradually change. She did not so much as stir, but the change grew slowly, slowly upon her face and developed there into definite shape—the shape of secret, repressed dread.

"What is it," she asked when he at last confronted her, "that ails ye?"

She uttered the words in a half whisper, as if she had not the power to speak louder, and he saw the hand hanging at her side close itself.

"What is it—that ails ye?"

He waited a few seconds before he answered her.

"Look at me," he said at last, "and see."

She did look at him. For the space of ten seconds their eyes were fixed upon each other in a long, bitter look. Then her little bundle dropped on the ground.

"Ye've went back on me," she said under her breath again. "Ye've went back on me!"

He had thought she might make some passionate outcry, but she did not yet. A white wrath was in her face and her chest heaved, but she spoke slowly and low, her hands fallen down by her side.

"Ye've went back on me," she said. "An' I *knew* ye would."

He felt that the odor of his utter falseness tainted the pure air about him; he had been false all round,—to himself, to his love, to his ideals,—even in a baser way here.

"Yes," he answered her with a bitterness she did not understand, "I've gone back on you." Then as if to himself, "I could not even reach perfection in villainy."

Then her rage and misery broke forth.

"Yer a coward!" she said, with gasps between her words. "Yer afraid! I'd sooner—I'd sooner ye'd killed me—*dead!*"

Her voice shrilled itself into a smothered shriek, she cast herself face downward upon the earth and lay there clutching amid her sobs at the grass.

He looked down at her in a cold, stunned fashion.

"Do you think," he said hoarsely, "that you can loathe me as I loathe myself? Do you think you can call me one shameful name I don't know I deserve? If you can, for God's sake let me have it."

She struck her fist against the earth.

"Thar wasn't a man I ever saw," she said, "that didn't foller after me, 'n' do fur me, 'n' wait fur a word from me. They'd hev let me set my foot on 'em if I'd said it. Thar wasn't nothin' I mightn't hev done—not nothin'. An' now—an' now——" and she tore the grass from its earth and flung it from her.

"Go on," he said. "Go on and say your worst."

Her worst was bad enough, but he almost exulted under the blows she dealt him. He felt their horrible sting a vague comfort. He had fallen low enough surely when it was a comfort to be told that he was a liar, a poltroon and a scoundrel.

The sun had been down an hour when it was over and she had risen and taken up her bundle.

"Why don't ye ask me to forgive ye?" she said with a scathing sneer. "Why don't ye ask me to forgive ye—an' say ye didn't mean to do it?"

He fell back a pace and was silent. With what grace would the words have

fallen from his lips? And yet he knew that he had not *meant* to do it.

She turned away and at a distance of a few feet stopped. She gave him a last look—a fierce one in its contempt and anger, and her affluence of beauty had never been so stubborn a fact before.

"Ye think ye've left me behind," she said. "An' so ye hev—but it aint fur allers. The time'll come when mebbe ye'll see me ag'in."

He returned to New York, but he had been there a week before he went to Rebecca. Finally, however, he awoke one morning feeling that the time had come for the last scene of his miserable drama. He presented himself at the house and sent up his name, and in three minutes Rebecca came to him.

It struck him with a new thrill of wretchedness to see that she wore by chance the very dress she had worn the day he had made the sketch—a pale, pure-looking gray with a scarf of white lace loosely fastened at her throat. Next, he saw that there was a painful change in her, that she looked frail and worn, as if she had been ill. His first words he scarcely heard and never remembered. He had not come to make a defense, but a naked, bitter confession. As he made it low and monotonously, in brief, harsh words, holding no sparing for himself, Rebecca stood with her hand upon the mantel looking at him with simple directness. There was no rebuke in her look, but there was weariness. It occurred to him once or twice and with a terribly humiliating pang, that she was tired of him,—tired of it all.

"I have lost you," he ended. "And I have lost myself. I have seen myself as I am,—a poorer figure, a grosser one than I ever dreamed of being, even in the eyes of my worst enemy. Henceforth, this figure will be my companion. It is as if I looked at myself in a bad glass, but now, though the reflection is a pitiable one, the glass is true."

"You think," she said, after a short silence, "of going away?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"To Europe."

"Oh!" she ejaculated, with a soft, desperate sound of pain.

His eyes had been downcast and he raised them.

"Yes," he said, mournfully. "We were to have gone together."

"Yes," she answered, "together."

Her eyes were wet.

"I was very happy," she said, "for a little while."

She held out her hand.

"But," she added, as if finishing a sentence. "You have been truer to me than you think."

"No—no," he groaned.

"Yes, truer to me than you think—and truer to yourself. It was I you loved—I! There have been times when I thought I must give that up, but now I know I need not. It was I. Sometime, perhaps,—sometime,—not now —"

Her voice broke, she did not finish, the end was a sob. Their eyes rested upon each other a few seconds, and then he released her hand and went away.

He was absent for two years, and during that time his friends heard much good of him. He lived the life of a recluse and a hard worker. He learned to know his own strength, and taught the world to recognize it also.

At the end of the second year, being in Paris, he went one night to the *Nouvelle Opéra*. Toward the close of the second act he became conscious of a little excited stir among those surrounding him. Every glass seemed directed toward a new arrival who stood erect and cool in one of the stage-boxes. She might have been Cleopatra, Her costume was of a creamy satin, she was covered with jewels and she stood up confronting the house, as it regarded her, with *sang froid*.

Lennox rose hurriedly and left the place. He was glad to breathe the bitterly cold but pure night air. She had made no idle prophecy. He had seen her again!

There hung upon the wall of his private room a picture whose completion had been the first work after his landing. He went in to it and looked at it with something like adoration.

"Sometime," he said, "perhaps now," and the next week he was on his way home.

A RUSSIAN FUNERAL.

I AM sitting in my study at Moscow. A slow chant shows me that a funeral is approaching. I look out of my window and notice that the pavement has been strewn with bits of fir and hemlock, and soon see four men in long, rusty black gowns and broad-brimmed hats, each carrying a candle in a lantern. Next comes a bare-headed man with a holy picture which he carries in front of him against his breast, the frame being carefully wrapped in white cambric so as to avoid the contact of his hands. Then comes the coffin-lid, borne by two men, and on it a cocked hat and sword, for this it seems is the funeral of an officer. With this are men and boys carrying on velvet cushions the crosses and medals of the deceased. The priests and deacons follow, dressed now in robes of black velvet, trimmed with silver and covered with silver crosses. The deacons have candles and censers, and, together with the choir, are chanting a funeral hymn. Immediately next, with candle-bearers on either side, is the coffin, carried by the nearest relatives and friends. It is very shallow and open so as to show half of the body of the deceased, with his face uncovered and his hands clasping a cross over his breast. The coffin itself is covered with rich blue

and silver brocade, very different from the polished rosewood and the black pall we always see at home. It must be on its way to the church, for when it goes to the graveyard it will be carried on a hearse,—a sort of gorgeous triumphal car, in the form of a temple hung with gold and silver brocade,—where it will be raised up on a lofty platform. The relatives and friends then follow, not in a formal procession, but in an irregular and confused crowd. Every one but the lantern-bearers in front is bare-headed, and all passers-by uncover themselves as they meet the procession, and crossing themselves, mutter an inaudible prayer. Were it winter, these bare-headed mourners would have handkerchiefs tied over their ears, and as each man seems to prefer a different color, the motley effect would be odd enough.

There is to me something inexpressibly soothing in the Russian services for the dead. From the time when the body is laid out to the funeral, the Psalter, interspersed with prayer, is read aloud day and night in the same room with the corpse. The readers take turns, so that this low, dull, mournful sound never ceases. Twice a day there are prayers in the house by the priest and church-assistants, at which all the friends

of the family are expected to be present. The gentlemen are always in full dress, the ladies in black. All hold lighted candles and stand around the body, which lies on a table in the center of an empty room,—for most of the furniture has been removed, and all the mirrors have, from superstitious motives, been covered up. The chants are very sacred and mournful, and there is one passage, the "Everlasting Remembrance," when all kneel and touch their foreheads to the floor. If any are too infirm for this, they at least touch the tips of their fingers to the ground. After praying for the repose of the soul of the deceased and for the forgiveness of his sins, voluntary and involuntary, the priest says: "With the saints let the soul of thy deceased servant Ivan (always naming him), O Lord, rest in peace, and keep him in everlasting remembrance!" This prayer is then taken up by the choir and sung to a very sad air. At this mention of the name of the dead man, it is difficult for the friends to keep dry eyes, and sobbing is infectious. This very repetition of the prayers, this solemn and impressive meeting twice a day of all the friends, acts as a sort of opiate on the feelings, and the mourners reconcile themselves sooner to the fact of death.

The actual funeral ceremony at the church is no less impressive. The cold upturned face in the coffin between the wax-lights in the middle of the church, the clouds of incense, the low prayers, the solemn gospel and epistle, the sweet hymns and weird chants sung by pure voices without admixture or accompaniment of organ or instrument, the lighted tapers in the hands of the standing and kneeling mourners,—all produce their peculiar effect. After the mass is said there is a short address or sermon in the case of any one of distinction, and the priest reads aloud a prayer, or rather a form of absolution, a printed copy of which is placed in the folded hands of the dead man,—a custom originating in Kief eight centuries ago. All present then kiss the hand of the deceased; the officiating clergyman pours on the body the wine and oil which had been used in the extreme unction, and sprinkles it with the ashes of the incense, or with simple earth; the lid is placed on the coffin, which is carried to the grave, the accompanying friends usually walking all or a greater part of the distance. There are several cemeteries outside of the city; but most people prefer to be buried in some of the outlying monasteries, if they have the means to afford

a grave there. The grounds of the Donskoi, Semenof and Novo-Devitchi monasteries are full of the tombs of the great and rich of Moscow. Few are pious or fortunate enough to obtain burial in the hallowed soil of the great monastery of Troitza.

On the fortieth day, on the name's day and on the anniversary of the death, often for many years, a commemorative requiem is sung at the monastery or cemetery where the body is buried, and the friends are expected to be present. There is one curious custom observed at these commemorations. The friends stand with lighted tapers about a small black desk on which are candles and a dish containing rice mixed with honey and raisins, which they eat or taste. On these occasions a dinner or lunch is often provided at the house. The Archbishop Benjamin tells us the mystical meaning of this odd dish: "The rice," he says "(or, as in ancient times ordained, wheat grain), typifies the deceased Christian, who will hereafter rise again like the buried seed (John xii., 24). The honey implies that on resurrection a sweet and joyful existence awaits us in the kingdom of heaven. The raisins, dried up as they now are, will, on coming up, be beautiful and lovely, as the glorified Christian will be (1 Cor. xv., 43, 44)." In spite of the archbishop's learned explanations the custom remains a pagan one. Brought here from Greece, where it is also fixed in the ceremonies of the church, it is nothing but a remnant of the old sacrifice to the *manes* of the dead with the fruits of Demeter and Dionysus.

Much as I dislike funerals I have had to see many, and of all kinds, but none, except at times, in the form of the Episcopal church, are to me so beautiful or so pleasant as these Russian funerals. The Presbyterian form is too cold, too black, too still. We bury our dead too much as if we were trying to draw a lesson from the dead, and as if we doubted where the soul had gone. The Catholic service is too grandiose. There is fine music, but the ceremony is too long and too entirely confined to the officiating priest. In the Russian church every one seems to be taking a part in the service, and the dead are treated with a tenderness and love not elsewhere found. The bows and prostrations, the tapers in each one's hands, the kissing the hands, the earth thrown in the coffin with its beautiful symbolic meaning, are marks of affectionate respect, as well as the carrying of the coffin and the earth thrown into the grave by the hands

of the friends and relatives. There are no black palls, no double coffins or burial caskets, no horrible screwing down of the lid. "Dust thou art, to dust must thou return," is a truth which man here does not attempt to evade. As I said above, every ceremony and every repetition here tends to make us

realize the fact of death, without destroying any of its sanctity.

My thoughts and reflections have detained me long, and the funeral procession which gave rise to them has passed my window long since, and the church bells are silent.

THE FALSE ORACLE.

SHE picked a little daisy flower
With fringe of snow and heart of gold;
All pure without, and warm within,—
And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she musing said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart—beyond belief."

"A little—too much—not at all"—
So rang the changes o'er and o'er;
The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart"—oh, magic brief!
Ah, foolish task, to measure out
Love's value on a daisy leaf!

For as she pulled the latest left
With "not at all," I heard her say,
"Ah, much *you* know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."

MICROSCOPICAL CORALS.

THE beautiful orests of coral which, in both hemispheres, spread their ever-broadening branches beneath the shallow tropical seas, have always held some peculiar fascination for the mind and fancy of man. One of the graceful old Grecian myths illustrates their combined mineral nature and vegetable form as follows: Perseus, having slain the Gorgons and carried away the head of Medusa, found a heap of branches, upon which he had cast the bleeding trophy, converted by its magical touch into stone, and flushed with the hue of blood. The theories of a later age, while lacking the beauty which clings about those old

fables, were scarcely nearer the truth as to the nature of corals. Until within the last two centuries, even among scientific men, the notions prevalent upon this subject were of the wildest and vaguest sort. And even now, though the animal nature of coral polyps is well known, many facts connected with their life-history are totally unfamiliar.

These little "toilers of the sea" have received any amount of praise for their untiring industry; they have furnished forth a rich repertory of homilies, and pointed innumerable morals. People of intelligence who have never looked into the subject generally suppose that corals are the work

of "insects," built as dwelling-places, just as bees build their combs, and ants construct their many-chambered abodes. Much in the way of popular enlightenment may

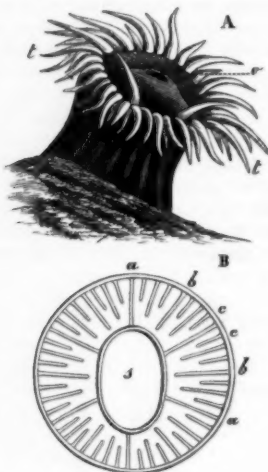


FIG. 1.

A, Daisy anemone: *a*, mouth; *t*, tentacles. B, diagram of internal structure, horizontal section: *a*, septa leading from external wall to stomach; *b, c, c, c, c*, inferior septa; *s*, stomach.

have been, and it is to be hoped has been, done within the last few years, through Dana's delightful book and the many reviews of it which have appeared. Corals proper are the result of three different kinds of animal life, the true corallines being vegetable in their nature. They are not, however, made in any true sense of the word, but form about or within the living tissues of the organism, as the shell of the mollusks and the skeleton of the vertebrates form by the unconscious processes of secretion, absorption and transmutation. In some cases this skeleton is external or shell-like; usually it is internal.

Secretion is a process which is best performed by the lower organisms; as Dana says, "The very simplicity of their structure enables them to carry on the processes of growth and nutrition, while they are almost all stone." Of the three groups of coral-making animals, only two will be considered here. The *Actiniae*, or sea-anemones, and the *Hydroidae*. The third group, the *Polyzoa* or *Bryozoa*, belongs to the sub-kingdom of the mollusks, and will be the subject of the next article in this series.

The coral polyps, while showing an organization far above the rhizopods, are equally destitute of mucous, circulatory, and of a complete digestive system. The fluid which performs the function of blood is merely digested material mixed with seawater. This distributes itself through all the interior cavities of the body, the undigested portion being ejected through the mouth, or pores of the skin. In species which live buried in the sand, an approach to gills for the aeration of the circulating fluids is found; but these are not coral polyps. A curious example of rudimentary organs of sense is found in some of the more highly organized actiniae. Arranged around the stem of the polyp just below the tentacles is a chain of eyes, each with a crystalline lens and short optic nerve. But each nerve is isolated; it leads nowhere and is connected with no nervous ring or nervous center. Still it may be said that these creatures see in some dim fashion; they are sensitive to the action of light, besides giving other evidences of the power of vision.

Of the coral-making polyps the most important are the actinoid [Fig. 1, A]. The highest forms of these, though they do not "clog vital action and prevent all locomotion" by the secretion of coral, are essentially the same as the true coral polyps. The external form of these sea-anemones is somewhat like that of a garden aster, which they also resemble in beauty of coloring. The flower-like disk, with its fringed border of tentacles, is supported by a thick pedicel of almost equal diameter with the disk. In the free anemones there is at the lower extremity another disk for purposes of at-

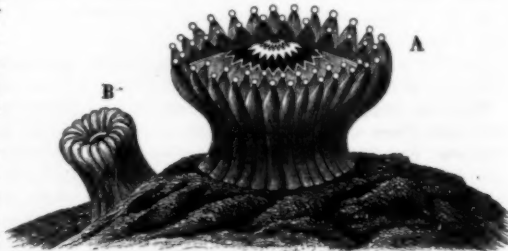


FIG. 2. CARYOPHYLLIA SMITHII.

A, Tentacles expanded; B, tentacles closed. [After Gosse.]

tachment as well as of locomotion—slow though their locomotion is; in certain forms this is replaced by a bulbous-like termination with which they burrow in the sand and anchor there. In the center of the upper disk is an orifice or mouth which

leads into the stomach beneath. In many varieties the stem is studded over with warty protuberances, which act as suckers, and serve the purpose of attachment; in others it is marked by deep corrugations or transverse wrinkles, the result of contraction. The sac-like stomach of the actinia occupies only the upper portion of its pedicel; but the whole stem, both above and below the stomach, is radiate in its structure. The body [see Fig. 1, B] is divided, by fleshy partitions extending from the circumference toward the center, into narrow, wedge-shaped compartments, each one of which communicates at the top with the hollow of a tentacle. The more important of these septa [a, a'] reach from the outer wall of the pedicel to that of the stomach, which they serve to support in its proper position, as well as to dilate it for the reception of food. A number of intermediate septa [b, b', and c, c'] do not reach so far inward as the stomach walls, but serve to render the body in the highest degree contractile. Besides the muscles in the septa, the body is furnished with two other sets—one circular, the other longitudinal; there are also others in the tentacles. By means of this elaborate muscular system, the polyp, when disturbed, immediately ejects the water from its body through the mouth and the numerous pores in its exterior walls; the whole disk with the tentacles surrounding it is drawn in, and the sides of the stem are rolled up over these. The appearance is then merely that of a rounded or conical lump [Fig. 2, B]. The disturbing cause being removed, the water is again admitted mainly through the mouth, and the flower slowly opens out and spreads abroad its petal-like tentacles [A].

In their external form and outward structure, in their organs for catching and appropriating their prey, in their powers of digestion and of respiration,—the free and the coral-producing polyps are alike. What constitutes the main difference between them is that the free actinoid polyps generally develop by ova, and the corals by budding; but especially that the latter secrete from the sea-water, which circulates throughout their bodies, the mineral substance of the coral. This mineral substance—every component of which has been detected in sea-water—is deposited between the septa already described, and is therefore radial in its structure; of course, this coral skeleton does not extend into the stomach or disk,—as this would hinder the performance of the vital functions,—but is confined to the septa

of the sides and to the lower part of the body. When the polyp is alive, the top, and usually the sides, of the coral are concealed by the disk and tentacles, and by the skin of the living animals. In higher animals, as the skeleton receives new accretions, the older particles pass away, so that, after maturity is reached, the skeleton, under normal conditions, remains of a constant size. The coral polyps, however, after a time secrete more skeleton than they can accommodate, and so grow up and away from their mineral frame, leaving its stem below bare of any vital tissue, the flower-like polyp crowning the tip alone.

The prey of this curious animal-flower is captured partly by means of its tentacles,



FIG. 3. LASSO CELLS.

a, b, c, d, e, Successive stages of development; f, perfect lasso coiled in its cell; g, lasso shot out, only one-fourth of thread showing.

which, however, are usually too short to be quite sufficient for this purpose. There are, however, several ways in which the action of the tentacles is aided in the performance of their function; sometimes the whole disk rolls over the captured animal and forces it down into the digestive sac. The mouth and stomach of the actiniae are so extensible that they frequently swallow animals as large as themselves. In such cases, the margin of the mouth gradually extends itself till it is able to close over the victim,—a large oyster or crab it may be,—until finally the creature with its shell is fairly engulfed. The nutritious portions having been absorbed, the anemone rids itself of the indigestible debris by the simple process of

turning itself inside out,—which apparently causes it not the least inconvenience.

But, besides its clasping tentacles, the actinia has much more active weapons, offensive and defensive. Thickly crowded

far beyond the body of the animal; their lassos, moreover, are exceptionally long. The tubular threads measure from one-fifth to one-tenth of an inch in length, their cells being from one-twentieth to one-fortieth as long. The thread under high powers looks like a twisted cord of two strands, thickly beset with hairs or bristles for some distance above its base [Fig. 3, *g*]. These same lassos, or *cnida*, are found in the other family of coral-making polyps, the hydroids.

When any animal not protected by a shell is captured, death ensues very soon, and upon examination, its flesh is found to be penetrated by the lassos. Gosse mentions an instance that he witnessed, of a small fish which had previously been swimming vigorously about, and which died in great agony a few minutes after the momentary contact of its lip with the lasso-studded surface of a sea-anemone; the lip, when examined, was found to have been pierced by the poisoned darts of the actinia.

These creatures, which form the vast masses of masonry that support the palm-crowned islands of the Pacific, are usually of very minute size, as the markings upon any common specimen of coral will show. Some of the coral-clumps of *Oceanica*

around the mouth and over the surface of the tentacles are myriads of tiny cells [Fig. 3, *f*], each one of which contains, coiled up in its cavity, a long, slender, hollow thread, which the animal can shoot out at will with lightning-like rapidity. This is effected by the turning of the tubular filament inside out, like the finger of a glove, the tip being the last part emitted. Somewhere in connection with the basal part of this lasso is a receptacle for poison, which is injected into the wound made by the dart. Once ejected, the lasso is henceforth useless to the actinia,—a matter of no consequence to the polyp, however, since its magazine is so abundantly furnished, and is moreover constantly being replenished [Fig. 3, *a, b, c, d, e*]. In the internal cavity of the body, along the free edge of the septa, and attached to a membrane, which is very much plaited or ruffled, is a slender white cord; these cords are found in bunches about the septa, and are extended through the mouth or through the basal orifices, which are apparently left for this purpose, and also through any ruptured portion of the skin. About these acontia, as they are called, are lasso cells arranged radially and in myriads; these aid greatly in the destruction of prey, as they extend

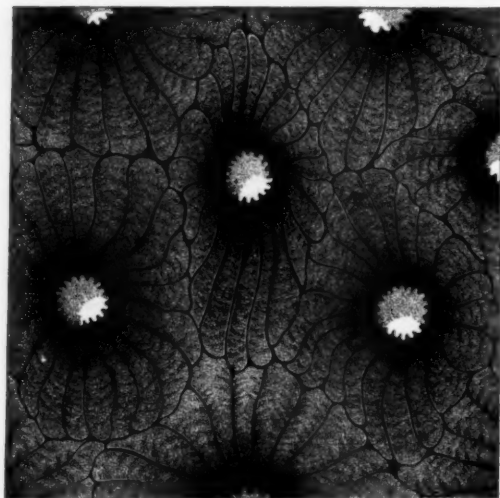


FIG. 4. SECTION OF CORAL ROCK.



FIG. 5. HEAD OF SERPULA. [FROM NATURE.]

which have come from a single progenitor measure twenty feet in diameter, while the individual polyps which have formed it have

an extreme length of not more than one twentieth of an inch. The form of the mass of coral, or corallum, is determined by the mode of propagation by which the colony has been developed from the original progenitor, the forms resulting from multiplication by gemmation, by budding, by self-division, and by fission, being very different. The polyps rarely lead a single life; an individual sends out from its stem a bud, which soon develops a mouth and tentacles of its own, though still adhering to the parent organism. Another and another bud is sent out; the branches divide and subdivide by repetition of this process, until the compound organism assumes a plant-like form, though in nature strictly animal. In many varieties, an irregular circlet of buds crops out below the disk of the parent form; others develop in their turn as the stem grows upward and away from the first set. It follows that the parent form is always at the tip of the stem, its oldest offspring being next the base, and the rest arranged above in order of seniority. Here and there upon the lengthening stem, a single polyp begins a career like that of the patriarch of the colony, and so finally a perfect coral-tree is formed, each branch being the result of thousands of individuals. The mass grows upward until the sea-level is reached, and then it frequently continues to grow radially, forming enormous flat disks sustained by a central stem, which is sometimes slender enough to give way beneath the pressure of a ship's keel from above.

The compound organism, whether formed by budding or by division, does not lose its continuity; throughout their entire existence, the union of the individuals remains of the most intimate kind: though each polyp may claim as private property, a mouth, a set of tentacles, and a stomach, these still capture, devour and digest for the public good. The circulation of digested matter in solution extends throughout the entire system. The *Zoithome* is indeed a sheet of living animal matter, fed by innumerable mouths and nourished by as many stomachs. Nevertheless, the compound body of the colony is subject to the same cycle of change which families and races everywhere undergo. While the living sheet is renewing itself in one place it is dying off in another. Strange to say, however, the parent form in many varieties goes onward and upward,

giving birth to thousands, yet seemingly enjoying a perennial youth, while of its progeny the oldest perish first. Usually, before they die, the lower polyps of a colony increase their coral secretions within, and

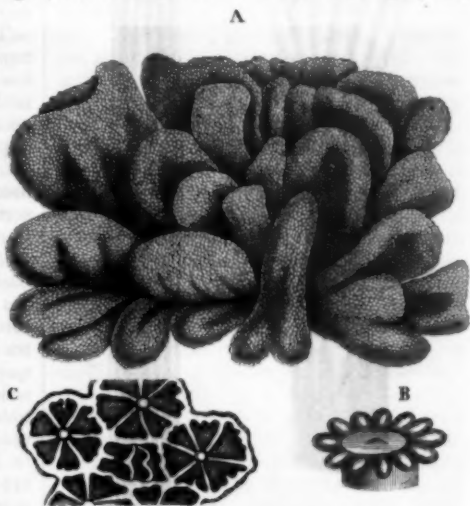


FIG. 6. MADREPORACEÆ.
A, *Sideropora mordax*; B, polyp magnified; C, horizontal section of coral near the surface. [After Dana.]

thus solidify the rock they are forming by filling the pores as their tissues dwindle. By degrees, as the mass increases in size, these die off, and finally not only the lower portions, but also the interior of the structure, is mere dead skeleton [Fig 4]. While the coral rock is solidifying below, the upper and exterior portions are clothed with a layer of living animals. The surface is secured against the wear of the waters by an impervious deposit of carbonate of lime, secreted along the edges of the dying polyps; it is further protected by numerous minute incrusting species of coral. Certain barnacles attach themselves as they do to the ship's bottom, without injury however, to the stability of the mass. Many of the serpulæ attach themselves in the same way (according to Dana), the coral having the same rate of growth as their own. The zoöphyte grows around these, leaving a tube which reaches deep into the coral rock. When alive, the serpulæ expand a "brilliant circle or spiral of delicate rays, making a gorgeous display among the coral polyps" [Fig. 5].

When a piece of coral rock is suddenly broken off the whole colony feels the shock;

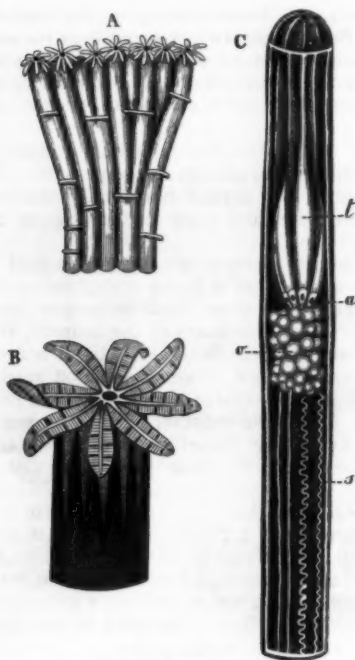


FIG. 7. TUBIFERA SYRINGA.

A, Coral with polyps extended. B, Polyp magnified. C, Longitudinal section of polyp with its tentacles withdrawn; *t*, apertures in tentacles; *o*, ovary; *s*, spermatheca. [After Dana.]

the tentacles of each polyp close at once. But these animals peculiarly understand making the best of a bad case, and in a short time, all is right again; even the polyps which were torn repair their loss and soon regain their pristine size and power, while under favorable conditions the broken fragment forms the germ of a new colony.

The solid, dome-shaped masses frequently seen in collections are produced by polyps which propagate by division, a common mode in all low forms of life, whether animal or vegetable. The disk elongates into an oval, and a new mouth opens beside the first; longitudinal division takes place in the stem, and tentacles sprout from the recently adherent edges; two individuals springing from a common base are thus formed. Such is a simple case of fission. By extension of the process certain branching forms [Fig. 6] result, as well as the magnificent clumps called *Astræas*, which extend over such vast areas of tropical sea-bottom.

The *Meandrina*, sometimes called "brain coral" from the tortuous lines, suggestive of the convolutions of the brain with which it is marked, is produced by a modification

of the process above described. In this polyp the round disk elongates enormously, one mouth forms after another, until whole rows exist side by side before fission occurs; when it does take place, each individual in its turn propagates a new row.

The *Caryophyllia smithii* [Fig. 2, A, B] represents one of the most beautiful of the few solitary species of coral polyps. Beautiful as is the form of this creature, no uncolored drawing can give an idea of its appearance. When filled with water and its tentacles spread, it is delicately translucent throughout; the star surrounding the serrated mouth is either of a deep, rich brown, a vermilion, or an emerald green color, brilliant as the breast of a hummingbird. The knobbed ends of the tentacles are either opaque white, or tinged with rose-color. Seen through the lens and under water, the creature seems some exquisite dream of a zoöphyte rather than solid flesh. In one variety the brighter tints give place to an opalescent play of color. These polyps are evidently sensitive to light, though they have no eyes. They are very long-lived, a single aquarium specimen having been kept for two years and a half after its capture. They reproduce, like the single actinia, by ova, which escape, form into a polyp, and then, before beginning the secretion of coral, multiply by self-division, each individual usually separating from the parent stock. The lassos of this species, Gosse tells us, are as elastic as steel,—more like wires of that material than threads, yet readily turning inside out; it is not stated whether this elasticity is peculiar to the species.

Mention has already been made of the manner in which the actinoid polyps secure their food, and of their extraordinary capacity for disposing of it when caught. There is, indeed, something ludicrous in the pertinacity with which the central idea of the actinia is retained under all conditions and in every mode of reproduction, which invariably looks first of all to the attainment and multiplications of mouths, and, of course, their necessary concomitant, stomachs.

An amusing instance is mentioned by Gosse of voracity in a coral polyp which he had transferred to his aquarium. The basal portion had been torn away from the coral below, so that at least four-fifths of it was free, and still held away from any solid foundation. Happening to examine it some days after, he discovered that the

polyp had most philosophically profited by its misfortunes; the torn base had developed into a mouth duly furnished with tentacles and digestive sac, and the creature was feeding at both ends, the new mouth being smaller than the other, but eating with equal ease and gusto. Johnstone records a still more amusing instance: An actinia, not more than two inches in diameter, had contrived somehow to work its extensible body over a shell as large as an ordinary saucer. The shell lodged crosswise in the stomach, and the actinia was stretched out over it, as flat as a pancake. Instead of dying of dyspepsia, the creature developed a mouth in the lower disk, which sprouted two sets of tentacles, and it fed like the one just mentioned, equally well at both ends. Another of these polyps was fed after having been cut in two longitudinally; in either half the white lasso-studded cord or acontia was observed to press up against the food and sustain it in the half stomach until it was digested. This observation suggests that the acontia may perform some digestive function, possibly the completion merely of the work of death upon the still living, though insensible, prey, after it has been swallowed.

Between those already described and the hydroidæ, there is another group of coral polyps—the alcyonarian. These do not, like the actinoid, secrete their calcareous skeleton radially between their fleshy septa; their flesh is held together by spicules, as in the case of the sponge form described in the article of this series immediately preceding the present one. In some forms—as the *Tubipora*, or organ-pipe coral [Fig. 7]—the deposit is a calcareous tube, firm at the base but flexible about the upper rim, and perforated by minute pores throughout. The animal is cylindrical in form, diverging above into eight tentacles, each of which is delicately fringed; its color is often an exquisite lilac or rose tint, so that when the polyps of a large mass of tubular coral are expanded, a perfect bed of animal flowers is spread beneath the water. In the *Tubipora syringa* [Fig. 7, A], the fringes about the tentacles B are laid so closely together as to seem mere markings upon the petal. Fig. 7, C is a longitudinal section of the polyp with tentacles withdrawn. The white

lines in the lower portion of the tube are the fleshy septa, two of which bear the convoluted spermatoc acontia, and two, at the upper extremity, the ova in bunches; the two sexes being here united in the same individual form. In some other varieties they are distinct, one individual containing the sperm and another the germ cells. The tubipora also deposit horizontal calcareous layers here and there as they grow upward.

The gorgonias or sea-fans are formed by the secretion of a horny or calcareous axis to the branch upon which the colony develops. After the death of the animals, their spicules harden about this axis in a fleshy layer, which will, however, scale off readily. The precious coral of commerce is their product, being the substance which serves as the axis of the branching colony. Its texture is therefore more solid than that of ordinary cabinet specimens of actinoid coral. When first withdrawn from the sea, it is covered with a polyp crust, but it is itself entirely calcareous in substance. This coral, used for ornament, is found most abundantly in the Mediterranean at no very great depth below the surface. The yield of the Mediterranean in a single year of red and rose-colored coral has amounted to eighty thousand pounds.

In form the hydroids greatly resemble the actiniae, but are somewhat simpler, though they seem to be even more emphatically



FIG. 8. SERTULARIA ARGENTINA. [FROM NATURE.]

than the actinoids, all stomach. Whatever differences the species may exhibit among themselves, they adhere to a certain general plan, which may be briefly described as an



FIG. 9.
A, *Sertularia argentea*; B, same, magnified with reproductive capsules.

animal sac, having a distinct ectoderm and endoderm, or external and internal membranous tissue, corresponding to the skin and stomach lining of higher animals. Around its upper end the sac is drawn out into a series of tubular prolongations or tentacles disposed around the mouth. The power of contraction is even greater in the hydroid than in the actinoid polyps; the tentacles of the former being much longer in proportion to the body, while they can be as completely drawn in and concealed. These in some fresh-water species are many times longer than the body; when magnified the organism resembles curling tendrils, depending in long clusters from a common stalk. These long filaments are sure to capture the unwary prey, which is then done to death by the myriad poisoned darts with which they are studded. Sometimes when the hydra happens to be too keen for its dinner to wait for the deadening effect of the stings, the

victim is thrust down, still struggling, into the digestive sac, and held there by one of the long tentacles until its efforts to escape shall have ceased.

The whole energy of these animated stomachs is devoted to nutrition, only such organs as enable them to secure, destroy and assimilate food being fully developed. Though endowed with such marvelous contractile power, their muscular system is more imperfect than that of the actiniae, no muscular fibers being discoverable. The process of circulation seems, however, to be better understood. The life-giving fluid is in its nature more like chyle or chyme than blood; it is found to be composed of particles of digested food, of solid colored matter, of living cells detached from the tissue, as well as of effete matter, all dissolved in sea-water. The passage of this fluid throughout the entire body of the hydroid, is found in some species to be maintained by a constant ciliary action like that described in speaking of the sponges. Myriads of tiny hairs clothe the walls of the cavities through which the current flows; these vibrate together in perfect time and so urge on the stream.

The hydroid corals are really the jointed investments of living colonies, formed

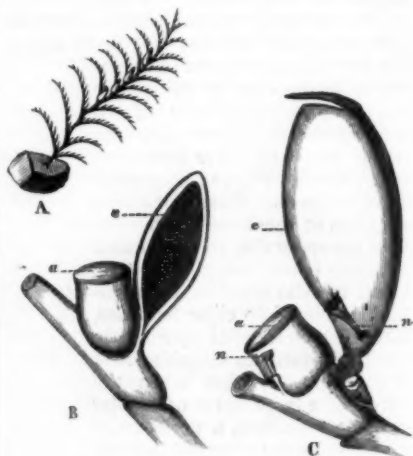


FIG. 10. *PLUMULARIA CATHERINA*.
A, Natural size. B, Magnified with a, calices; c, male capsules.
C: a, calices; c, female capsules.

around the axis of the animal either as a result of excretion,—according to the older writers,—or, as Allman thinks, as a metamorphosis of tissue. Some of the varieties

are very graceful and delicate, floating in the water like fronds of fern or sprays of sea-weed [Figs. 8, 9, 10, 11]. Along the hollow stalk are little cups of chitine, whence the zoöid expands its delicate circle of



FIG. 11. PLUMULARIA CRISTATA.

tentacles and thus secures its prey. The plumularians have, in addition to these, other and smaller cups—nemetaphores—[Fig. 10, C, n, n] which do not contain an animal, but are filled with animal protoplasm,—this extends pseudopodia as do the lower forms of rhizopods; whether these are rudimentary hydroids or some lower form of life in organic union with the colony, has not been determined.

The millepore corals are of a peculiarly solid and strong nature; their surface is smooth as to relief, but is penetrated by very minute pores, through which the ani-



FIG. 12. PLUMULARIA CRISTATA. [FROM NATURE.]

mal occasionally shows itself. The discovery by Agassiz in this connection, that some of the most solid coral formations are produced, not by polyps but by aculephs, has supplied a hitherto missing link in the geo-

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logical records.* The frail nature of ordinary hydroids and their delicate medusa bells would seem to render impossible their leaving an impress upon the geological strata; but if it be a fact that the animal of the millepore is a hydroid, this, together with the occurrence of a coral of the same family in the limestone formation, shows that some representative of this group must have existed at that era. As a proof of their existence in the primitive world, Agassiz mentions that a slab from Solenhofen shows a very perfect outline of a medusa, which, as we shall see, is of hydroid origin. Since, as we know to be the fact, the rocks still

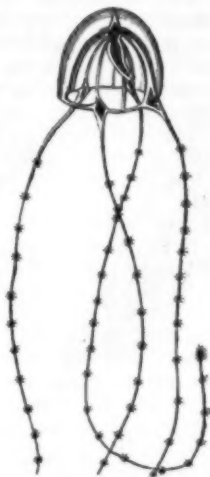


FIG. 13. MEDUSA.

bear the record of the rain-drops which fell upon them hundreds of thousands of years ago, it is not inconceivable that they might also receive the stamp of these transparent floating bells, though they are hardly distinguishable from their native element.

The millepore coral is formed by the deposit of its mineral substance about the base of the polyps instead of between the septa of its body. The character of the coral is therefore entirely different from the other forms already given.

A striking characteristic of the hydroidæ is the performance within the colony,—springing from a common basal net-work and nourished throughout by the same circulating fluid,—of the vital functions of nutrition and reproduction by separate in-

* Some doubt has been cast upon Agassiz' discovery.

dividual zooids. [Fig. 10, *a*, *c*.] These nutritive and generative zooids are sometimes of the most exquisite beauty both of form and color, though the most beautiful are usually not [Figs. 10, 11, 12] coral-making polyps.

Throughout their entire existence in certain species, and in the earliest form of all the species, the hydroid animal, like the actinia, is single. The composite form is the result of some mode of reproduction in which the newly formed individual does not separate from the parent. The most common mode of propagation is by budding or by spontaneous fission. But in all organic nature there is scarcely a mode of reproduction which these tiny creatures do not imitate; they are reproduced after the manner of plants from a "slip" taken from any part of the organism; a slice of the stem, a single tentacle, a piece cut from any portion of the body, any fragment whatsoever, contains within itself the marvelous power of restoring all the lost parts, and forming a complete hydroid.

They are also reproduced by ciliated embryos, as in the sponge family; and by ova, like birds and reptiles. Some varieties have a sort of pouch in which the undeveloped young is retained and nourished until it has reached maturity, like the marsupials; and occasionally, like the mammals, the young do not quit the parent before the attainment of perfect development. These statements, remarkable as they may appear, are supported by the very best authority. And besides such imitations of every mode of reproduction in nature, the hydroids have two others peculiar to themselves.

The lovely medusa [Fig. 13] with its glassy, bell-shaped body and long, floating tentacles, is but the scion of a hydroid stock, which, after leading a roving life in the high seas, settles down in the ways of its ancestors, and by way of announcing that its wild oats are sown and its manners quite reformed, turns upside down before developing a stem and becoming a respectable hydroid. This is one of these modes.

Some varieties, by the other, develop most curiously from a ciliated embryo. This frees itself from the parent organism in the form of an ovum; one end contracts and attaches itself to some solid body in the same manner as the lower disk of an actinia; the upper end sends out four tubu-

lar tentacles, and "the central cells"—to quote Carpenter—"melt down to form the cavity of the stomach." For some time this form remains a simple hydroid and multiplies by gemmation; then a number of circular constrictions appear upon the stem, beginning near the distal, or what would be in a plant the flower end of the stem. These deepen, until the stem resembles a pile of saucers; the disks become scalloped around their edges, and tentacles develop around the topmost disk, those of the original hydroid disappearing in the meantime. Soon this disk shows a convulsive movement, and finally frees itself and swims away, as a small but perfect medusa. This course of development is repeated by the other disks successively. The whole organism, however, does not disappear; there remains at least a fragment of the parent form, which returns to its hydroid life, buds again and propagates a colony of individuals, each of which may in time divide anew. This relation between hydroid and medusa forms one of the most interesting illustrations known of "alternate generation"—a phenomenon which has been fully described in a former article of this series. [Art. III., SCRIBNER, January, 1877.]

As far back as the geological record reaches, we find traces of this exquisitely beautiful life which, with the persistence distinctive of such lowly forms, has outlived in its delicate grace many mighty dynasties of sea and land. The vast beds of limestone—the oolite especially—owe their origin in a large measure to the coral polyp and hydroid of the ancient seas. The coral rock—never far below the surface—is cut and worn and pulverized by the action of the waves, and the fine calcareous sand settles down, and becoming coated with the still finer carbonate of lime dissolved through the sea-water, forms the roe-like deposit of the oolite. Penetrate as deep as we may into the ocean's depth, look as far back as possible into the rock inscriptions of the past, traces may still be found of Nature's stone-makers, laying the foundations of islands and archipelagos and continents, the unconscious architects of the arena upon which humanity has played out its tragedy—where each

"poor player
* * struts and frets his hour * *
And then is heard no more."

MIRAGE OF THE DESERT.

I.

GLARES the remorseless sun
 Upon those sands all day,
 Branding alive his prey.
 Turn back, rash travelers! shun
 That fervid, pathless way,
 Which hot siroccos fan
 To glowing coals: stay! stay!
 Alas, doomed caravan!
 Now, at meridian,
 The sun smites beast and man
 With fatal ray.

II.

Oh! for a shower, to wet
 Their parching, blistering lips!
 Oh! for one hour's eclipse,
 Or, would that sun but set!
 Oh! for a hand that dips
 Into some cooling lake
 Even the finger-tips!
 'Twould all its waters take
 The travelers' thirst to slake;
 Oh! might they but partake
 What the bird sips!

III.

A cry of gladness rends
 In twain the torrid air:
 "Look, comrades, look! see there!"
 One glance new courage sends
 Thro' every heart, as fair
 Before them rise green palms,
 Far in the distance, where
 Gay tropic birds sing psalms.
 A lake the scene becalms,
 And fir-trees offer balms
 For aching care.

IV.

"Guide! yonder is our path,
 An oasis there lies."
 "Beware! 'tis one that flies!"
 Answers that guide in wrath.
 "Nay! nay!"—unite fierce cries—
 "Thither we will be led."
 In vain to lead he tries:—
 A fight! "Strike! strike him dead!"
 Red grow hot sands, more red;
 The leader bows his head,
 Warns them, and dies.

V.

Pants on the patient beast;
 Fainting, pursuing still,
 Deluded victims fill
 Their drinking-cups, and feast
 Beside a fancied rill;
 Effort anew commands;
 Hope cheers afresh good-will:
 They wade through burning sands,
 Beguiled by promised lands,
 And stretch out fevered hands
 Dreams to fulfill.

VI.

The tempting picture lures—
 Allures, and yet recedes;
 But Hope still Fancy feeds,
 And courage still endures:
 Onward the Mirage leads—
 No other guide remains;
 Though blood aloud still pleads
 Across those desert plains—
 "Return! the vision wanes!"
 Folly no step regains—
 No warning heeds.

VII.

Only those brutes give ear
 To Death, the specter's call—
 One after one they fall:
 Alas! while still appear
 The lake, and palm-trees tall,
 To that despairing band:
 But lo! new scenes appall
 Their hearts; on every hand
 A storm of scorching sand
 Clouds o'er that desert land,
 And swallows all!

VIII.

Not all—one man escapes
 His fellows to bewail—
 One lives to tell the tale,
 How the false Mirage shapes
 Lakelet and palmy vale,
 Cheating the doomed with light:
 While desert travelers pale
 Now, on a moonlit night,
 And conjure many a sprite,
 Where bones lie bleaching white,
 And night-birds wail.

HINTS ON THE USE AND CARE OF THE EYES.

CONSIDERING the extreme delicacy of the visual apparatus, it is astonishing what an amount of hard usage it will bear when in a perfectly healthy and normal condition. On the contrary, let the nice adaptability of the different parts of the complex mechanism become in any manner deranged and it is equally astonishing how

"Small things may be boisterous there."

In this particular it is like a piece of finely adjusted machinery. So long as the equilibrium of forces is maintained, the machine may run on for an indefinite length of time, with no detriment to its component parts. But let a pinion become loose or a cog break, and soon of its own inherent power the apparatus tears itself to pieces.

Those whose eyes are in a condition of perfect health will fail to understand adequately the stress laid upon apparently trivial matters in the succeeding remarks. But those who have suffered from any defect or weakness of the eyes will comprehend at once the great importance of the seemingly most insignificant point mentioned. The former class of individuals, however, should have quite as much interest in the matter as the latter, for the old proverb that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" can find no fitter application than in the care of the eyes.

It is hardly necessary to state that the natural stimulus of the organ of vision, and consequently the one best adapted for illuminating purposes, is daylight. Still, this natural stimulus may, on occasion, be so intense as to require toning down. No one who has traversed the streets of the lower Italian cities on a clear day during the summer or autumn months can have failed to notice how trying the bright glare is to the eyes. The brilliancy of the cloudless sky united to the brightness of the reflection from the white stones and dust of the streets is quite unbearable by the strongest eyes, and in those unaccustomed to these conditions, especially if there is an inherent weakness of the eyes, the result generally is some degree of inflammation. The same is true of traveling over the snow in a sunshiny day. It is always best to use, during the exposure to such intense light, what are called "protective spectacles." These are simply spectacles of plane glasses, *i. e.*, glasses which are not curved so as to refract the light from its course, tinted either

in blue or gray. I presume the advocates of the "blue-glass cure" would ascribe other virtues to the blue spectacles than that of merely modulating the light. That is a subject which I do not propose to discuss here, but will simply state that blue glass has been recommended because the blue rays of light have been considered as having a less irritable effect upon the retina than the rays of other colors, and experience seems to support the view. Some, however, contend that we should modulate all the colors in equal proportion, and employ for that purpose the "smoked" or gray glass. My own observation would seem to show that there is an individual difference as to choice between the blue and the gray tint. Some persons feel more comfortable with the blue, others with the gray, glass, and as the comfort of the individual is the end in view, we should lay no great stress upon scientific theories in regard to the matter. By all means let that be chosen which gives the greater relief. It is to be remarked, however, that green glasses seldom give the ease that either the gray or blue do,—there is a quantity of yellow in the green light, and of all colors yellow is the most trying to the eyes.

But, unfortunately, we cannot command daylight at all times when we wish to use the eyes for the business or pleasure of life. Our civilization demands that we turn a portion of night into day, and artificial means must be found for the purpose of illumination.

There are, perhaps, more individuals who ascribe their weakness of sight to a use of their eyes under an insufficient artificial illumination than to any other one cause. In a great many instances this may not be strictly true, but there can be no doubt that faulty artificial light is one of the most productive causes of a certain class of injuries, to which the eye can be exposed. The two sources of trouble with the ordinary artificial lights are—first, that they are not pure white, and secondly, that they are unsteady. The first defect is found in all artificial lights except the lime, electric and magnesium lights; the second especially in candles and gas. The yellowness is, in a measure, counteracted by using, in the case of lamps and gas, chimneys of a violet or blue tint, and the flickering of the gas may

be obviated largely by employing an Argand burner. All things considered, a German student-lamp furnishes the most satisfactory light. The next best is gas with an Argand burner. The chimneys of both may, as above suggested, be advantageously of a light-blue tint.

The position of the light in relation to the body is of great importance. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light may stand directly in front of the body and the work be allowed to lie in the light under the shade, which will protect the eyes from the glare of the flame. If no shade is used the back should be turned to the source of light, which ought to fall over the left shoulder. The same rule applies in the management of daylight. In this case the light should come from behind and slightly above, and fall directly on the work, whence it is reflected to the eye. It should never fall directly in the face.

The light in the room during sleep is also not without its influence. As a rule, the room during sleeping hours should be dark; and, in particular, care should be taken to avoid sleeping opposite a window where on opening the eyes in the morning a flood of strong light will fall on them. Even the strongest eyes are, after the repose of the night, more or less sensitive to the impression of intense light. The eyes must have time to accustom themselves to the stimulus.

Attention should be called to the injurious effects that sometimes follow reading on railroad cars. On account of the unsteadiness of the page, reading under these circumstances is exceedingly trying to the eyes, and should never be persisted in for any considerable length of time.

During convalescence from severe illness the eyes are generally the last to regain their lost power. Especially is this the case with women after child-birth, and too much care cannot be taken to put as little strain upon the eyes as possible at this time.

There is nothing more refreshing to the tired eyes than a judicious bathing in cold water. When after use, the eyes feel hot and uncomfortable, are slightly red and have a feeling of fatigue, a few handfuls of cold water will sometimes act like magic. The habit which some have of immersing the face in a basin of water and opening the eyes so as to allow the water to come in direct contact with the ball does not answer the purpose; in fact, it frequently gives

rise to very uncomfortable symptoms caused by a swelling of the epithelial covering of the eye. The proper mode is to take a large basin of cold water, and bending the head close over it, with both hands to throw the water with some force on the lids gently closed. This has something of the same effect as a shower-bath, and has a toning-up influence which water applied in any other way has not. Another method of accomplishing the same end is by means of a spray-producer or atomizer, such as ladies frequently use at their toilet. In this case, a little spirits of any kind, or bay rum added to the water of the atomizer, will increase somewhat the good effect.

Perhaps this is as appropriate a place as any to warn our readers against the so-called "eye-cups" which are extensively advertised. They are recommended as "giving strength to the eye," "preserving the sight," and obviating the necessity of glasses by removing the "flattening" of the eye from age. Irremediable mischief is liable to be done by this apparatus. It is simply a cup, fitting air-tight around the eye-socket, and to which is attached a hollow rubber ball similar to that of an atomizer. When the cup is applied to the socket and the ball is squeezed, the air is expelled from around the eye-ball, and when the ball again assumes its shape, an undue quantity of blood is drawn into the eye and surrounding parts because of the relief of a portion of the atmospheric pressure. As a result, it is true, the eye does become fuller, and in some instances it may have the effect to enable the individual to see somewhat better objects near at hand, but always with a sacrifice of good distant vision.

The true cause for a demand for glasses in persons advanced in years has already been explained by us in the number of this magazine for April, 1877. It was there shown that the inability to see distinctly close at hand was caused by a stiffening of a muscle in the interior of the eye and a hardening of the crystalline lens—conditions which the eye-cups can in no wise influence. But the positive harm caused by these eye-cups comes from the congestion of the eye which they inevitably bring about. It is impossible for this congestion of the delicate tissues which enter into the structure of the eye to be continued for any length of time without inducing disease, and that character of disease, too, which is, in a large number of cases, outside the pale of our remedial measures.

It may also not be out of place to say a word here in regard to the influence of tobacco on vision. As this is a question which is still *sub judice* in the profession, we are not warranted in making any positive utterances. The English ophthalmic surgeons believe strongly in the "tobacco amaurosis," and we have seen in the English hospitals cases of wasting of the optic nerve which could hardly be referred to any other cause than excessive smoking. In America and in France, we have rarely, indeed, met with them. In fact, many good surgeons in America are in doubt as to the existence of a genuine "tobacco amaurosis." Granting, however, that the English cases are real, I can only account for the scarcity of the affection elsewhere in one of two ways: first, by the difference in the character of the tobacco; second, by the influence of race. Those in England who are affected belong almost without exception to the lower classes, are, as a rule, drinkers as well as smokers, and smoke large quantities of the strongest tobacco manufactured, generally that known as "shag." It is a curious fact worthy of mention that those who chew are seldom, if ever, affected from this cause. The average American, we feel safe in saying, may use tobacco (of native growth) in moderation, with but little danger of detriment to his eyes. But it must also be remarked that what is moderation in one may amount to excess in another, and each one should find what is the limit of moderation in his individual case and keep within it.

The attention of the profession is being more and more directed to the proper correction of faulty optical conditions of the eyes in childhood as a means of avoiding some of the actual deformities and diseases to which they are liable to lead in later life. It is not so generally known as it should be that squint or "cross eyes" is nearly always dependent upon a faulty construction of the ball, which is remediable by means of properly adapted glasses. Professor Donders of Utrecht, Holland, has incurred the gratitude of thousands who, by this discovery, have been enabled to preserve their eyes straight and use them with comfort without having to undergo the terrors of an operation. As, however, this application of glasses, in order to be thoroughly effective, must be made very early in life, some observations as to the signs and symptoms which point to such conditions are eminently appropriate here.

In the first place, it must be remarked that there are two kinds of squint—the inward and the outward, which depend, with rare exceptions, on two opposite optical defects. The inward squint is associated, in by far the greater majority of cases, with far-sightedness, the outward with short-sightedness.

Let us consider the inward form first. It may be observed, in passing, that many of the commonly accepted theories regarding the causation of this variety as well as of the outward form, are without any foundation in fact. You hear frequently of children who, it is presumed, have acquired a squint by imitation from playmates who are thus affected. The absurdity of this is apparent at once when we reflect that any act to be imitated must be voluntary and under the command of the will. Any reader can convince himself that the act of squinting is not voluntary by attempting to produce it at will. You hear of others who, when quite young, kept their hair down over their eyes, and, in peering out from under it, acquired a "cast"; and there are various other ways in which the anomaly is supposed or believed to be produced. None of these circumstances have any influence in producing the deviation of the eyes. All those cases of inward "cast," with only here and there an exception, when examined will be found to be far-sighted. When, therefore, at however early an age the child is observed to have a periodical "cast," it should forthwith be taken to a competent oculist for an examination as to far-sightedness. And if we could, in every case, as soon as the fact of far-sightedness is established, adapt to the eyes the glasses that completely correct the fault, and put them on a par with children with perfectly normal eyes, it would not be asserting too much to say that we should seldom have to resort to the operation of dividing the tendon of the internal straight muscle of the eye, which is the only cure for a confirmed squint. But unfortunately we cannot in the majority of cases do this. Even in children of eight and ten years there is often great difficulty in having the glasses constantly worn. They are thoughtless and careless, and in play the glasses get knocked off and become broken; and frequently the somewhat odd appearance of a child in spectacles makes it the subject of jest, and the glasses are purposely laid aside as soon as it is away from the eye of the parents or guardians. In all cases, however, the effort should be made.

The symptoms which attend far-sightedness are distinct and marked. After a more or less prolonged use of the eyes, particularly by bad or artificial light, there is a complaint of pain,—not so much in the eyes as around them, and especially across the forehead. If the use of the eyes is still persisted in, the letters become so blurred and indistinct that the book must be laid aside. After a few moments' rest it can be resumed, but with ultimately the same result. It is most frequently at this time of fatigue that we see the first tendency to squint. If one eye is allowed to turn inward, the strain is somewhat relieved, and the work can be proceeded with in a measure of comfort. It is wonderful what a complete relief to all these unpleasant symptoms the application of proper glasses brings. It is a law, from which there should be no variation, that a far-sighted child should never be allowed to use its eyes for near work without its glasses.

Outward squint, or more frequently the tendency to outward squint associated with a weakness of the internal straight muscles, is, in a large proportion of cases, connected with short-sightedness. This connection is not so common perhaps as the connection of inward squint with far-sightedness, but it is so generally the case that when an outward "cast" is observed the eyes should be examined with reference to short-sightedness and the relative power of the different muscles which move the eyes.

A weakness of one set of muscles (most frequently the straight muscles that move the eyes inward) is the cause of a great number of cases of painful vision, and, being in a large proportion of instances associated with, and dependent upon, the short-sighted condition of the eyes, is remediable by means of properly fitted concave glasses, associated sometimes with prisms. It is evident, then, how important it is to have the eyes examined upon the first appearance of symptoms pointing to this condition.

The symptoms that characterize this weakness have something of the same nature as those which are present in far-sightedness. The principal features in both are pain and confusion of sight. The pain in the former, however, differs from that in far-sightedness in the fact that it is felt more in the eye itself, though it may radiate from it to the surrounding parts, and the confusion of sight consists not so much in a blurring of the object as an overlapping

of two images. This latter feature may attain such a degree as actually to cause double vision. When this is the case it is impossible to use the two eyes at once and have satisfactory vision, so the one eye is allowed to deviate far outward so as not to participate in "direct" vision at all, and the work is carried on with the other eye alone.

But the most important question in connection with short-sightedness is that of its progressive increase under improper use of the eyes and of its production in healthy eyes under certain unfavorable surroundings. The notice of the profession has been called to these points only within comparatively recent years, and a knowledge of the facts that have thus far been accumulated should have a wider dissemination than can be obtained through the purely scientific and professional journals, since it is a matter holding an important interest for our educators and all those having the care and training of children. For this reason we shall give the subject a consideration somewhat in detail.

Accurate and complete examinations of the eyes of school children of all grades have been made on an extensive scale in several cities of Europe, with especial reference to this matter. The number of children whose eyes have been thus carefully examined amounts now to several thousands, and statistics based on them are as reliable as statistics can be made. Some such examinations have been made in this country, notably by Dr. C. R. Agnew of New York, and Dr. Hasket Derby, of Boston; but they are not so complete as those we have from Germany and Switzerland.

The deductions from all these separate and independent observations have been wonderfully unanimous in their character. They show that while in young children who are just beginning to use their eyes for near work, the percentage of short-sightedness is very low,—in fact, the opposite condition of far-sightedness tending to prevail,—in the more advanced classes the percentage increases with the grade of the class, and finally exceeds that of any other condition. One investigator gives the percentages as follows: From the 7th to the 12th year the short-sightedness increases at the rate of 1 per cent. a year; from the 12th to the 14th, at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per year; while from the 14th to the 18th the percentage amounts to from 14.5 per cent. to 55 per cent.

It will be thus seen that in direct proportion as the eyes are used for close work

is the myopic condition increased. Such a state of affairs would be alarming could we not at the same time demonstrate a causal relation between the faulty hygienic surroundings in these cases and the large percentage of short-sightedness. It would indeed be a terrible thing if we could attain culture only through risk of a curtailment of the most important sense of which we are possessed. For we must bear in mind that—quite contrary to current opinion—the short-sighted eye is essentially a diseased eye and should always be considered and treated as such. Some of the most melancholy afflictions to which the eye is liable often follow as the natural results of the myopic condition. It is true that short-sighted persons are generally able to dispense with glasses for reading and other near work even to an advanced old age; but for seeing objects distinctly at a distance other kinds of glasses are absolutely necessary, the inconvenience of using which is quite as great as of using glasses for near work. We should have then everything to gain by reducing the prevalence of myopia.

The extensive statistics to which we have alluded have shown us another important fact worthy of consideration, and that is, that under these pernicious influences, it is not those eyes alone which are hereditarily predisposed to short-sightedness that pass into that condition, but that normal eyes in which no such predisposition can be traced, and even far-sighted eyes, become short-sighted, if subjected sufficiently long to such injurious agencies.

It has long been a fact, widely known, that myopia affects by preference those who use their eyes constantly for near work. And especially is it prevalent among the educated and cultivated classes who employ their eyes during a large portion of the day (and night too) in reading or writing; short-sightedness is almost unknown among the uncivilized inhabitants of the globe. Watch-makers, jewelers and some others whose business requires a close application of the eyes form an apparent exception to this rule, since the percentage of short-sightedness in them is not great. The exception, however, is only apparent. They always have a good light; seldom work by artificial light, and nearly always use in their very fine work an eye-glass which removes pretty much all the strain from the eye; and the investigations of recent years go to show that the most frequent cause of myopia lies not so much in the continued use of the eyes

as in the unfavorable circumstances attending upon their use, and in particular as regards illumination.

In order to an appreciative understanding of the manner in which these causes tend to the production of myopia, a brief explanation of the condition of the eye in short-sightedness is necessary. A myopic state of the eye may depend upon one of two conditions: 1st, Its refracting surfaces may be too strongly curved—or, 2ndly, The retina may be too far removed from these surfaces—in other words, the eye may be too long. Either of these conditions will have the effect to allow a distinct image of an object to be formed on the retina, only when the object is situated within a comparatively short distance of the eyes. The images of all objects farther removed will be indistinct because the retina is no longer in the focus of rays of light coming from them. Now, the first of these conditions (the excessive curvature of the refracting surfaces) is rare, and, when present, is generally congenital. The second condition, though, beyond doubt, sometimes congenital, is not commonly so, but is developed in after life, and in accordance with statistics the percentage of its increase is in direct proportion to the continuous use of the eyes under unfavorable circumstances.

The manner in which these circumstances bring about a change in the shape of the ball is the following:

Given a bad light, fine work, or work placed in such a position as requires a bent position of the head and body, and let it be continued under these circumstances day after day, or night after night, and the result sooner or later must be a congested condition of the eyes, and especially, it has been found, of the inner coats of the back part of the ball. This congestion if kept up for any considerable length of time leads to a softening of the tissues at that point, and eventually to a lengthening of the ball through a giving way of the parts to the lateral pressure of the muscles which move the eye.

Such is the now accepted theory; but, whether satisfactorily explanatory in all particulars or not, the fact yet remains which cannot be disputed that there is a causative relation existing between such circumstances and the production and increase of the degree of short-sightedness. This being so clearly demonstrated, the course to pursue in order to prevent any increase of existing myopia and even its production *de novo* is

plain, and this is the point to which we would call the earnest attention of our educators.

The question of first importance is necessarily that of light. And this is just where almost every school-room that has been examined has been found wanting.

The quantity of light in the first place is rarely sufficient. It has been determined that the proportion which should exist between the amount of glass surface (in square feet) and the square surface of the floor is as 1 to 3.5, or at least, 1 to 4. In other words, for a room 20 feet square there should be from 70 to 80 square feet of glass, which amounts between 500 and 600 square inches for each scholar should 20 scholars occupy it. In many of the rooms examined the proportion amounted to from 1.10 to 1.14. With insufficient light it is no wonder that eyes having an inherent tendency to short-sightedness should give way. Let, then, the directors of institutions of whatever kind where the eyes—and particularly the eyes of children—are required to do close work see that the square surface of the windows to the square surface of the floor does not fall below the proportion of 1 to 4.

But even when there is the proper amount of light, it is highly important that it be rightly managed. In the majority of rooms examined the arrangement of the light was exceedingly bad. In a large number, what light there was came from in front and of course fell directly in the faces of the children. The ill effects of this are not confined alone to the eyes, but extend to other portions of the body. In order to avoid the glare of the light, the children either bend the body strongly forward so as to shade the eyes by the head, or else they twist it round so that the light shall fall directly upon the page. Both of these positions exert a pernicious influence upon the physical structure of the growing organism. There is great danger of the chest becoming narrow and contracted, and of the spine becoming curved. Many of the cases of spinal curvature and contracted chests can be traced to these unnatural positions while at school.

Without considering further what ought not to be the position of the light, we will say that the desks in the school-room (and the same rules apply to all occupations where the eyes are used regularly for near work) should be so arranged that the light shall come from the left and slightly from

above. The windows should therefore be high, and if shaded at all, the shading should cover the lower rather than the higher portion. In many instances it may not be possible to use the light from the left, and in that case the next best is that from the right. In this latter case, however, the shadows cast by the hand and arm generally fall in inconvenient positions.

But even with the most satisfactory management of the light, the arrangement of the seats and desks may be such as to bring about the same class of troubles, both as to the eyes and body. The desks may be too low, requiring a bent position of the body in writing, etc., or the distance between the seat and desk may be too great, necessitating a bending forward of the body, thus depriving the back of its proper support against the back of the seat. In order to avoid this and all the other ills which such circumstances entail, the desks should be of such a height that the elbows may rest upon them, when the body is erect, without any displacement of the shoulders. The seat should be broad enough to support the whole length of the thigh and high enough to allow the feet to rest comfortably upon the floor. The back should be straight though not high, and the loins should rest against it. The distance between the edge of the desk and the back of the seat should be such as to allow the body to move comfortably in the space, but not so great as to permit a bending forward of the body in writing or in doing other work lying on the desk. The top of the desk should have a slant of about twenty degrees for writing, and forty degrees for reading. If it is flat the fore-shortening of the letters mars in no inconsiderable degree their distinctness. A slant of forty degrees would be best for writing also, but the ink would not flow from the pen so freely at that inclination. The lid of the desk can be made, by a simple arrangement, to assume any inclination desired, and all desks should be manufactured with that end in view.

But when we have attended to all these matters, it is necessary still, if the child is short-sighted, to put its eyes in such a condition optically, which will allow work to be done at a distance of from twelve to eighteen inches (30 to 45 centimeters). If the short-sightedness is of such a low degree that it does not require a glass of higher power than a No. 20 for its correction, glasses may be dispensed with for near work, but when the myopia exceeds that, glasses

should always be worn. The best authorities we have on this subject insist on a *complete correction of the myopia of children by glasses, which should be constantly worn and made a part of the refracting apparatus of the eye*. If this is done sufficiently early, the eyes are then placed in the same condition as normal eyes, and with the care which we

have insisted upon in preceding paragraphs, there is but little danger of an increase of the degree of the short-sightedness. If, however, this is not done, and especially if the hygienic rules are not strictly complied with, the law is, that there will be a progressive increase of the degree,—popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTION.

THE conditions of admission to a college determine to a large extent the character of the instruction of the Freshman year. These conditions are highest at Harvard and lowest at the small colleges of the West. Harvard's requirements for admission are more than those of the University of Michigan, Michigan's more than those of Yale, with the exception of Greek, and Yale's slightly more than those of Amherst. Michigan requires a more extended knowledge of mathematics than Harvard, but a less extended reading of Latin and Greek. The requirements of Harvard over those of Yale comprise about two thousand lines of Latin poetry, a considerable quantity of Latin prose, a book of Herodotus, a slightly more advanced knowledge of mathematics, an elementary knowledge of one of the physical sciences, and of either French or German. But, leaving out Harvard, and possibly the University of Michigan, the amount of the requirements for admission to our colleges presents no great or essential difference. Six or eight orations of Cicero, six books of the *Æneid*, three or four books of the *Anabasis*, and one, two or three books of the *Iliad*, represent the principal classical requirements, and arithmetic, algebra, and the simpler portions of plane geometry represent the mathematical. A general knowledge of ancient history, English grammar, and modern geography is also usually requisite to admission.

But the quality of the knowledge required for entering our colleges is subject to greater variations than its quantity. One college demands a far more critical and definite knowledge than another. The examinations at one college are written, as at Harvard; at another, oral, as at most colleges; and at another, both written and oral, as at Yale. One college examines the applicant for three days, as Harvard; and another, for only one or two, as Amherst. One college

accepts the certificate of a teacher as a truthful indication of the student's worth, and subjects him to no examination worthy the name, while another pays little or no heed to it. It is usually regarded that the entrance examinations at Williams, Dartmouth or Bowdoin are easier than those of Amherst, Amherst's easier than those of Yale, and Yale's easier than those of Harvard. Harvard's entrance examinations are commonly acknowledged the hardest, and she rejects about fourteen per cent. of applicants. Though more exacting than formerly, most Eastern colleges reject less than eight per cent.

In the following comparisons of courses of instruction, Harvard and Yale are selected as types of the largest Eastern colleges, Amherst as the type of Eastern colleges of the average size, as Brown, Dartmouth, Princeton, and Middlebury as the type of small colleges, as Bates, Colby, Tufts. The University of Michigan represents the large colleges of the West, Oberlin those of the average size, and Beloit the better class of its small colleges, such as Marietta, Berea. Into one or another of these six classes nearly all our three hundred and fifty colleges easily fall. Although no one of the colleges named precisely represents all other colleges of its class, each may serve as a general type of them. Amherst may represent Dartmouth and Williams, though the course of instruction at Amherst is somewhat different from the course of instruction at either Dartmouth or Williams.

The classics still continue to form a large part of the course of instruction of most colleges. Though the required study of Latin and Greek ends at Harvard with the Freshman year, yet the elective courses are more than sufficient to occupy the students' attention for the three remaining years. These courses are twenty-two in number, and provide forty-six recitations a week. Besides

the Greek authors usually read, Harvard offers a course in ecclesiastical and in philosophical Greek, and in Latin, a most unique course in "Latin inscriptions, orthography and pronunciation." An opportunity is also offered for the study of Hebrew and Sanskrit. At Yale, about three-fifths of the work of the first two years is devoted to the classics, and the authors are Herodotus, Æschylus, Cicero, Tacitus, and others usually read in college. The required study of Latin and Greek ceases with the Sophomore year, but if he choose, the student can still give about one-fourth of the work of the remainder of his course to them. In his Senior year he also has the opportunity of studying Sanskrit. At Amherst, about two-thirds of the Freshman and one-third of the Sophomore and Junior years are spent upon Latin and Greek. The hardest Greek read is the "Philippics," and the hardest Latin, Quintilian and Tacitus. At Middlebury, the type of the small Eastern college, Latin grammar, Livy and the Odyssey come in the Freshman year, and the most difficult Greek in the course is the "Medea" of Euripides. The instruction in classics ends with the first term of the Junior year. At Michigan, the classical instruction is not dissimilar in amount and quality to that of Amherst, but at Oberlin and Beloit easier and fewer authors are read.

The mathematical instruction in our colleges is less in amount and covers a shorter space of time than the classical. It begins in the Freshman year usually with either solid geometry or the more advanced part of plane, and, passing through trigonometry and analytical geometry, ends with mechanics or the calculus. At Harvard, the Freshmen recite between three and four hours a week in solid and analytical geometry, plane trigonometry, and advanced algebra. Though no mathematics are prescribed after the first year, ten elective courses offer ample opportunity to the student who wishes to continue the study. Two courses in quaternions are provided, and, so far as I know, Harvard is the only American college at which this new branch of mathematics can be studied. At Yale, about two-fifths of the Freshman and Sophomore years are spent upon mathematics, the study beginning with advanced algebra and ending with conic sections and mechanics. During his last two years, if he wish, the student may study calculus and analytical mechanics to the extent of four recitations a week, and, during a part of his Senior year, he may

devote an equal portion of each week to astronomy. The student at Amherst gives about one-third of his Freshman, and about one-fifth of his Sophomore year to the study of mathematics. Beginning with the more advanced plane geometry, he may study algebra, trigonometry, conic sections, and, if he wish, calculus. At Middlebury, the mathematical instruction begins with algebra in the Freshman year, and ends, at the close of the second year, with calculus. About one-third of the first two years is devoted to the study. At the University of Michigan also, mathematical studies occupy the student's attention for about one-third of the time of his first two years. But these studies in geometry, trigonometry and calculus are of a more advanced character than those at Middlebury or Amherst, and more advanced than the prescribed mathematical studies at Harvard. Oberlin requires her students to spend about one-fourth of their Freshman year upon mathematics, and permits them to elect calculus as one of the three studies of the first term of the Sophomore year. Descriptive geometry can also be studied for a single term in the Junior year. Beloit pays more attention to the study of mathematics than Oberlin, but her students hardly succeed in reaching so advanced a stage of knowledge.

The facilities for learning the modern languages in our colleges have vastly improved within a few years. Twenty years ago it was difficult to find a graduate who could read French with ease, or German at all. But now no one pretends to call himself educated, unless he reads, writes, and speaks those languages with fluency. The facilities for studying Spanish and Italian are still exceedingly meager in most colleges. At Harvard, however, considerable attention is paid to these as well as to French and German. An elementary knowledge of either French or German is a condition of admission to the college; and the study of one of these languages composes about one-fifth of the work of the Freshman year. Besides the prescribed course, four elective courses are offered in German, affording twelve hours of recitation a week; and in French, five elective courses, with fourteen hours of recitation. There are three elective courses in Spanish, and three also in Italian. Cervantes, Calderon, Tasso, Dante, and Petrarch are the chief authors read. A course in the comparative philology of the romance languages is also offered. Two courses in Anglo-Saxon and early English

are provided for the student interested in the study of his vernacular; and in English literature also, two courses are offered, comprising Chaucer, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, and Dryden. At Yale, a knowledge of French is not, so far as I can learn, required for admission, nor does the study form a part of the prescribed curriculum. French may, however, be elected for four recitations a week during the Junior and Senior years. But students are not allowed to elect it unless already having a knowledge of the elements of the language. German is a prescribed study of the Junior year for three recitations a week, and may be elected in the Senior year for four recitations. About one-fifth of the work of the first term of Junior year is devoted to the study of Shakspeare and Craik's history of our literature. Anglo-Saxon may be elected in the second term of the Junior year for four hours a week; and "linguistics" offers an entertaining course of study for a short time in the Senior year. The student of the modern languages at Amherst begins the French grammar with his second year, and may continue the study for three successive terms with about four recitations a week. German he is required to study for a single term, with five exercises a week, and he may also elect it for two terms. Italian and Spanish he can study during his Junior year, but to them he usually gives little attention. English literature he also studies for a single term of the Senior year, with three recitations a week. Middlebury provides no instruction in French for her students, though she is now preparing to offer a course of study in it. Most colleges, however, provide at least a small amount of instruction in the language. German is crowded into four recitations a week of a single term of the Junior year. English (Trench's "Study of Words" and "English, Past and Present") forms part of the instruction of one term of the Sophomore year; and English literature (Taine) is studied somewhat in the first term of the Senior year. But most colleges offer very meager opportunities for the study of the origin and growth of either our language or our literature. At the University of Michigan, the study of French begins with the Junior year, and may be continued during the remaining year of the course. Italian and Spanish are among the elective studies of the last half of the Senior year. To both the English language and literature considerable attention is given. At Oberlin, the study of German begins in the third term

of the Freshman year, and it may form about one-third of the student's work for three more terms. The study of French is limited to a single term; and, as in most colleges, the student has no opportunity of learning either Spanish or Italian. English literature (Bascom) may be studied in the Senior year. At Beloit, as at Middlebury, French is not set down in the curriculum; and German is studied for only two of the twelve terms. To English literature, however, the student is able to devote considerable attention.

The instruction in the various departments of science in our colleges has hardly kept abreast with the discoveries of the last ten years. A natural conservatism and the expense of procuring scientific apparatus tend to make the college instruction in science several years behind the promulgation of scientific truths. Harvard, however, having the fullest set of scientific instruments of the colleges on this side the ocean, fosters in many ways the scientific studies of her students. Besides a prescribed course of two recitations a week in physics, in the Freshman year, she offers five elective courses, and three exercises a week in each course. In chemistry, she provides, in addition to a prescribed course of lectures in the Freshman year, seven elective courses, extending through the three remaining years. In natural history ten courses are offered, with twenty-eight exercises a week. A course in physiological psychology, with Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" as a text-book, is the only case, so far as I am able to discover, among American colleges, in which a systematic study is made of Mr. Spencer's philosophical and psychological theories. At Yale, the student during his Junior year has three recitations a week in physics (Ganot); and in the first term of the year an equal number in chemistry. In the second and longer term, physiology (Huxley) and astronomy are studied. A series of lectures is delivered in the Senior year upon evolution and cosmogony; and geology is a required study of the first term of the year. Elective courses in the various departments of natural science and physics are also offered, with about twelve exercises a week during the Senior year. Zoölogy may be studied for a short time in the Junior year. The instruction in science at Amherst is of a very general character. It begins in the middle of the second year with chemistry, and, after passing through mineralogy, astronomy, botany, paleontology,

it ends at the close of the Senior year with comparative zoölogy and geology. About two-thirds of the work of the Junior year is of a scientific character. Middlebury provides instruction in the Junior year in natural philosophy and chemistry for about five hours a week; and in the first term of the Senior in zoölogy (Tenney), with two recitations a week, and in the second and third terms in geology (Dana), with four recitations. At the University of Michigan about one-fourth of the work of the Junior year is devoted to physics and astronomy. Several elective courses in science are offered in the Senior year, providing about twenty-five hours of recitation each week. The course of study in astronomy is more extended than that offered by any other of our colleges. The student at Oberlin begins his scientific studies with natural philosophy (Olmsted) and botany (Gray) in the last term of his Sophomore year. About one-third of the work of the five succeeding terms he may devote, if he wishes, to astronomy, chemistry, zoölogy, and geology. The student at Beloit has advantages similar to those of his brother at Oberlin; he has, however, no instruction offered him in zoölogy. In most colleges, the instruction and lectures in science are supplemented by the work of the student in the laboratory. Chemical laboratories are established in many colleges, but physical laboratories in but few.

The advantages our colleges afford their students for the study of philosophy are as various as those they offer for the study of science. At Harvard the course in philosophy (Jevon's *Logic*, Locke's "*Human Understanding*") occupies about one-seventh of the work of the Junior year. But the elective courses are sufficient to occupy all, and more than all, of the Senior year. Beginning with Descartes, a continuous study is made of his successors, Malebranche, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and of Kant, and the post-Kantians. The course in Schopenhauer and Hartmann is the only course in the German philosophy of the present day given, so far as I can discover, in any American college. The instruction in philosophy is rather critical than dogmatic; its purpose is to explain the different systems rather than to teach a system. Though more attention is paid to intellectual than to moral philosophy, yet the various ethical theories can be studied in the Senior year, with three recitations a week. In political economy, two elective courses are offered, comprising Mill, Cairnes and Carey.

At Yale, as at most colleges, the philosophical studies are relegated to the Senior year. Elementary logic is studied for a few weeks in the Junior year; and about one-third of the work of the Senior year is of a philosophical character. Instruction is given by means both of text-books (Porter, Schwegler's *History*) and of numerous lectures. Political science is a required study of the Senior year, with Fawcett as the principal text-book. An elective course is also offered during the second term, with four exercises a week. At Amherst also about one-third of the work of the Senior year is devoted to philosophy. Hickock and Schwegler are the leading authors studied. Political economy is also taught, but to considerably less extent than in either Yale or Harvard. At Middlebury, after the elementary logic of the Junior year, Paley's "*Natural Theology*" is studied, with four recitations a week for a single term; and, in the winter one recitation a day is devoted to Butler's "*Analogy*." In the spring term similar attention is paid to the history of philosophy. Political Economy (Perry) is also studied for a single term, with four recitations a week. At Michigan, logic and psychology are required studies of the first half of the Senior year; and moral philosophy and the history of philosophy are elective studies of the second term. They can, therefore, be made to occupy about one-fifth of the student's time. Political economy is taught for about five hours a week during one-half of a single term. The student at Oberlin, like the student at Yale and Amherst, may devote about one-third of his Senior year to philosophical studies—Butler, Porter, Fairchild representing the principal text-books in mental and moral philosophy, and J. S. Mill in political economy. At Beloit, mental philosophy is studied for a brief time in the last term of the Junior year; and about one-third of the Senior is devoted to logic, moral philosophy and the evidences of Christianity. In most colleges, especially in those under direct religious influence, elementary study is made of these evidences.

In but few colleges does history receive that attention which it is almost universally admitted to deserve. In most cases the only instruction offered in it consists of a course of lectures, necessarily of a very general character, which, putting the student in possession of mere skeletons of theories and of events, fail both to inspire him with love for the study, and to prompt to independent

reading and thinking. Harvard, however, offers very fair advantages for historical study. The prescribed course comprises Freeman's "Outlines," the Constitution of the United States, and a study of the English system of government; nine elective courses are offered, with twenty-six hours of recitation a week. Besides general courses in European history, a course in mediæval institutions is offered, which, in its scope and aim, is unique in college instruction. A more careful study is made of American history here than elsewhere; and a single course of study in diplomatic history is also provided. At Yale the course in history comprises Hallam's "Constitutional History," Woolsey's "International Law," and lectures during one term of the Senior year. But in the first term Bancroft's "History" may be taken as an optional study for four hours a week. At Amherst about one-third of the work of two terms of the Senior year is devoted to history and political science. Political science is taught in connection with the historical rather than the philosophical department. The instruction in history consists, in the main, of an extended course of lectures upon the general history of Europe. At Middlebury the instruction in history is represented by Guizot's "History of Civilization," in which the student recites four hours a week for a single term. The same amount of time is devoted to international law, with Woolsey's "Introduction" as a text-book. The University of Michigan, during the Freshman and Sophomore years, devotes considerable attention to Roman and Grecian history, more than is usual in the case of most colleges, who generally relegate the elementary part of this work to the preparatory schools. Guizot's "History of Civilization" is studied for six weeks of the Junior year, with a recitation each day. During the second term of the Sophomore year also, the study of the period from the revival of learning to the close of the Thirty Years' War may form about one-third of the student's work. In the Senior year English and American history may be studied, with five hours of recitation a week. At Oberlin, the only instruction given in history consists of a course of lectures delivered in the last term of the Junior year. At Beloit, ancient history is studied at the beginning of the first and second years; and in the first term in the Junior year, Guizot's work and the mediæval history of France are in the course.

It is only within a few years that our colleges have given any instruction in the fine arts. Two years ago a professorship of the history of art was established at Harvard, and the department is now, by means of the three elective courses, one of the most important and popular. Four elective courses in music are also provided, with twelve recitations and lectures a week. Yale has a "school of the fine arts," whose aim is to provide thorough technical instruction in the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture; to furnish an acquaintance with all branches of learning relating to the history, theory and practice of art. The course covers three years, and, though it is distinct from the regular college course, is open to all. Vassar, in consequence, doubtless, of being a college for women, devotes considerable attention to the fine arts. Besides instruction in vocal and instrumental music, opportunities are offered for "drawing, painting, and modeling in clay and wax." Most of these courses, however, do not belong to the regular curriculum. But few colleges offer any instruction in the fine arts.

Considerable attention is now given to rhetoric, writing and speaking, in all colleges. At Harvard, instruction is given in rhetoric for two hours a week during half of the Sophomore and half of the Junior year, with Campbell and Whately as the principal textbooks. Six themes or compositions are written in the Sophomore year, ten in the Junior, and four in the Senior. In about twelve of these twenty essays the style of writing is chiefly considered, and in eight the thought. This division of the writing is peculiar, so far as I know, to Harvard. In elocution the professor gives instruction to those wishing it, and about one-third of the Senior class, besides a few other students, avail themselves of the privilege. At Yale, the study of rhetoric begins about the middle of the Freshman year, and ends with the Senior year. In the first term of the Sophomore year, an exercise in composition is held once in three weeks; and in the Junior year "forensic disputations" occur twice a term. In his Senior year each student writes four compositions. During a part of the Sophomore year, exercises in declamation also are held. At Amherst, throughout the four years, exercises in either composition or declamation, or both, are held every week. Extemporaneous speaking also is cultivated by constant exercises. At Middlebury, weekly exercises in composition and rhetoric are held. At

Michigan, the rhetorical and English exercises occur in each week of the Freshman year; during the Sophomore year, each student is required to write five essays; and in his Junior year, if he elects the subject, to "write and deliver five speeches." At Oberlin, every student is required to write six essays, and take part in six debates in each of the four years of his course. At Beloit, weekly rhetorical exercises are held in which the student "is called occasionally to bear a part." But, besides the instruction given by the colleges, the societies of the students present other opportunities for both writing and speaking. These societies are more popular at Yale and Amherst than at Harvard; and, in general, they flourish better in Western than in Eastern colleges.

Though a few elective or "exchange" courses of instruction have been for years offered by most colleges, it was not till the accession of the present president of Harvard that the system of elective studies was introduced. Though introduced at Harvard in the face of much opposition, the system has, by its intellectual and moral advantages, converted opposition into stanch support. It constantly grows in popularity with both professors and students, and each year the number of elective courses is increased and their scope enlarged. At this time (1876-77), ninety-nine elective courses are offered, providing two hundred and sixty-three recitations a week. Students are not permitted, however, to avail themselves of the privilege of the system till the Sophomore year. All the studies of the Freshman year are prescribed, and about one-third of those of the Sophomore and Junior years. With the exception of four essays, the studies of the Senior year are elective. The liberty of choice is shown by the fact that one can, during his course, take, as regular studies for a degree, only thirty-four of the two hundred and sixty-three hours of electives. With the present academic year, Yale introduced a system of optional studies. Each Junior and Senior "is required to have four exercises a week in an optional study;" that is, about one-third or one-fourth of the work of these two years is elective. Regarding a study having four exercises a week for a year as a "course," there are offered two courses each in Greek, Latin, French and mathematics, and one course in German. History, political economy, astronomy, physics, meteorology, mineralogy and mathematical crystallography, geology and paleontology are studied for a single term with

four exercises a week in each. Zoölogy and linguistics (two exercises a week) each occupies half a term. Sanskrit may be studied for one year, with two double exercises each week. Amherst has a few elective courses, chiefly in science and modern languages. They are opened to the student in the middle of the second year, and during the remainder of his course he can devote about one-third or one-fourth of his time to them. But Middlebury, the type of small Eastern colleges, has no elective studies. At the University of Michigan the studies of the first three years are in the main prescribed, but those of the Senior, with the exception of logic and psychology, are elective. Ten elective courses, in as many subjects, are offered, from which the student is required to select three or four. At Oberlin, during the principal part of the last three years four studies are assigned to each term, from which the student is required to choose three. But Beloit, the type of small Western colleges, offers no elective courses, and this is the usual case with most colleges, both East and West. The University of Virginia, however, offers, and has offered for years, with its various "schools" a system of study which is entirely elective.

The following table shows the number of hours of instruction a week given in the principal studies by twenty colleges. At Amherst, for example, there are on an average twenty-one and two-thirds recitations in classics made by all the different classes each week. Both prescribed and elective studies are included in the estimate.

	Classics, Ancient Lang's.	Maths.	Mod. Lang.	Sci. envc.	Philos. ophy.	Hist. tory.	Fine Arts.
Amherst	21½	10½	9	17½	6½	5	1½
Boston	25	6	16	10	12	8	1
Bowdoin	21½	7½	11	12½	8½	6	0
California	26	6	13	14	9	0	0
Cornell	32	12	10	10	10	10	0
Dartmouth	20	10	4	12	10	2	0
Hamilton	22	11	2½	10	10	4½	0
Harvard	64	29	64	68	20	28	18
Michigan	28	12	15	32	9	8	0
Middlebury	18	10	4	13	11	4	0
New York	24	12	2	18	8	6	0
Northwest'n	22	7	15	13½	7	4½	0
Oberlin	24	12	10	13½	12	1	1
Princeton	30	9	7	15	10	2	0
Trinity	23	6½	9	12½	9	4	0
Vassar	27½	8½	21	31½	10	2	17½
Vermont	21	12	12	15	9	6	¾
Virginia	15	19	13	22	4	4	0
Wesleyan	26	10	11	27	20	5	0
Yale	38	17	19	25	14	6	0

It is impossible to obtain absolute accuracy in estimates essentially so indefinite,

since courses of instruction vary each year, and are often different from the published list of studies. Yet, for purposes of comparison, these figures may be regarded as sufficiently accurate.

But it is not the amount of its instruction, the number of hours of recitation it gives a week, which makes a college either great or good. The quality or tone of its instruction is of equal, if not of greater, importance. For determining this, the most exact rule would be the intellectual and moral character of its

graduates, since every college, like every tree, should be, and is, known by its fruit. But since such a rule is evidently inapplicable in the present case, the character and number of the principal professors in a college may seem as a general standard for determining the quality and tone of the instruction it gives. In the list below Harvard and Yale are chosen for comparison, for obvious reasons; and Amherst and Michigan are selected as representatives of large Eastern and Western colleges.

HARVARD.	YALE.	AMHERST.	MICHIGAN.
<i>Classics: Ancient Languages.</i>			
Sophocles, Goodwin, Anderson (Greek); Lane, Greenough, Everett, Smith (Latin); Greenough (Sanskrit); Young (Hebrew).	Packard (Greek); Thacher, Wright (Latin); Whitney (Sanskrit).	Tyler, Mather (Greek); Crowell (Latin).	D'Ooge, Pattengill (Greek); Frieze, Walter (Latin).
<i>Mathematics.</i>			
B. Peirce, J. M. Peirce, Eustis, White, Byerly.	Loomis, Newton, Clark, Richards.	Esty, Root.	Olney, Beman.
<i>Modern Languages.</i>			
Child (English); Hedge, Bartlett (German); Jacquinet, Bôcher, J. R. Lowell (French); J. R. Lowell, Nash (Italian, Spanish).	Northrop, Beers (English); Coe (French); Carter (German); Van Name (Chinese and Japanese).	Neill (English); Mather (German); Montague (French, Italian, Spanish).	Morris, Tyler (English).
<i>Science.</i>			
Lovering, Trowbridge, Gibbs (Physics); Cooke, Hill (Chem'y); James, McCrady, Shaler, Goodale, Whitney (Natural History).	Dana (Geology); Silliman (Chem'y); Sanford (Physiology); Eaton (Botany); Wright (Physics); Marsh (Paleontology); Verrill (Zoölogy).	Shepard, Emerson (Natural History); Harris (Chem'y); Hitchcock (Hygiene).	Williams, Watson (Physics); Douglas, Rose, Langley, Prescott (Chemistry); Ford, Harrington (Natural History).
<i>Philosophy.</i>			
Peabody (Moral Philos.); Dunbar (Polit. Econ.); Bowen, Palmer (Meta.).	Porter (Meta.); Sumner (Political Economy).	Seelye.	Cocker.
<i>History.</i>			
Torrey, Adams, Young.	Wheeler, Walker (History and Political Economy).	Burgess, Morse (and Political Economy).	Adams, Hutchins, Angell (Political Economy, International Law).
<i>Fine Arts.</i>			
Paine (Music); Norton (History of Art).	Weir.		

AT MERRY MOUNT.

OH, what is the use now of sighing,
 When any or all things go wrong?
 Why question, when there's no replying?
 Much better go sing an old song.
 Leave to women repining and dying,
 A man should be merry and strong,

The worst, when it comes, is but dying,
 And the longest of lives is not long.
 Sing, "Care hanged a cat,
 And Sorrow drowned a rat,
 But a cavalier wears a long feather in his hat,—
 In his hat—hat—hat,—
 For the cavalier wears a long feather in his hat!"

Suppose you have lost all your treasure,
 (If you ever had any to lose)
 You still have enough left for pleasure,
 If you still have your legs and your shoes!
 Come on, then, and trip us a measure,
 Round the merry May-pole in the dew;
 Dance! the Sun dances up in the air,
 To the tune of "Away with the blues!"
 Sing, "Care hanged a cat,
 And Sorrow drowned a rat,
 But the cavalier wears a long feather in his hat,—
 In his hat—hat—hat,—
 For the cavalier wears a long feather in his hat;
 Hearts go pit-a-pat.
 (Take that, that and that.)
 Oh! the cavalier wears a long feather in his hat!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Summer Dreams.

A LIFE in the city is a wearing life—a life of constant friction. It is not alone social and business friction which wears; everything wears. The very angles of the streets are wearing. Straight lines do not fit themselves to the spirit: that rejoices in curves. The line of beauty is the line of life. Incessant noise, that lacks all the elements of music, wears, even when we are asleep and unconscious of it. To a sensitive organization, the friction at last becomes so irksome that the mere fretting under it wears. We long for the country—for open skies, for silence, for the vision of cool, winding rivers, for the sound of waves, for green woods and mountain ranges, and the precious privilege of loafing. We almost envy the tramp who wanders at will and sleeps under the trees!

We are aware that a great many important questions remain unsettled—vexed questions, weary questions that must, if they be living questions, feel worn by much handling. In profound sympathy with their condition, we will, for this once, "give them a rest." So the Woman Question, Judge Hilton and the Jews, the conflict between Science and Religion, President Hayes's Southern Policy, Spontaneous Generation, the Turco-Russian War, the Province of Fiction, Protestant Vaticanism, Heresy, Mixed Education, the Nature and Office of Beauty, Criticism of our Betters, Marriage and Divorce—all these, and a thousand more, can rest while we talk about the dreams of summer.

This interlude of summer recreation has, to the

weary citizen, all the seeming of a dream. Its changes seem to arrange themselves. Everything is involuntary and phenomenal. We are half-conscious that we shall wake from it on some early day in September, and that the city, with its jargon and drive, will be around us again. Meanwhile, we give ourselves up to the dreams, passing from one to another by some charming and marvelous change, like that which transforms a "dissolving view."

In our first dream, we sit upon the broad piazza of a palace on the Hudson, overlooking the beautiful river. Around us lies a park of eighty acres, threaded by miles and miles of graveled roads and foot-paths and garnished with ancient trees. There stands the finest copper-leaf beech in the country. Here a Norway spruce holds out its level arms with benediction upon the marvelous circle of earth which it covers. In the south shine the spires of Poughkeepsie. On the opposite shore, cottage and villa struggle through the heavy greenery, with cupola, and dormer and gable, and between them and us floats the commerce of the great West and the great metropolis. As we sit, drinking in the beauty of the scene with our eyes, and by a subtler sense apprehending and appropriating the divine essence and effluence of it all, we become conscious that silence has taken to itself a voice. There is a sweet, shrill, illimitable gurgle in the air that forms a sort of background on which the birds paint their songs. It seems more, perhaps, like a uniform and universal web of sound into which all other sounds are broidered. We hear the incisive needles go through it and

the long-drawn threads that run in and out among its mazy meshes. We ask a question, and are told that it is "locust year." Seventeen years ago they were here. For seventeen years the germs of these insects have lain in the soil or slumbered in the trees. Summers and winters have come and gone. The sleepers were forgotten but they did not forget. God had taught them how to count seventeen, and when the seventeenth summer came, they burst forth into resurrection. Does not this seem like a dream? Did ever dream present anything more strange than this? Well, it is all like a dream—the wonderful growth of grass and leaves and flowers; these passing clouds that mark their shadows on the hills,—shadows which the following wind erases; this ceaseless flow of the river to the sea, to return upon aerial wings, every drop steeped through with sunshine on the passage; this human dwelling instinct with hospitality and redolent of welcome. John Burroughs lives next door, on his eastward-looking acres, and these are the things he lives on. Why should he not write enchantingly of birds and strawberries, and nature generally? A man gives out what he takes in. Let us all live near or at "Waldorf"—when we can.

We are at Trenton Falls, and here we meet another dream, or what seems very much like a dream,—a landlord who is a connoisseur in art and a lover of science, and who understands his business. Paintings, old and new, adorn the walls. Here is a Durand, there a Boutelle, there, and there, and there, how many paintings by Hicks we do not know. They are on all the walls of the first story of the large house. In the office stands a cabinet of natural history—a special branch of it—which has cost the landlord ten thousand dollars. The specimens form the record of a geologic age so remote that no imagination can grasp it. Professor Agassiz declared that the land reaching from Trenton Falls to Saratoga was the first that appeared above the sea on the creation. But here are the trilobites in great variety, all modeled in black marble, so perfectly preserved in form that the multitudinous lenses of their eyes are as apparent under the microscope as are those of a living fly. Millions of years before man walked the earth these creatures lived their little life, the limestone took on their forms, and here they are! What is a seventeen-year locust to a ten-million year trilobite? A trader in these curiosities offers us one of the size for a pin, and now we own an antique that deserves the name. What are *scarabæi* and ancient *intaglii*, or any other engraved or modeled semblances of the old life compared to this which we hold in our hand? This creature lived, not only, but had become everlasting stone millions of years before there was a living man to see it. The old hotel-keeper is enthusiastic over his treasures, and proud of the distinguished visitors who have been attracted by what he has to show them. "In September," he says, with a touch of pardonable pride, "I shall have Tyndall and Huxley and Darwin here all together, for they have written me that they are coming."

May the light that came into the old landlord's eyes as he made this announcement last for many years!

In the meantime, the falls are calling to us through the leafy woods which curtain them from the house. We can hardly tell whether it be leaves or waters that we hear, but something

"Repeats the music of the rain,"

and, with a merry group, we go out to seek it. We do not walk far to find the black chasm through which the West Canada Creek—the principal confluent of the Mohawk—has plowed its way. It takes a long time to comprehend Niagara. One has to take days for it, and to grow to it; but one can wrestle with Trenton and throw it at sight. Its volume of water is measurable to the imagination. One is not oppressed in its presence with a sense of overwhelming power. In short, to adapt a familiar couplet, it is

"A creature not too huge or rude,
For human nature's daily food."

We do not study the different falls in detail and try to fasten their names in the memory. "We eat our pears without knowing the names on 'em, and we gets along wery well." We are absorbed by the music, the momentum, the drive, the graceful leap and swirl of the onward and downward going waters. We see a thousand maidens in white leaping the sheer abysses; we see a thousand lovers in mourning struggling along the level reaches with their crushed forms to burial. The under-heaven which the waters hold has taken to raining, and our faces are wet with the dews that rise from it. We are made dizzy with the downward look, dizzy with the ceaseless sound, dizzy with the glimpse which we get of the unguessed eternity which it has taken for water to carve out these iron chasms, and the unguessed eternity through which this same song that we hear, without the intermission of a second of time, will rise to the trees that lean from the banks to listen!

We come from this dream to dinner. Strange that one who has been enraptured by nature's music and beauty, and has been dreaming dreams that he cannot put upon paper, should so soon find himself raving over a white-fish imitation of a fried *filet de sole*! But the sole melts into the dream, and we pass on.

We are at the Thousand Island House,—a great summer palace,—and before us rolls the St. Lawrence. Who has not dreamed of the Thousand Islands? There is enchantment in the phrase. Though the air around us has the tone and temperature of a northern latitude, it is eastern or southern in its suggestions, and is full of romance. We think of the floating gardens of Mexico and other apocryphal assemblages of dainty and doubtful marvels, yet there is nothing apocryphal here. We have here more than a thousand islands, lapped by the purest water that ever river bore. This marvelous stream has been gathered from a thousand streams, and every stream finds an island waiting

for its caresses before it passes out on its broad path to the sea. It has mirrored great western cities; it has washed the bases of northern treasure-bearing islands; it has borne up and on the commerce of a realm; it has thundered down the cataract of Niagara; it has tumbled and whirled through the tortures of the long chasm below it; it has rested and sunned itself in the bosom of the beautiful Ontario, and here, after its long travels and its multiplied ministries of beauty and service, it has stopped to play in this gigantic garden—a garden that may well be called the garden of the gods. There is not a spoonful of this sweet blue water that one may not drink. No miasmatic exhalations rise from it. It has shaken all the “shakes” from its heels as it has flowed eastward, and it is now no more an emblem of truth than of health.

We ascend the towers of the hotel, and we count fifty-two islands within the sweep of unassisted vision, many with summer cottages nestling among their trees; and glimpses of water, far away, show where other islands are sleeping, undistinguishable in the distance. Over on the Canada shore a great steamer sweeps along with its crowd of voyagers. Yonder screams a propeller of the Northern Transportation Company, and here it comes—a great bull-headed fellow, who butts away the water that fronts it with a sturdy strength that seems to say: “Laugh at my model if you will, but I can do this thing as well as any of them.” At our feet lie a score of little boats, with cushioned seats and ready oarsmen, waiting for those who desire either to ride upon the surface of the water, or to fish in its depths. Crossing at various angles the expanse before us, with a great show of bunting and a great deal of sound and fury, signifying nothing, are a dozen steam-launches of various sizes and on various errands. Here comes an excursion from the American or the Canadian coast. There is a brass band on the deck of the steamer that bears the crowd, and the martial strains rise to our ears where we stand. The “excursionists” pour upon the shore, they devour ice-cream, they drink soda-water, young men and maidens wander around the piazzas hand in hand, and at the end of half an hour, the whistle blows and all rush on board. The band plays, the reeling steamer takes to the stream again, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the flutter of flags, and the rhythmic boom of the retreating drum, the vision disappears behind an island, and we are ready for the next sensation.

We never tire of sitting on this broad piazza. To a weary man, these islands that seem to rest and float upon the placid water, form, under all lights and in all atmospheres, a vision of peace. Life sufficient for every moment seems to come to us through the eye. To one who actually depends on daily work for daily satisfaction and contentment at home, there is something inexplicable in the laziness that comes over him here. Work? That is something that belongs in New York. Here are idleness and indolence, and dreams and vacuity alternately. It is desecration of the divine privilege

of loafing to work here; and, as we write these words, there is a reproachful look in the eyes of all the islands that are peering in at our windows; and the face of the beautiful river, shimmering in the sun, bears an expression of amused incredulity. Oh, beautiful islands! Oh, delightful river! Bear with us just a little! Pity, but do not deride us! We are obliged to keep up a department in the voracious magazine!

Fishing? Fishing and floating are the occupations of the place. Fishing, of course. It was a good day. The water was still, and there was a thin veil of clouds over the sky. We knew it was hot in New York, but it was not hot here. We started off, a merry group of boats. We rowed in and out among the islands, and found our “ground” at three miles distance. And now will somebody tell us why an inexperienced girl, with an old, stiff rod, without a reel, and with a coarse linen line, can catch more fish and better ones than we can with a split bamboo, a silk water-proof line, and a six-foot leader? This is what we would like to know. Do the fish discriminate? Do they say, as they see the rare tackle coming down to them, or reflected in the water, “There’s an old fellow at the end of that rod as full of piscatorial ‘science’ as an egg is of meat—a man to be avoided; but here is a girl who is innocent of bass and guiltless of pickerel?” It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well. At any rate, there is a two-pound bass on the maiden’s hook, and not a man has had a bite. The bass is taken in, and down goes again the unsophisticated hook, plump to the bottom, and soon, while we are trying our scientific dodges, she pulls up with a feeble struggle the handsomest three-pound bass we have seen in the river. The men try to cover their shame by generous praise of the girl! So it goes on until noon, and then we go ashore on a “desert island,” and the guide cooks our spoils for dinner. We lie on the grass and eat our fried fish, with the edibles we have brought with us, and we wash them down with the best of coffee, and, after an hour for digestion, we go for our game again.

Bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, muskallonge! They come from exhaustless breeding and feeding grounds, and will always be here. On a lazy afternoon, we throw or troll our flies around the islands directly in front of the hotel. There are places within fifty rods where we can hardly throw a fly without getting a rise. We see every day fine black bass taken from the dock by waiting fishermen—within the toss of a biscuit from the window where we write. The excitements of the evening when the different parties come in with their day’s catch are very delightful; and when a boat comes up or down the stream with a white flag at her prow, the excitement rises to enthusiasm. The white flag means a muskallonge! This is great game and is taken rarely.

Very dream-like all this to those who are shut up in city walls! It seems so even here, and will seem more so in the memory. But it is a good dream to dream, which we very heartily commend to a weary world of men and women.

THE OLD CABINET.

"DEAR O. C.—I thought you were a little hard upon the populace on account of its childish views about art. It simply knows nothing about art. It thinks art is photography in colors as well as forms. It takes pleasure in seeing familiar things reflected and framed.

In fiction, poetry, painting, the drama, it is all the same. It knows nothing out of sight; it misses all the evidence of things not seen. But I don't condemn it for that (not that you do either). There's nothing Philistine in it. The populace is a great child and takes its pleasure childishly, but that is not a bad way to take pleasure. The thing I hate is the stupidity and complacency of so-called *culture*. The ignorance and assurance and bad taste that go by that name have made the word odious to me. After all, is taste much a matter of cultivation? Of course taste, like anything else, can be trained and enriched, but can it be planted in the individual, if not there originally, as a germ at least. Have we not seen people study and observe, and go abroad and come home full of Giotto and Tintoretto and Jameson, while here is some quiet creature, who knows nothing but truth and simplicity and modesty and good books of poetry and fiction and the rest, read simply for the pleasure, and this last person we would count upon for instinctive affinity with what is unaffectedly good in a gallery over all the culture and training of the others! *Poeta* is not the only thing *nascitur non fit*. I don't deprecate education: we want a great deal more and especially a great deal better. But even education originates nothing before the second generation. People are made good or bad, wise or foolish, vulgar or fine; dress them as we please the test will show the original quality. J. T."

All of which shows how easy it is to misunderstand one who writes about art in a desultory fashion—here a line and there a line—now taking a view from one point and now from another—a paragraph this month, and a paragraph two or three months from this. How lately was it, friend J. T., that we were writing, here at the Old Cabinet, these same things about inborn and cultivated taste, and the educated Philistine.

And as to being "hard upon the populace" or despising the "uncultured multitude," as some one else has charged upon us, far from our souls be all such snobbishness and affectation! If we have ever seemed to be guilty of this crime it has been when we have tried to expose the arch heresy of anti-art, the heresy that the so-called "unsophisticated" eye is the true judge of graphic art, and that training and experience are not necessary to detect the bad, and appreciate the excellent. It may be an interesting, a hopeful, or, as has been said, even a pathetic, sight—that of the "masses," crowding with expressions of admiration and delight before a bad and tricky picture at a World's Fair or an Academy

Exhibition; but it is, nevertheless, the duty of those who know better to keep their eyes dry and to do or say something which will awake these good people to an appreciation of true art. And it is still more the duty of those who write to fight Philistinism in high places. When trained or untrained mediocrity, through the ignorance or complacency of the community, is elevated into authority; when the ignorant taste of the populace is reflected back from the canvases of painters of reputation; is this the time for the critic to be complimentary or evasive?

But how, you say, is the critic to know that he knows? Is his supposed knowledge anything more than assumption, dogmatism, self-conceit? Doubtless it is impossible for him to know decisively. But, as we have said before, the development of taste may be compared with what the religious call a "growth in grace." There is such a thing as "the witness of the spirit," in art as in religion, though assuredly in both, human nature is liable to grievous error. One who assumes to write with any authority about art should examine strictly the history of his supposed development. He should ask himself—Have I held my mind open in every direction? Do I speak at second hand, or do I wait days, months, or years till I see and *feel* for myself? Have my eyes been gradually opened to the great qualities of the old masters? Can I recollect that whereas I once used their names as mere counters, their names now each have a definite and a deep meaning and individuality? Do I find myself year by year gradually changing my feelings and opinions with regard especially to the modern masters? Do I weak-mindedly make a point of "being consistent?" Do I find my thoughts unduly subservient to the dictum of some one artist, or other person, of my acquaintance?

We are very well aware, nevertheless, that many an art-heretic, many an educated Philistine, could, or would, answer all these questions, and others like them, with entire satisfaction to himself.

"Great Nature is an Army Gay."

GREAT nature is an army gay,
Resistless marching on its way;
I hear the bugles clear and sweet:
I hear the tread of million feet.

Across the plain I see it pour;
It tramples down the waving grass;
Within the echoing mountain-pass
I hear a thousand cannon roar.

It swarms within my garden-gate;
My deepest well it drinketh dry.
It doth not rest; it doth not wait;
By night and day it moveth by:
Ceaseless it marches by my door;
It needs me not, though I implore.
I know not whence it comes, or where

It goes. For me it doth not care,—
Whether I starve, or eat, or sleep,
Or live, or die, or sing, or weep.
And now the banners all are bright,
Now torn and blackened by the fight.

Sometimes its laughter shakes the sky,
Sometimes the groans of those who die.
Still through the night and through the livelong
day,
The infinite army marches on its remorseless way.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

More about Bow-Shooting.

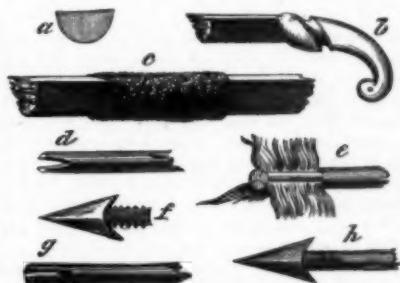
DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING BOWS AND ARROWS AND SUGGESTIONS TO ARCHERY CLUBS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

IN this magazine for July last, in the paper entitled "Bow-Shooting," I tried to give a general outline of the theory and practice of archery according to my knowledge as obtained from every available source, and especially from my experience in the art during the fifteen years which, as boy and man, I have, as far as business would permit, devoted to bow-shooting "by flood and field." The paper has attracted sufficient attention to cause a vast number of letters to be addressed to me, and not a few to the editors of this magazine, asking for further information on certain difficult points. I will here, as clearly as the necessarily small space allowed me will permit, set forth the whole "code of practice" of archery as I follow it:

TO MAKE A GOOD BOW.—Take a good, clear billet split from mulberry, sassafras, southern cedar, black locust, ash, or apple-tree, giving preference to the woods in the order named. Let the billet be from five to seven feet long, according to the desired length of the bow. Now, with great care shave the piece down to a uniform size for its whole length, say nearly circular, and two and a half inches in diameter. Lay the piece away to dry in the shade for two months, taking care that no hint of moisture ever reaches it. When it is thoroughly seasoned, finish as follows: First, mark the exact center of the billet, and from this point in the direction of what is to be the lower end of the bow lay off a space of five inches for the handle. From each extremity of the handle taper the bow to the ends, each of which must be a shade larger than the tip of the archer's third finger. Now dress the handle and body of the bow down till by trying it you find it nearly of the proper strength, then flatten the back a little the whole length of the bow, glue a bit of green plush round the handle and your bow is ready for the horn tips, which are the ends of cow-horns bored out to fit over the bow's ends and nocked or notched as seen in the detail drawings (here reprinted from SCRIBNER'S for July); but it must be noticed that the drawing marked *b* was either by my own fault or by a mistake of the engraver made wrong. The wood of the bow is there made flat on the inner side and rounded on the outer or back; it should be just the reverse. The hole bored in the horn to receive the tips of the bow should be deep enough to let the wood pass in

to slightly above the nock. To make the horn work easily, boil it in water for an hour or two. A bow of six feet in length and of sixty pounds drawing



a, Section of bow; *b*, end of bow, showing nock; *c*, handle of bow; *d*, arrow nock; *e*, section of arrow, through feather; *f*, steel arrow-head; *g*, slit in shaft to receive head; *h*, head wired on.

power will throw a good arrow two hundred and twenty-five yards. Of course the reader knows at once that his bow must be suited to his muscular force and to the experience he has had in archery. Fifty pounds drawing weight is about right for an ordinary man to begin with. The length of the bow should be two or three inches in excess of the archer's height. A lady's bow may be from twenty-eight to forty pounds strong. I have somewhere seen it stated that Her Majesty Queen Victoria in her younger days greatly enjoyed archery, and gloried in her ability to brace and draw a fifty-five pound bow.

TO MAKE A GOOD BOW-STRING.—Take silk or flax harness thread of best quality and twist a string of about one-seventh of an inch in diameter, waxing it well during the process of twisting, with shoemaker's wax or bees-wax. Fasten one end of this string tightly into the nock of the lower end of the bow. With the other end of the string form a neat, firm loop (not a slip-noose) around the other end of the bow, two and a half or three inches below the nock. Your weapon is now ready to string, or "brace," as the old archers had it.

[TO STRING THE BOW, see "Bow-Shooting" as above, page 277.]

TO MAKE A GOOD ARROW.—Make the shaft as directed in the previous article, peel off the skin or outer covering of the broad side of a goose-feather with the vane or plume on the skin, or rather peel three feathers thus and glue the strips on the shaft as therein described. These vanes may, if necessary,

be held to their places till the glue is hard by a wrapping of fine thread. The nock must be deep and smooth and large enough to receive the string freely. The heads of target-shafts can be made by any smith. They consist of light, pointed iron or steel thimbles made to fit over the ends of the arrows; or you can make excellent heads by boring out bits of pointed horn and using them in the place of the steel heads. The steel points for the shafts used in hunting large game were fully described in the previous article. By referring to the detail cuts therein given any good blacksmith can make them. They should not weigh over a half-ounce. A good arrow-head for bird-shooting is made by pouring melted hard pewter over the end of the shaft and keeping it to its place, till cooled, by a cup of stiff writing paper. To do this, cut a shoulder one inch or less from the extremity of the shaft and slightly lessen the wood for that distance, then roll the paper round the shaft and tie it so as to leave room for the pewter to fill in round the shoulder between the wood and the paper. This will form a smooth, bright ferrule. Some sharp spiral notches cut in the wood where the pewter goes will serve to hold it firmly to its place when it cools. Ladies' arrows may be from twenty-three to twenty-seven inches long, and highly colored with gilt and gay patterns to suit the taste or whim of the archer.

HOW TO SHOOT.—Your bow being first strung or braced, hold it horizontally before you, *i. e.*, with the bow at right angles with your body, your left hand firmly grasping the handle; slip an arrow under the string and over the bow at the right edge of your left hand and touching the left forefinger knuckle; place the arrow nock well on the string; turn the palm of your right hand up, placing the first three fingers thereof under the string, hooking their tips round it with the arrow between the first and second, and the thumb extended along the shaft near the nock. Now, keeping all holds thus, turn the bow till it stands vertically before you, your arrow resting against and above your left forefinger knuckles; turn your left side to the target, fix your eyes steadily on the center of the bull's-eye, draw the string back till your right thumb touches the upper tip of your right ear; squeeze the bow-handle powerfully with the left hand, steady! let drive! Now, if you have paid good heed to the above directions and have been sure to keep the arrow nock well on the string, you have made a pretty shot. Do not attempt to take aim. Do not even think of guiding your arrow with your eye. The only way to become a good bow-shot is to learn to guide your shaft by feeling, *i. e.*, by your sense of direction and distance. Your eyes must be glued, so to speak, upon the target. This is the one great rule of archery. Any other will lead to slovenly and wild, irregular shooting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No home-made bows or target-arrows can half-way equal those beautiful weapons made by Philip Highfield, of London, England; Messrs. Peck and Snyder, of New York city, are Mr. Highfield's American agents. A letter addressed to them will

procure for its writer a catalogue and numbered price-list of archery goods. In purchasing a bow ask for a "gentleman's (or lady's) lemon-wood bow, horn-tipped, plush-handled," stating desired length and strength. I would advise a rather weak bow to begin with.

For target-arrows order "gentleman's (or lady's) whole-nocked, best footed, Highfield target-arrows," naming length.

Targets, made of plaited straw and faced with canvas, may be had of any size from one foot to four feet in diameter. Each archery club will need at least two targets.

The best shooting gloves are of kid or lisle thread with close-fitting gauntlet-bands covering the whole fore-arm, thus serving as both glove and arm-guard. I cannot recommend the finger-tips sold as shooting gloves by the dealers.

To form a club let any number from six to thirty gentlemen and ladies associate themselves by a constitution and by-laws, taking some appropriate name, and electing their officers, such as master-bowman, secretary and treasurer. I prefer the title of master-bowman to that of president, and suggest that societies do not cumber their organizations with too many officers. The master-bowman is, of course, the leader or chief of his band. He settles all disputes between his followers arising on the field or in the hall. The secretary and treasurer fill the same places respectively, that are filled by like officers in other associations or companies. At each shooting the archer who makes the highest number or score is entitled to the honorary title of captain of numbers or captain of the target. A silver arrow, a small silver bugle-horn, or some other appropriate prize, may be offered. An old Spanish yew-bow of English make would be a happy choice.

I should be glad to have a letter from the president, secretary, master-bowman, or any member of each society of bowmen already formed or that may be formed hereafter in the United States or elsewhere, giving me such particulars of his club or society as may seem proper.

Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Guest and Guest-Room.

WE bought new furniture, my wife and I:
She chose designs, gave measures; standing by,
I let her have her will; the things *were* high.

Their moral character was counted good:
A truthful bureau, made of upright wood,
A candid bedstead, in that chamber stood;

A clothes-press chaste, a table all sincere
(Save when the servants waxed it); truly dear
To steadfast back-bones did those chairs appear!

An undesigning carpet graced the floor;
Severely rich the curtain o'er the door;
Rigid the aspect that the paper wore.

Eastlake was master in the narrow space,
And Household Decoration had the place
All for its own, and goodness shut out grace.

We had a visitor that sunny May;
My handsome cousin halted on her way,
And graced the new room for a night and day.

Graced—as a statue might; so still and fair;
Her only brightness was her sunny hair;
Erect in bearing, but she chilled the air.

A proper damsel, on that sofa true,
She answered in well-chosen words—but few—
All kindly askings; never took the cue

That sends the ball of chit-chat spinning fast;
Tell her a jest, the newest and the last,
From far she saw the point—when it was past.

We had her hear the prima donna sing,
Showed her the Park, fair in the flush of spring,
At eye-and-ear gate gave loud knock and ring,

But all for nothing; so she came and went,
Our calm and placid cousin, well content,
Leaving her host and hostess bored and spent.

We said good-bye; then, coming up the stair,
Into her room glanced—"Why! I do declare,
The place has Nelly's very look and air!"

My wife burst out: "I will not have it so!
As for the square and compass, let them go,
Or keep in bounds!" Well pleased, I marked
the flow

Of woman's wrath, and knew that soon the hour
Of liberation from artistic power,
That ruled despotic, e'en in maiden's bower,

Would come for us. Among those stiff designs
She brought sweet curves, and bending, swaying lines,
The grace and beauty of the wild-wood vines,

The curves of running, leaping, flying things;
The path the lark cleaves with his outspread wings
Tells its own story of the song he sings.

And so the stiffness vanished, even while
The room still kept the reigning fashion's style,
But spoke the Truth, with Life's own radiant smile:

"The room's a new one, dear; would Nell were fit
To be its tenant!" Answered woman's wit:
"For her shall Life do what Life did for it!"

B. W.

Poor-house and Hospital Visiting.

UNTIL within the last few years, an appointment as hospital or alms-house visitor was a nominal and honorary, rather than a useful, position. The appointee, as a general thing, knew little or nothing of the thing which he was set to inspect, and had no way of learning. No standard was furnished for his guidance—in fact, no standards existed, even among medical men, which would not be regarded nowadays as poor and inadequate. The puzzled and unaided visitor duly went his rounds; listened to complaints whose validity he had no means of testing, and glib explanations whose very glibness perplexed him; saw a great deal of dirt and disorder, and suspected more than he saw; felt that things were wrong, but had no notion how to set them right; and what with statements, counter statements, shifting, deception, and the dread of making

mischief, ended by feeling his work a failure and himself a sham, and if he persevered, did so only from a vague sense of duty, which seemed duty still, though it had failed to reach the level of helpfulness.

What wide advances have been made during this last decade in the understanding and practice of hospital management and the care of the poor, will be evident to any one who will take the trouble to read the publications of the New York State Charities' Aid Society, for the year ending March, 1877. These are four in number: 1st, An "Annual Report;" 2d, "A Hand-book for Visitors to the Poor-house," prepared under the auspices of the Association; 3d, "A Hand-book for Hospital Visitors," by a member of the Hospital Committee; and, 4th, "A Century of Nursing," also by a member of the Hospital Committee, in which, with great clearness and intelligence, is given a comprehensive and interesting résumé of the growth of hospital reforms during the last hundred years, and the present condition of the system in the different countries of Europe and in our own.

It is of the two little hand-books, however, that we desire to say a special word. They are brief but complete monographs on the subjects of which they treat, giving in short space and with admirable precision a *précis* of all which a poor-house or hospital visitor need know in order to conduct his inspection intelligently and make it of value. The terse good sense of the directions reminds us of Miss Nightingale's model "Notes on Nursing." There is the same insistence upon essentials, the same clearness and point of phrase, the same dislike to sentimentalism and waste of words. A few paragraphs will show the analogy:

"What is chiefly to be desired, as a preparation for the work, is a disposition to be thoroughly and in the best sense charitable, not only toward paupers, but toward those charged with their care.

"Let visitors lead a crusade against 'feather-dusters' and 'dry flapping.'

"Things of this sort done 'now and then,' or 'frequently,' are never thoroughly done. *Fix the day, and never allow it to pass over.*

"Keeping in mind what has been said above, a visitor with good ideas about order, cleanliness, and discipline, will soon learn to see whether the ward is well or ill managed.

"Does she feel a sense of oppression in going from the fresh air into the ward? Is it a little difficult to breathe? Is there a close smell? and do patients and nurses look flushed and languid? The ventilation is all wrong here.

"At what angle is the table to the bed, and the bedside carpet to the table?

"Are there on the table a roll of sticking-plaster, a bunch of lint, some sort of soap, and a wet circle where the basin was set down when the surgical dressings were done?

"Is there a smear of beef-tee or gruel on the bedclothes, and a stain of the same sort at the corners of the helpless patient's mouth? And is the one in the next bed engaged in wiping his mouth with the back of his hand?

"Does the nurse stand with her hands on her hips, and answer the doctor with hesitation, saying: 'Well, I guess about' so and so, or 'I rather think he slept about' so long, or 'It was kind of middling' this or that?

"Does the nurse speak of him as 'the cancer man,' or 'the one with a head,' or fill herself with pins stuck indiscriminately over her dress-waist, or sit on the edge of his bed, and say, 'You're nervous—that's what it is,' when the patient is restless?

"Draughts are not ventilation. Cold is not ventilation."

The whole of these little manuals will be found equally vigorous and distinct, and we commend them to all visitors and boards of examiners who, having undertaken a duty, desire to know how best to do it.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Charles Reade's "A Woman-Hater."*

"A Woman-Hater" was apparently written to champion the right of women to pursue their studies in medical colleges and hospitals. This purpose, however, does not appear until the story is well under way. It disappears as soon as shown, and re-appears only in a homiletical discourse in the somewhat prolix ending of the book. Miss Rhoda Gale, a strong-minded person of American origin, is the hapless martyr to an unjust discrimination against women students of medicine and surgery. She is early declared to be "rooted" to the story, but she has no more place in the plot than she has in the precession of the equinoxes. She neither marries nor is given in marriage. She has almost no part or lot in the movement of the story, and though she comes and goes, says things in a bright, sharp way, gives little lectures on hygiene, and only once breaks down into womanishness and tears, she is a wholly disagreeable person. If Mr. Reade invented her to show that studying surgery was not good for womankind, he has succeeded tolerably well. Certainly, she does not vindicate her right to be a "doctress."

The Woman-Hater is another anomaly. He is one of those fine, manly, high-bred, rich, middle-aged Englishmen whom Reade draws so nicely. He is Vizard, of Vizard Court, and he ought to be a woman-hater, for so he is announced in the first chapter. But he keeps up a very poor pretense of hating women; in fact, he is too truly good to hate anybody, and he ends by falling desperately in love with a public singer. This character, Ina Klosking, is a delightful creature. She is the flower of the story. As a large blonde beauty, she affords the novelist many opportunities for display of his rare quality of description, which he duly improves; and, as a singer, she is made the occasion for a show of knowledge of counterpoint, harmony and musical literature, which the author also improves with alacrity. But Ina Klosking is a thoroughly noble person, and her influence pervades the story, as one might fancy, like the perfume of a large white lily.

Zoe Vizard, sister of the handsome and middle-aged squire, is cast for a leading character, but she fails to fill the rôle. Her figure lacks firmness and definiteness. She is, and she is not. She loves to distraction a desperately handsome and accomplished villain. Her love for him is something like that of a bird for a snake. She cannot be unfascinated without killing the charmer. This done, she calmly weds the man whom her brother most desires for a brother-in-law. Zoe Vizard's scampish lover, Edward Severne, is an unnatural creature, who madly loves Zoe because he is poor and she is rich. He lies and cheats, and is caught at it, but is adored

by various women just the same. And when his little game is up, he goes merrily into eternity, thanking God that he has had the pick of the good things of this world, and has been beloved by innumerable excellent women.

Of the other characters in this brief, eventful history, none are worth mentioning save Fanny Dover, a sharp coquette, and Joseph Ashmead, the singer's man of business. Fanny Dover is uncommonly clever, and has some natural traits; but, for the most part, she is one of those hard, impossible characters which Reade imports into his novels for the sake of saying smart things. The reader very well knows that the smart things are Reade's; it does not matter who has the credit of uttering them. Ashmead is cleverly drawn, but he is too honest and single-hearted for one of his kind. As the picture of the unsentimental, practical business manager, who turns everything to business account, he is well done. But we question if any dramatic, operatic, or musical agent was ever such a thoroughly good fellow.

"A Woman-Hater" is wholly of Charles Reade. It contains his worst faults and his brightest charms. The story is destitute of heart, feeling, humanity, atmosphere. It is like one of Firmin-Girard's pictures—bright and unreal, with the interest scattered all over the showy canvas. It is agreeable reading, but when the end is reached, one may well close the covers and mildly wonder if both author and reader might not have been in better business.

"Jan of the Windmill."*

"THAT Lass o' Lowrie's" is a dramatic story of mining life in the "black country" of England, and Mrs. Burnett has made her picture correspondingly dark. "Jan of the Windmill," on the other hand, is a tale with little passion of love or terrible incident, and its scenes are laid in the flat southern parts of England, while its chief actors, diametrically the opposite to grimy miners, are, for the chief part, a family of millers, white with flour, and looking every hour of the twenty-four into the wide expanse of open sky to ascertain the direction and force of each blast that is to send the sails of the mill merrily about. Joan Lowrie works at the black mouth of the pit, and her father and lover descend into the dangerous shaft. Jan, on the other hand, learns to question the clouds, and has for his earliest ambition the cultivation of a "miller's thumb"—not the miller's thumb that country folk charge with false measurement of the corn that comes to grist, but the faculty of telling the quality of the flour by passing it between the first two fingers.

Jan of the Windmill is not the son of the wind-miller, Abel Lake, but a mysterious child put out to foster, who does not know his parentage. He develops wonderful precocity in art, learns to draw

* A Woman-Hater. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper Bros. 1877.

* Jan of the Windmill. A Story of the Plains. By Juliana Horatio Ewing. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877.

on his slate the mill, pigs, cattle and men, and arranges bits of colored objects into transitory imitations of such landscapes as impress his sensitive mind. He has his trials, is kidnapped by a dwarf not unlike the creation of Dickens, but finally works around into assistant to an artist, with whose aid he makes a painter of himself.

The style of this novel is also in contrast to "That Lass o' Lowrie's." While the latter depends greatly on its plot for the interest of the novel, this book is fine in particulars with which plot has nothing to do. The style is quiet and easy-flowing, as if the writer had plenty of time to dwell on the several traits of her characters, the landscape of the scenes in which they move, and even at times to insist on some point of morals or public expediency which has nothing to do with the story. While the novel of Mrs. Burnett moves past on sharply defined lines, almost like a play, this book takes the reader into a leisurely confidence and rounds out a character by bit after bit of example:—that of Ge-arge, for instance, the hulking, baby-faced, foolish-looking, but secretly crafty, assistant to the miller,—we do not learn at once that he is a cruel and dishonest fellow; we are brought to see that gradually. It is the same with Master Swift, a lonely school-teacher who has lost wife and child and finds a little comfort in a shaggy mongrel and a habit of reciting aloud to himself in the wood passages from favorite poets; we learn first to know, then to be struck with, and finally to love him, and to like Jan even better because the old school-teacher loves him. In this quiet and unobtrusive way we make the acquaintance of a whole circle of originals—English country people of the kind we meet in "The Mill on the Floss," and some of them with characteristics yet to be found in the old people of Long Island. "Jan of the Windmill" cannot be read quickly; it has not the flow of words of the stock novel, but it is thoroughly well written, and abounds in delicate analysis of character, quiet humor, and no little pathos.

"The Life and Writings of St. John." *

MR. LECKY says, referring to the life of Christ in the gospels: "The simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists." By common consent the Gospel of St. John leads the synopses in this influence on the world. But until of late attention was given rather to the works of St. John than to himself. The precursor of the present volume, Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," suggested how much could be told of the man as well as of his work. The period of the apostle's life, with its political and social features, the physical geography of his country, his parental and domestic training, the Jewish

public school, are described by Dr. Macdonald as influences which had much to do with the character of St. John. From such influences and instruction, it is shown how he passed into the school of Christ, who taught as one having authority, and how, being a favorite pupil in that school, he received private lessons, which his works abundantly reveal that he "learned, marked, and inwardly digested." Afterward he entered the school of the "Spirit of Truth," and remained there so long an apt and docile scholar that he became the type of spirituality for all time.

Following the discussion of the man and what made him, his life is completed from the Acts of the Apostles, and from subsequent traditions to its close. The works of St. John—the Apocalypse, the Gospel, and the three Epistles—are inserted with brief explanatory notes in their proper chronological place in the biography.

It is a prominent merit of this work that so much has been brought, so to speak, under one roof. There is a wealth of allusion to the vast literature of the fourth Gospel; there is an admirable analysis of the Epistles, and there is a well-considered exposition of the Apocalypse, which, if it does not satisfy everybody, will prove a valuable aid in the study of a book concerning which John Calvin said, "*Non intelligo.*"

Walter Crane.

We are in receipt of the following letter:

BEAUMONT LODGE, WOODLAWN, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.
LONDON, E.M.C., May 25, 1877.

Editor Scribner's Monthly.—DEAR SIR: The favorable mention of my work in your magazine for April last (Article XII.), more especially of "The Baby's Opera," induces me to ask you if I may be allowed to warn those of your readers—or perhaps I may say, the American public—who are interested, against a certain pirated edition of my last book, above named, which has just been brought out by Messrs. McLoughlin, of New York.

It is only fair, to those who desire to possess the original, to point out that it bears on its title-page the name of Messrs. George Routledge & Son, the publishers, as well as my own, and that of the engraver and printer, Edmund Evans.

The pirated edition, a copy of which I have seen, grossly misrepresents my drawings both in style and coloring; the arrangement of the pages, too, is different, and the full-page colored plates are complete travesties, and very coarse ones of the originals.

The book is sold at a lower figure than the true "Baby's Opera," and this may help to deceive those who are not familiar with my works.

I am naturally anxious to clear myself of any responsibility for such productions as those with which Messrs. McLoughlin have, without my sanction, associated my name.

I should therefore consider it a favor if you can help me in this matter by giving publicity to my disclaimer.

I am, gentlemen,
Faithfully yours,
WALTER CRANE.

Mr. Walter Crane's grievance is of course a hard one, but it is no worse than that of many another on both sides of the water. Yet there is a consideration which distinguishes it, so far as the buyer is concerned, from that of authors in general. In other cases, only the author and publisher suffer, and only in their pockets; for when an author's work is re-

* The Life and Writings of St. John. By James M. Macdonald, D. D. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, D. D., Dean of Chester. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

printed, the buyer gets the author's matter as he gave it to the public (we are supposing it to be reprinted as he wrote it), and though he gets no money for it, he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he cannot be deprived of whatever praise is due him either for his ideas or for the form in which he has expressed them. But, in Mr. Walter Crane's case, he is not only robbed in his purse which he may be able to look upon as trash, but by the putting his ideas in a shabby form entirely misrepresenting the beautiful one in which he clothed them and sent them out into the world, his good name is filched from him, which makes him poor, indeed.

Mr. Crane is one of the most accomplished of the younger birth of English artists. He has already made a shining mark as a painter of "pictures," ordinarily so called, and a designer of picture-books for children. In this latter field he stands without a rival, and his work is as original as it is beautiful. There were of course some pretty children's books before these appeared. Cruikshank made several; Richard Doyle made one or two that were delightful; but Cruikshank's books had no color, and Doyle's color was not good;—the art of color printing which we have perfected, and which Walter Crane has known so well to employ, was not in use in those earlier days. Walter Crane has every charm. His design is rich, original, and full of discovery. His drawing is at once manly and sweet, and his color is as delightful as a garden of roses in June. And these accomplishments he comes full-handed to the children—and to their parents and lovers too!—and makes us all rich with a pleasure none of us ever knew as children, and never could have looked to know. We are all his debtors for a substantial good,—for beautiful art brought to our every-day enjoyment, for a valuable helper in the education of our children. And we join our earnest appeal to his quiet and modest one, that the American public will respect his work, will refuse to put into their children's hands, just because it is a little cheaper, a shabby travesty of a beautiful original.

English Books.

LONDON, July 5.

THERE is nothing in the literary history of the past month to characterize it specially, except that the supply of new books naturally diminishes in number, and indeed is almost reduced to a minimum that will scarcely be exceeded until September or October next. The Eastern War has so far failed to make any noticeable additions to the books now seeking a sale.

The exhibition of books in connection with the Caxton celebration is now preparing, but though open, is but imperfectly arranged, as the labor on the forthcoming catalogue demands a few more days before it is ready. The gathering of choice old books illustrating the early days of the typographic art is perfectly unique, and offers great attractions to bibliographers. Here are brought together the choicest

treasures of Lord Spencer's famous library at Althorp,—the gems of the Duke of Devonshire's collection obtained at the Roxburgh sale, where his purchases were so cleverly managed to preserve his incognito that (as Dr. Dibdin records) it was rumored at the time that "Bonaparte was buying Caxtons;" but the prices that then seemed to our fathers too high for any but an imperial purse have been far exceeded in our later days. The Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Public Library at Cambridge University, and most of the great English private collections, have all contributed to this exhibition of not only old books, but choice ones of all dates, as its purpose is to illustrate printing of every era,—from the block-books that preceded its birth to the latest improvements of the current year. Future reference may be allowed to the catalogue, as it will be a document of great importance for all who sympathize with books and printers; it records no less than one hundred and fifty-three specimens of Caxton's press,—the greatest number ever assembled together,—thus affording an opportunity never before occurring, invaluable for the purposes of collation and mutual comparison, and so serving to elucidate much that is yet obscure in the history of the art. But all the particulars that any one can desire to know will be found at length in a beautiful volume—"The Biography and Typography of William Caxton, England's first Printer, by William Blades," one volume, octavo. Mr. Blades is a worthy successor of Caxton in his art as well as in literature, and the book is both written and printed by him. It is a charming volume for the bibliographer, being amply adorned and illustrated with wood-cuts, fac-similes, specimens of type, water-marks, etc., and in short everything that can throw light upon Caxton, as a man, an author, and a printer. It contains the fullest catalogue *raisonné* of the productions of Caxton's press ever drawn up, including some lately discovered specimens, with collations of each article, number of copies extant, and their owners, etc. It appears from this list that the entire number of separate books and editions now existing, printed by Caxton, is ninety-nine; but of these, thirty-eight are only known by single copies or fragments, so that very likely many others are quite lost. The largest number of copies of any one book remaining is thirty-two copies of the "Golden Legend," of 1473, the largest book Caxton ever undertook; yet out of this number not one perfect copy remains. Some curious facts of what may be called book geography occur in this catalogue,—the only copy of one of Caxton's books, the "Sex Epistole" of Petrus Carmelianus, 1483, was lately found in an old volume of 17th century divinity, in the Hecht-Heinean Library, at Halberstadt; while another all but unique work, has been recognized in the University Library of Upsala, in Sweden; this almost equals the late recovery of Charles and Mary Lamb's "Poetry for Children" from Adelaide, in South Australia, after England had been searched in vain for a copy.

Taking for his text a well-known passage of Macaulay's splendid rhetoric, Mr. D. C. Bell has

produced a most interesting volume—"Notices of the Historic Persons Buried in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London, with an Account of the Discovery of the Supposed Remains of Queen Anne Boleyn." No one who has read them can forget the words of the historian, commencing with "In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery," and Mr. Bell's book is a commentary on them, and an exhaustive record of the fate of the royal and noble victims whose remains were hurried to that "dark and bloody ground," when a violent death was accompanied "with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame." The list extends from Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, who were brought to the block by Henry VIII., to Lord Lovat's execution in the middle of the last century. The book is well illustrated, and proves an addition of permanent value to the library of English history.

In "Pessimism, a History and Criticism," by James Sully, one volume, 8vo, the author takes an historical survey of the pessimistic system of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, and the opposite more generally received optimistic doctrine, while preparing another answer to the question of the worth of life and progress different from either of the above. "The History of Materialism, an Authorized Translation from the German of Professor F. A. Lange by E. C. Thomas of Trinity College, Oxford," will form three volumes. The first of these has just appeared. It extends from the remoter periods of Greek philosophy to the time of Newton and Hobbes, and all the intervening systems are thoroughly examined. The late Professor Lange was a son of the well-known theological writer and Biblical commentator. His work was immediately accepted as a classic one in Germany, where it has already passed through several editions.

"The Life and Words of Christ," by Cunningham Geikie, D. D., forms two beautifully printed and elegant volumes in small quarto. It is an attempt to realize, with all possible vividness, the country, the people, the religious and temple services, the ecclesiastical, civil and social aspects of the time. The author deprecates anything like rhetorical straining after effect, and has made a sober and valuable addition to a class of books always sure to find readers.

A few miscellaneous books may be briefly mentioned: "Some Articles on the Depreciation of Silver and on Topics connected with it," one volume, 8vo,

was the last contribution to political economy, by the late Walter Bagehot, editor of the "Economist," whose views commanded respect throughout the commercial and political world. It is a posthumous publication, collecting some scattered papers, with a preface written by himself shortly before his death. "Lord Bacon and Essex," by the able editor of the "Essays of Bacon," Dr. E. A. Abbott, is an examination of some vexed questions in the career of that statesman, resulting in a qualified verdict in his favor. "Servitus and Calvin, a Study of an Important Epoch in the Early History of the Reformation," one volume, 8vo, with portraits of Servitus and Calvin, exhibits research and a mastery of the facts of the case. "Danish Greenland, its People and its Products," is by Dr. Rink, the recorder of the "Traditions of the Esquimaux," and is the only late account we have of a country and people so remote from common experience. The illustrations are all from native drawings.

"Croton Water."

A CORRECTION.

ROME, N. Y., June 1st, 1877.

Editor Scribner's Monthly.—SIR: In the Number for June current of your Monthly Magazine, you publish an article on the Croton Aqueduct, in which are some historical errors in relation to myself as the chief engineer of that work. The writer says of Major Douglass,—"Under his direction every preparation was made for the execution of the design, when a disagreement, etc., resulted in his resignation, and the transfer of his duties as chief-engineer to John B. Jervis, under whom the work in its original proportions was carried on." This clearly implies that the plans and specifications of the work were prepared by Major Douglass. I left at your office a succinct historical account of these relatively, as published in the New York "Evening Post," of November 20th, 1874. The article in your Monthly assumes that Major Douglass prepared plans and specifications for Croton Dam, Sing Sing Bridge, Harlem or High Bridge, the Receiving and Distributing Reservoir, and for less important structures of the Aqueduct. You will see by the article above referred to that Major Douglass left no plans that I was able to find for any of these structures. In fact, the delay of Major Douglass in providing plans and specifications for actual work was the cause of dissatisfaction with the Water Commissioners, as you will see by referring to the article in the "Post," where it is shown that John B. Jervis made them and not Major Douglass.

I am far from desiring to do the memory of Major Douglass any harm, but am not willing that his friends should do me injustice. The Croton Dam, so far as I know, has no parallel. It is peculiar and was wholly my own design. It has been a great success in this class of engineering.

In a memoir I prepared for the American Society of Civil Engineers, an account of the Croton Aqueduct is published, in their proceedings for February, 1877; at page 54 you may find a brief discussion of this question. The two sources to which I refer, namely, the "New York Evening Post" and the "Journal of the Society of Engineers," will give you particulars and I will not trouble you with further detail.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN B. JERVIS, Civil Engineer.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Water-Propulsion.

ATTEMPTS have been made at various times to move boats by forcing jets of water through openings in the sides or ends of the hulls, and hitherto these experiments have not been successful. A more recent experiment in this direction has resulted favorably, and a tow-boat, 13.11 meters (43 ft.) long, has been constructed that employs a common steam-

pump in place of an engine and propeller. The boat has a steam-boiler of moderate size, and is, in other respects, a tow-boat of the usual pattern. Four pipes 64 millimeters (2½ in.) in diameter are laid the whole length of the boat inside, and about 1 meter below the water-line. At the bow two of these pipes open the whole size of the pipe directly into the outer water, and at the stern they are reduced

to a nozzle of only 22 millimeters diameter. The other pair of pipes is arranged in the same manner, except that the nozzles are placed at the bows. A steam-pump is connected with each pair of these pipes, and when at work takes the water in at the bows and ejects it in a powerful stream at the stern, and thus forces the boat ahead at a good speed. To reverse the direction the pump takes the water from the stern through the other pair of pipes and forces it out at the bow, and the boat instantly reverses its direction. The novelty in this invention consists in the use of a reduced pipe or nozzle at the place of discharge. By means of the two nozzles the boat may be easily steered independently of the rudder by using one or the other of the two pipes alternately. The advantages claimed for this system of propulsion are the cheapness of the apparatus and the absence of ripple or disturbance of the water. The escaping water is so far below the surface that it creates no disturbance, and the boat only makes the wave that breaks from the bow, and, in this respect, this method of propulsion may fulfill the demand for a steam tow-boat for canals. On a trial trip at sea, the boat made a voyage of some length in safety and at good speed.

New Form of Mooring-Anchor.

PERMANENT moorings for buoys are sometimes formed by putting down screw-piles and fastening the mooring-chain to the top of the pile, or, as in this country, by sinking heavy blocks of stone, or by using the "mushroom" anchor. This anchor is made in the form of a mushroom, with the edges curved inward, and is usually simply thrown overboard and left to find its own position on the bottom. An improved form of mushroom-anchor has been designed that may be sunk or bedded in sand or mud to any desired depth, thus securing it against removal in storms, or by contact with passing ships. This anchor differs from the ordinary mushroom-anchor in having a pointed and deeper crown. Through the center of the crown is bored a hole, and in this is inserted a wrought-iron pipe and placed flush or smooth with the outside, or top of the crown. A wrought-iron shank or tripod is also fastened to the crown on the inside to serve as a shank for the anchor. To plant the anchor in position a rubber hose is affixed to the pipe and the anchor and hose are lowered together till the anchor rests upside down on the bottom. Water is then forced through the hose, and escaping from the pipe below the anchor, it quickens or starts up the sand and mud, and the anchor sinks by its own weight in the loosened soil. As soon as it is bedded deeply in the mud, the hose and pipe, by means of a rope from the surface, are detached and brought on board the boat. The floating sediment and sand, stirred up by the jet of water, quickly settle again above and around the anchor and bed it firmly in the ground so that it cannot be moved without lifting the entire mass above it, and the anchor thus makes a mooring permanent enough to hold any ordinary vessel or buoy. To remove the anchor, the chain

is brought up tight so as to stand vertical above the anchor, and the hose, guided by rings on the cable, is lowered till it touches the soil above the anchor. On forcing a stream of water through the hose, the sediment is driven out of the anchor, its dishing form serving to act as a guide in scattering the sand on every side, and it may then be easily pulled up. This form of anchor is cheap because it does not depend wholly on its own weight for its stability, and in practice it will doubtless be found efficient when properly sunk in the soil.

The Pneumatic Clock System.

THE system of circuit clocks in operation in Vienna has now been in successful operation for several months, and will repay examination on account of its cheapness and usefulness in giving the correct time in all parts of a city at once. The system consists of a central clock of good construction that may be relied upon as a standard, and a number of dials placed in various positions in the city and all joined to the central clock by a common lead pipe of only 25 millimeters (1 inch) diameter, laid through the streets. The central clock is supplied with an apparatus that enables it to turn a three-way cock once in every sixty seconds. Near the clock is an air-compressor driven by a small engine, and two reservoirs for compressed air. One of these is for high pressure and for taking the air from the compressors. A reducing pipe and valve leads the air to the second reservoir where the pressure is kept fixed at about two atmospheres. This reservoir communicates with the mains that connect the central clock with the dials. The dials contain no motive clock-work of their own, and receive their power entirely from the central clock. To accomplish this, each dial is supplied with a mercury tube carrying a float, and, by means of a rod connected with this float, its movements, up and down, are communicated to the few simple ratchet-wheels that turn the hands of the dial. The operation of this clock system is equally simple. Once each minute the central clock moves the three-way cock and admits the compressed air to the mains, and by means of the branches to the dials, each float is raised simultaneously, and the hands of all the dials are moved forward just one minute. In fifteen seconds the three-way cock changes its position and the pressure is released, the escape-pipe is opened and the air in the mains suffered to escape till it reaches its original normal pressure. A third movement restores the cock to its first position, ready for the next supply of compressed air. This system of circuit clocks is also supplied with a self-winding device for the central clock, so that it is constantly wound up so long as the pressure remains in the reservoir and pipes. To secure dry air in the pipes, the air from the reservoirs is passed through a tank containing quick-lime that absorbs any water it may hold in suspension. The dials may also be supplied with striking-gongs or bells, if desired. The advantages of this system are found in its cheapness, simplicity, and in the uniform time marked on all the dials in

the circuit. The number of dials in use was first ten, and has now been increased to a hundred or more, and, so far, the system has worked steadily and accurately.

New Design for Iron Bridges.

A NEW form of iron bridge, combining the arch and suspension bridge, has been designed, that deserves attention. The arch may be either a true segment of a circle or a hipped arch, and is intended to be made of channel bars or I beams, and is rested on the abutments of the bridge, or on iron uprights raised above them. From the same points and under the arch, is hung a suspension bridge, the cable being formed of flat bars. This combined arch and suspension bridge thus form an elliptical truss in which the thrust of the arch balances the pull of the suspension cable. The pull of the cable, on the other hand, is equipoised by the thrust of the arch. The advantages of this design may be found in the economy gained in balancing the thrust and pull of the two members. In the bow-string arch, the thrust is expended on the abutments, or in useless strain on the horizontal straight bar that joins the arch together. This new form of bridge is intended to be used with any of the usual forms of iron truss bridges.

New Telegraphic Transmitter.

TYPE-FORMS containing all the types used in printing one side of a newspaper, or the stereotype copies of these forms, have been recently made available as telegraphic transmitting instruments. The stereo-plate is cast in the usual way, and is then brushed over with shellac or some other non-conducting plastic substance so as to fill all the spaces between the letters and yet leave the face of the types exposed. Sand-paper is then rubbed over the type to clean them, and the plate is then ready for its new duty as a transmitter. The plate is put in the electric circuit by connecting it with the battery, and it then forms part of a broken circuit. To close the circuit, a fine brush, made of a bundle of wires twisted in a spiral and connected with the line, is drawn over the plate, and whenever a point of the brush touches a type, the circuit is closed, and whenever it meets the non-conducting material, the circuit is broken. At the receiving end of the line, a plate of metal of the same size and shape of the transmitting plate is covered with paper sensitive to electricity. The two plates are caused to move exactly together while the brush is moving over the types; each point of the brush makes a mark on the sensitive paper so long as it touches a type, and as the points of the wires are close together, the marks come sufficiently near to repeat the form of every letter and word on the plate in turn. When the wires pass the non-conducting material, the circuit is broken, and the sensitive paper moves on unaltered, and in this manner all the spaces are accurately repeated. By means of this device an entire page of a newspaper may be sent by wire any distance, and within a short time

reproduced in every detail upon the sensitive sheet, so that it may be used as a copy for the printers.

Electric Gas-lighting.

IN lighting gas by electricity both batteries and frictional machines are used. Among the improvements in this class of work is a new form of combined electrical machine and leyden jar and a system of electric switches for diverting the current from a battery to any desired group, or circuit of lights. The frictional machine is a disk of vulcanite revolving on its axis and having "rubbers" placed on both sides. The leyden jar is composed of layers of hard rubber, metallic foil and soft rubber placed on over the other in a certain order and bound together in a compact bundle. Only a few turns of the handle of the machine are needed and then the "discharge," connected with the two wires that form the circuit of gas jets, is pressed down and the accumulated charge is delivered, lighting all the lamps at once. Each circuit may include one or two hundred lamps, and to light more, extra circuits each returning to the machine are employed. The whole apparatus may be enclosed in a box 30.5 centimeters (12 in.) wide and long and 10 centimeters (4 in.) deep, that may be fastened to the wall in any convenient place. It can be used at any moment and remains in good condition for a long time, and then only requires a renewal of the amalgam in the "rubbers." When a battery is used and many lamps are to be lighted, as in a theater or mill, a main cable or line is used, and each circuit of one or two hundred lights is branched off from it. To switch the current from one circuit to another, a small supplementary battery and electromagnet is used, so that the switch may be moved from a point near the battery. Circuits are also erected in mills so that a distant circuit can be lighted from the circuit itself without going to the battery. An automatic device is also used in some places, so that the movement of the machinery that dips the metals in the battery may also open each circuit in turn, and switch the current from each circle of lamps, one after the other, as fast as they are lighted. Electric gas-lighting is now carried on with unflinching precision and at very slight expense, and may be recommended as far more simple, easy and safe than the ordinary methods, with torch and match.

New Weighing Apparatus.

IN a new form of weighing apparatus designed to give two or three different standards of measurement, a triangular bar is used in place of the usual weighing lever. This bar has a circular hole bored through its length and is slipped over a round bar that makes the arm for the weights. This triangular piece has notches cut on one edge for the metric standards of weight, and others on the other corners for other standards, and by turning it over, either one of the three standards of measurement may be brought uppermost and used for a rest for the weights.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



NOTHING SO CERTAIN AS UNCERTAINTY.

"Ole Laughin'."

BY A. C. GORDON.

WHEN I was a boy in Ferginier,
At de plantashun down on de Jeems,
Years aback, 'fore de war kim, an' freedom,—
What a long time ago it all seems!—
My marster he owned an ole nigger,
Which de white folk, beca'se o' his mouf,
Never called nuthin' 'ceptin' Ole Laughin',
Down dar in de Souf.

He had de mos' cur'uses' notions
'Bout jokin' an' havin' o' fun;
An' dar wasn't no stoppin' dat darkey
Ef ever he onst had begun.
I'se seed him like bustin' his westcot
A-laughin' at things dat mos' folk,
Spite o' whatever funny he found dar,
Never 'sidered a joke.

He would laugh when his chillun was cryin',
He would laugh when de cryin' was done,
Seems like ev'ryting struck him ridic'lous,
Dat de Lord has made onder de sun.
An' whatever frolic dar happened
'Mongst de darkeys, ef Laughin' warn't dar,
Things mos'ly went on purty solem;—
For dey missed him, I 'clar'.

One day we was crossin' Jeems River,
Ole marster, Ole Laughin' an' me;
An' somehow de boat got upsotted,
An' in soused de whole o' us three.
I made for de shore like a beaver,
Ole marster he struck for dar too;—
But somehow or 'nother Ole Laughin'
He passed out o' view.

Yet when we got out, on de bank dar,
De very fus' thing tetcht my eye
Was Laughin', wid mouf stretched wide open,
A-roarin' ez if he would die!

I tell you ole marster was hoppin',—
I thought he'd 'a' went for dat man:—
"Ef it jes wasn't—but it's Ole Laughin';
I'll be dogged ef I can!"

I'se seed folk whose laughin' was hurtin',
Seemin' like it were scornful some way;
But hisn warn't dat sort o' music,—
Ez dif'rent ez night am f'om day!
When he opened dem jawbones o' hisn,
An' let it all out in one ro',
Ev'rybody what heard him laughed wid him,
An' wanted some mo'.

Laughin' seemed ter take life sort o' cur'us,
For I never did know him ter cry;
Yet often I'se noticed a misty
Kind o' sorrowful look in his eye.
Ole marster, he said: "A philos'pher
Ole Laughin' is, sartin an' sho',—
He look on de bright side o' all things,
An' who can do mo'?"

When marster got sick, an' deccased,
Ez de coffin sot dar on de groun'
By de grave, all de plantashun darkeys
Kim weepin' an' moanin' aroun';
An' Laughin' was dar; but de devil,
In spite o' de grief in his face,
Seemed ter have a grip on him as usual,
Eben dar at dat place.

For when arter de words, "Dust ter ashes,"
De preacher stood silent in pra'r,
Ole Laughin' he 'rupted de silence
Wid his regular music, I 'clar'.
But he did'n' live long arter marster,
He died wid a smile on his mouf;
De bot' on 'em sleeps in Ferginier,
Down dar in de Souf.

The Poetry of the Future.

THE Wagnerian music drama has taught us that the last word has not yet been said by the tone-master. There is reason to believe than an equally extensive undiscovered country lies before the poet. The old poetic fields have been so well worked and so sparingly fertilized that their productive capacity has become seriously diminished, and they are no longer able to furnish a decent subsistence to the emaciated beings who cultivate them. But within easy reach on every side lie vast and fertile tracts which are capable of supporting countless generations of future poets. As fast as the pioneer, Science, advances and makes rude clearings, the landscape gardener, Poetry, should follow and reduce them to stately pleasure-grounds.

In every branch of science a mine of wealth awaits the poet. If he has exhausted the fragrance and modesty of the violet, he has only to acquaint himself with its wonderful means for securing cross-fertilization, to give it another lease of life. If he is tired of the tame and insipid character of the flora known to literature, let him study the habits of *Drosera* and *Dionæa* and the other carnivorous plants. If he wishes to keep up his connection with the lower world, are there not Clerk Maxwell's demons, who open and shut the doors for gaseous molecules? If he would sing the music of the heavenly spheres, have not astronomers made them very easy of access? Pollock, it is true, permitted his fancies to rove among other worlds than ours, but his knowledge of the chemical constitution and laws of motion of the planets and asteroids was very defective. A poet who wishes to work this field will hardly find in him a rival.

Ruins have always been considered extremely suggestive of poetic thought, and our American poets have sought in the newness of the country an excuse for their poverty; but they need only turn their attention to Paleontology to find an inexhaustible field for doleful meditations. If the extinction of a single individual has been so sung as to be cause for tears, what pathos must there not lie in the extinction of whole species, genera and families?

Milton made a very creditable poem out of such poor material as the Mosaic account of creation. Where is the poet, as yet mute and inglorious, who is destined to find undying fame in the revelations of Stratigraphical Geology? Shakspeare has been highly commended for the great variety of his characters, but their number and specific differences are small when compared with what we find in the long descent from *Protobathybius* to man. Beyond question, the development theory alone, if properly worked up, would suffice to keep our poets well employed for many years to come.

What poet has not sung of love? But love is a slight and fickle passion compared with the force by which the atoms cleave together, and the complexities of situation to which it gives rise are as nothing to the relations, say, of the homologous and heterologous series of alcoholic radicals. The mysteries which underlie the elective affinities of atoms and of

souls are equally fascinating subjects of research, and equally baffling to those who seek their solution.

I communicated the substance of what I have here written to a young poet of my acquaintance the other day, and this morning he brought me the following verses:

Ode to a Psa.

Thou lovely mass of protoplasmic cells!
Thou golden germ of future exogen!
Descend, that thou mayst soften thy hard walls,
Into this warm hydrate of hydrogen!

Dost thou remember those far distant days
When thou, pale ovule, 'neath the heavy shade
Of pericarp didst lie in idle dreams,
Soothed by the murmurs that the breezes made?

Dost thou recall the wandering pollen tube
Who chose thee, fairest ovule, for his mate?
Thy gentle substance, quickened into life,
Did then begin to differentiate.

What! art thou soft already? Is thy substance
So soon to render up its last account?
No future thine,—save that I shall one section
In glycerine and acetic acid mount.

First let me draw from thee, by gentle pressure,
One drop of liquid through thy micropyle!
How like art thou unto the fabled cygnus,
Who dies, and sings his sweetest song meanwhile!

Now yield thee to my slender-pointed needles
While I remove thy testa ochraceous!
'Tis somewhat thicker here,—is this thy hilum,
Where once was borne thy brief funiculus?

Unguarded by the mealy endosperm,
See where the thickened cotyledons lie!
Close pressed beside them is the radical,
And here the dainty plumule meets the eye.

Now comes the sharp-edged razor from his sheath;
Now quickly shrive thy soul leguminous!
No more carbonic acid shalt thou breathe,
Thou embryo dicotyledonous!

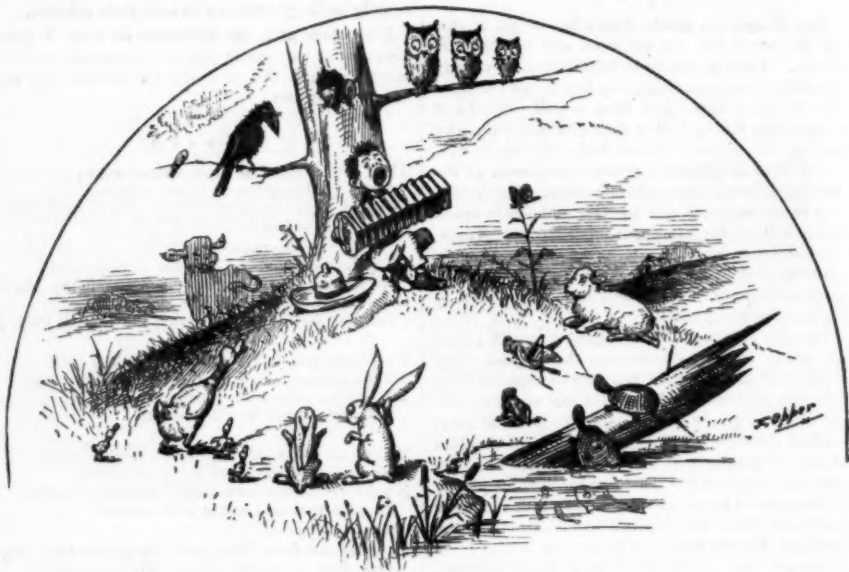
Ha! Is not this a section smooth and thin!
Remove it gently to this glassy slide!
Here's the one-fifth objective; screw it in!
Six hundred times shalt thou be magnified!

How lovely are the epidermal cells
Which on thy margin lie contiguous!
How fair within, in closely serried ranks,
Extends thy tissue parenchymatous!

How full the rounded grains of pearly starch
Stretch out their bounding walls of cellulose!
Bring iodine! Has protein not begun
Its slow dissolving of their granulose?

Behold the radical's primeval masses
Of cells undifferentiated still,
Faint prophecies of future tissue systems,
Whose promise, Pisa, thou shalt ne'er fulfill!

CHRISTINE LADD.



THE YOUNG ORPHEUS.

A Woman's Letter.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

My letter's late by one day,
 But truth is, Jenny dear,
 Ned Grayson came on Sunday—
 It seems he's always here.
 He, and young Fred M'Kenzie,
 They staid three blessed hours,
 And ma was in a frenzy,—
 He brought some lovely flowers.

I meant to tell you, Jenny,
 The news and everything;—
 But I find there isn't any;—
 Oh, next week, Ned's to sing
 With the Mozart Club at Irving;
 I'll manage, dear, to go,
 The Fates and weather serving,—
 I don't want ma to know!

Jen, lovers are a nuisance!
 George brought the ring last night—
 A solitaire, like Susan's;
 It gave me such a fright!
 I cried and wouldn't wear it;
 How, underneath the sun,
 Do girls contrive to bear it—
 This narrowing down to one?

Poor George, the foolish fellow,
 Began to storm and fling,
 And turned quite green and yellow—
 I hate that sort of thing.
 Now, Ned is always quiet;
 I think his cool, gray eye,
 Would still an Irish riot,
 Or make a regiment fly.

But what's so very funny
 About him,—Ned, I mean,—
 He hasn't any money;
 I heard from Clarence Green
 Just how he's situated—
 Keeps books for Webb & Ware.
 Ah, well—those things are fated!
 George owns a million, square.

Yes, dear, Fate trims the corners,
 Rough-hew them as we may!
 We can't go clad like mourners,
 Or weep the livelong day.
 But, oh, don't breathe it, Jenny!
 I'd marry Ned, you see,
 Without one single penny,
 If only he loved me!

Ah, well—well—well—that's folly,
 But sometimes, Jen, I've thought,
 He, too, seemed melancholy;
 Quick glances that I've caught,
 Looked full of speechless sadness—
 There goes a silly tear,
 To blot the page—what madness!
 Good-bye, pet, George is here.

We dine at Ella Johnson's.
 P. S.—I must decide,
 He won't stand too much nonsense.
 The crêpe comes full yard wide.
 Don't get the buff, it fades so;
 Have train and split-up sacque,
 For organdies are made so.
 My heart aches. Love to Jack.